

Sixty-third Congress.

TO KEEP PEOPLE IN THE DARK.**Democrats Decide on Secret Tariff Hearings.****Sugar Industry of the West Declared Illegitimate.****Republican Publicity Fight Proves Unavailing.**

IT'S A P. M. NIGHT WINE TO THE TIMES!
WASHINGTON, May 15.—Democratic leaders in the Senate were informed late today in their determination to refer the Underwood tariff bill to the Finance Committee for consideration without public hearings. The Penrose-LaFollette amendment, directing that public hearings be held, was defeated by a vote of 41 to 36, and the motion of Senator Simmons to refer the bill then was passed without a roll call.

Two Democrats, Senators Randolph and Thornton of Louisiana, voted for the Republican amendment. Senator Poinsett of Washington Progressive, voted with the majority. Senator Jones of Washington, Republican, who had determined to vote against the public hearings amendment, and before the call to the Senate, said Mr. LaFollette, "I believe that all representatives in both houses of Congress have a right to be present and that the doors of the committee-room should stand open and that the representatives of the press should be admitted."

EDICT HAS GONE FORTH.

"The edict has gone forth," said Senator Clark. "The real vote on the tariff bill will be taken here in the House, where it was taken in secret caucus. I know there are Democrats here who do not believe the bill is just and righteous altogether, who are willing to bow their heads to it."

Senator Newlands of Nevada spoke briefly on the sugar schedule, protesting against sacrificing the sugar production of this country to Cuba.

The Finance Committee will meet next week to hear reports from the sugar committees engaged in consideration of various parts of the sugar bill and Chairman Simmons hopes to report the bill to the Senate by June 1.

TUMULTY TAKES NOTES.

In the gallery, listening closely, was Joseph F. Tumulty, secretary to the President, who went to the Capitol to help the Republicans to their sugar Democratic who for two days have been assailing the sugar schedule which President Wilson has decided will not be compromised if he can help it.

JAMES SPEAKS FOR WILSON.

Senator James declared that the platform adopted at the Baltimore convention approved the course of the Democratic Party in the last session of Congress and that it included approval of the Underwood free sugar bill. He read a paragraph from the Democratic campaign ticket-book approving "the excellent record of the House" in placing sugar on the free list.

Senator Russell asked if President Wilson had not declared in a speech at Pittsburgh that he did not stand for free trade. Senator James returned that the President was not a free trader, but that the bill he had calculated to raise \$200,000,000 in revenue was not a free trade bill. "If you say President Wilson is a free trader because he favors free sugar," demanded Senator James, "you call yourself a free trader when you voted for free bread and free shoes!"

Senator Randolph denied he was a free trader and asked if the Democratic National Committee had not voted to discuss free sugar and also if the party would not have been defeated if they had discussed it there.

"I know the Chicago headquarters as instructed Representative Aswell of Louisiana," he declared.

EXPLANATION AND SUBTERFUGE.

Senator James referred to the point made by the Louisiana leaders that President Wilson and the platform favored a graduated tariff reduction which would insure any legitimate industry.

"My legitimate industry is in the platform," said the Kentucky senator, "and means for me a legitimate and commercially legitimate industry. It does not refer to an industry which has had 125 years of government aid and protection and is yet unable to take care of itself."

"William M. Scott had half the support of Woodrow Wilson, he would have vetoed the Payne-Aldrich bill and friends would have been burned-on every hillside in his honor and in my opinion he would have been re-elected," said James.

President Wilson said he con-

sidered the sugar business of the South and West legitimate.

"Legally but not economically," replied Senator James.

DEFIES CONSTITUENTS.

Senator Myers of Montana read a telegram from the Commercial Club of Moore, Mo., asking him to "stand pat" for a proper protection on sugar and wool.

"I assure you I am standing pat, but I am standing pat for the great American people—the people of my State and not for any special interest," declared the Senator. "That will be my reply to all such requests."

DEMOCRATIC TARIFF BIBLE.

Senator Snoot declared that the Democratic handbook, which he called the "Democratic tariff Bible," was being largely relied on by the Finance Committee members and that much of the information was erroneous and if followed would be absolutely ruinous.

EUROPE REJOICES.

Senator Snoot declared that England, Germany, France and every other foreign country was rejoicing over the Underwood bill.

"I have a collection of articles from all over the world," he added, "showing how every foreign manufacturer is preparing to enter the American market. It means for every dollar's worth imported American labor will be reduced."

Senator LaFollette favored open hearings. He said, because it was of the greatest importance that the widest publicity be given tariff subjects.

Senator Snoot predicted that the Democratic party would be put out of power for another quarter of a century as a result of its tariff bill.

LA FOLLETTE WANTS PUBLICITY.

"I believe all legislative business is public business," said Mr. LaFollette. "I believe that all representatives in both houses of Congress have a right to be present and that the doors of the committee-room should stand open and that the representatives of the press should be admitted."

THE CLOSING DAY OF DEBATE ON THE SUGAR BILL.

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SILK STRIKE IS BREAKING.

Forceman's Residence Blown up with Bomb But I.W.W. Is Lying Its Grip in Paterson.

IT'S A P. M. NIGHT WINE TO THE TIMES!
PATERSON (N. J.) May 16.—There were reports throughout the silk manufacturing district today that a strike would occur shortly in the City of Paterson on a number of silk factories now out for three months.

Many of the English-speaking operators will return to their looms Monday, according to these rumors.

Leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World declare picket lines will be put up about the mills Monday in case the strikers attempt to return to work.

After a day of disorder in which the silk mill foreman's residence was blown up by a bomb without injuring anyone, the strike situation was quiet again.

At West Hoboken, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Carlo Tresek of the Industrial Workers addressed several hundred strikers, urging them to pay attention to a threat of manufacturers that the mills would be closed Monday unless the employees went back to work.

DRUMMERS COMPARE NOTES.

Knights of the Road Hold Convention at Sacramento and Standard Flat Rate Mileage Books.

IT'S A P. M. NIGHT WINE TO THE TIMES!
SACRAMENTO, May 16.—Fifty knights of the road, representing nine councils in California, and one in Arizona, participated in the fifteenth Grand Council of the United Commercial Travelers of America, which was formally opened this morning.

The Grand Council will stay before the council a proposition for a change in the mileage system now in vogue on the railroads in this State.

The drummers want mileage books to be issued at a rate of 2½ cents a mile and to do away with the rebate that is now given upon the surrender of the book. At present the commercial travelers are given a rate of 20¢ per book of 100 miles, with a 10¢ rebate, and the book is turned back. This virtually amounts to 2½ cents a mile, but the railroads are anxious to do away with this and pay 25¢ for the book at the start.

Fresno appears to have no opposition as the next meeting place for the grand council.

HOW WOULD YOU INVEST \$500?

That Times Will Award Cash Prizes For the Best Letters, Not Exceeding 150 Words, On This Subject.

Intens of the columns of the "Liner" section of this issue of The Times is a classified advertisement stating in effect that \$500 will be paid to the persons submitting the best suggestions as to the most profitable way of investing \$500 in a business venture, or in any other way, in Los Angeles.

This advertisement will appear from day to day in a different column of the Times' classified advertising pages. AND WILL CONTAIN THE LETTER AND NUMBER OF A BOX IN THE TIMES POST-OFFICE, TO WHICH REPLIES MUST BE SENT. NO REPLIES WILL BE CONSIDERED UNLESS THEY CONTAIN THE CORRECT LETTER AND NUMERAL OF THE BOX ADDRESS THAT APPEARS IN THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Read the "Want Ads" in today's Times, find the advertisement above referred to, and submit your suggestion in not more than 150 words, and mail or deliver it to the address stated therein.

The person submitting the best suggestion as to the most profitable way of investing \$500 will be awarded a cash prize of \$50, the second best suggestion \$15, the third \$10, the fourth \$5, and the fifth \$2.50.

Find the classified ad. in today's Times which contains the address to which it is necessary that your suggestion be sent, submit your ideas and win one of these prizes. This contest is open to everybody except persons directly and indirectly connected with the Times.

The prizes will be awarded by a committee appointed for the purpose, and the winning essays will be published.

The date of closing the contest will be announced later.

Charges Fiance With Forgery.

Mrs. Agnes M. Spalding,
San Francisco woman who charges Boston man with obtaining five thousand dollars in jewelry and money from her.

Nemesia.

SAN FRANCISCO DIVORCEE ACCUSES HUB PUBLISHER.

(BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO—[Special Dispatch] Mrs. Agnes M. Spalding, the fair divorcee, will appear before the grand jury early next week to testify against Henry A. Heath, publisher and son of a wealthy real estate operator of Boston, held in the City Prison on a number of forged checks amounting to \$1000 from Mrs. Spalding on a forged check.

Mrs. Spalding also charges that Heath, under promise of marriage, that induced her to take him to Portland and then to Boston, relieving her of \$2000 in jewelry and \$2000 in cash, and finally giving her a worthless check for \$400 in exchange for gold.

The bad check was last month when she could stand and she secured a warrant for his arrest.

Mrs. Spalding is the daughter of William Vice, railroad man. She married Dr. Eric Spalding, a Bostonian, in 1911.

Mrs. Spalding also charges that Heath, after a period of marriage, to the

inspector is where the gravest danger lies," said he. "To give such arbitrary power to a single individual, who may be ill selected, will undoubtedly bring about a condition among manufacturers that only time will teach us how much real harm the present act has done. I cannot conceive of a more harmful piece of legislation."

The late statement of Secretary of Commerce Redfield in which he is quoted as saying that if the manufacturers of the country carried out their threat to withdraw from the Democratic party carries out its present scheduled reduction in the tariff, it will cause a widespread investigation of the cost of production throughout the country, something little comparable in its style. It sounds like a threat that it is little genuine substance in its backing.

"If the investigation were directed at the railroads, it would be difficult to understand how this investigation could be accomplished, as it has its finger on the railroads situation. The government can readily get at the bottom of transportation," he said.

He will, however, endeavor to become intimately acquainted with the railroads question, but when it says that it will tell the manufacturer how much he will have to pay for his product, it is going too far as I am sure that all the concentrated power in Washington will find it itself a negligible quantity when it arranges to investigate this problem."

WILL KILL SMALL PRODUCERS.

Stoddard James, president First National Compensation Fund, "The workers compensation act will not do much harm to the larger manufacturers, but it will practically kill the smaller producer, the very man that should protect the small producer. It will become more apparent as soon as it is given time to become active."

"I must condemn it as harmful in its present form."

LAUDS FOREIGN BANKERS.

The report of the Legislative Committee of John D. Durbin was read in his absence by Secretary Coburn, and was followed by a paper by Julius Wangensteen, president of the Bank of Commerce and Trust Company of San Diego, the subject being "Foreign Banks."

The paper was largely a comparison of the systems of foreign and American banking, the latter suffering by the comparison. In part, Mr. Wangensteen said:

"The American system of banking has been aptly styled the most unscientific in the world, and it is true that it is not the best, but it is the strongest, and it is the most stable."

"It is true that it is waxed fat and great, but that is only one more testimonial to the tremendous resources of the country, and not to any virtue in the system itself."

"We import health and instead of the German system being a vigorous young giant eager for any fray and ready for any emergency, it stands in dread of even a slight tremor, and trembles at the thought of any possibility."

"The system is weak—especially weak—in its relation to government laws and customs."

"We have adopted by custom the practice of repaying the loans of the banks in foreign countries, and instead of the German system being a vigorous young giant eager for any fray and ready for any emergency, it stands in dread of even a slight tremor, and trembles at the thought of any possibility."

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1918.—[PART I.]

Political.

DEMOCRATS PUT
IN WAR PAINT.The Field for Coming
National Campaigns.Committee Aware
Breakers Ahead.Calls for Active Work
on Pardon Power.Lawmakers Deprive Him
of Pardoning Power.

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IN 1914 AND 1916 WAS OBTAINED

BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE DEMOCRATIC

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The committee agreed

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After the next primaries

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At the permanent head-

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he predicted

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DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S DOOM.

Democracy Wrecked on

Rocks of Reaction.

Defends His Hobnobbing

With Arizona Convicts.

LAWMAKERS DEPRIVE HIM

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A MOST delightful retreat at the terminus of America's greatest mountain scenic trolley trip. Every accommodation that you could desire. Better go Saturday, Stay over Sunday and Come back Monday. All the way there and back for Get your ticket from the Agent at the station. Conductors do not sell them on the cars.

**\$850 SAN FRANCISCO and Return**

via STEAMSHIPS Harvard
Carrying 597 Passengers
AND Yale
Carrying 597 Passengers
—Sailing—
Friday, May 16
Sunday, May 18

Special One Way Fare \$6.35

On Above Dates

TICKETS NOW ON SALE. BOOK EARLY

Pacific Navigation Company

511 SOUTH SPRING STREET

Bdwy 2258

Washington.

OPENS YOSEMITE TO MOTOR TOURS

Report Favors Highway by Way of Coulterville.

Lane Is Expected to Name Routes in Few Days.

Glacier Point Road Is Too Steep for Safe Travel.

(BY SPECIAL WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, May 16.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] While cleaning a three-pound pickerel that he caught in Greenwood Lake, Raymond, Elkhorn of Bayonne found a one carat diamond ring. It turned out that the ring belonged to John Callahan, a member of the fishing party, who dropped it overboard on the previous day while baiting his hook.

In route to the Times.

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The Los Angeles Times

XLVIIth YEAR.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1913.

POPULATION: 1 By the Federal Census (1910) 1,000,000
in the City Directory (1912) 1,000,000

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Have You Selected your
Summer Hat?

If not you should take advantage of this May Sale.
All Paris Models and Pattern Hats at Half.
\$20.00 Dress and Street Hats at \$15.00.
\$15.00 Dress and Street Hats at \$10.00.
\$12.50 Smart Street Hats at \$7.50.

Two Exceptional Waist Values
for Saturday—\$3.35 and \$2.35

Pretty White Voile Waists in more than a dozen late
models, suitable for any occasion. The trimming ideas
are new and different.

Fine Laces, dainty embroidery, tucks, colored crys-
tal or pearl bullet buttons; some show a dash of colored
piping with collar and cuffs to match, velvet ribbon or
silk bow tie in colors or black. They are going in half
dozen and dozen lots. See that you get your summer
waist that is only

Waist that will be coming to us from the Argentine Republic.

Another guest at the Haynes is
Hale H. H. Hale, Vice-President of the
Company and sells cantelope.

He believes that there is only one place

that can compete with New

Colorado in the growing of the

best canteloupe—and that is the

Valley.

W. H. Biddle, vice-president of

St. Louis and San Francisco Rail-

way, registered yesterday at the Al-

bermariner Hotel, who is stay-

ing at Santa Barbara, was also

here in his private car to take

home.

Three Champsakis and Onis were

on their biennial inspection of the

Pacific Coast agencies, registered

yesterday at the Alexandria. They

Third Vice-President F. M. Weller

of Richmond, Va., and General Man-

ager A. J. Thornton, Gen-

eral Manager R. H. Scott of the

Blue Ridge Dispatch, both of

Cincinnati.

Frank M. Hooper, general agent

of the passenger department of the

Great Northern, Grand Trunk and

Chicago, is at the Van Nuy's. Hooper

marked, yesterday that when he

Grand Trunk Pacific went through

the scene he saw that will be un-

out peer in the country.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS

There are telegrams at the West

Union office from Marvin Allen, De-

Bryde, Miss Helen Baker, Mrs. E. C.

W. Josie Grimes, Mrs. H. H. Hale,

L. Hussey, Jessie Pierce Keita,

L. J. Lemilla, George L. Lewis,

E. Miller, Mrs. J. H. Mauric,

Cullinan, Mrs. J. S. McElroy,

A. T. Padlock, W. C. Parker,

E. B. Spillman, Charlton P. Smith,

Miss Violet Turner, Mrs. F. A. Weller,

At the Postal Office, Eva Kuhn,

and Mrs. Florence Hunter.

ST NEWS

Spring Clearance

150 PIANOS AND PLAYERS AT BARGAIN PRICES—

Used Pianos

At \$1.00 A Week



\$175 to \$250 Will Do Almost

Double Duty Now—

All Manufacturers' Samples and discontinued styles in New
Pianos are on sale at special prices, as well as scores and scores
of used Used Pianos, some of which have been only a few months'
old.

Now rates to select from—you'll find your favorite instrument,
at a bargain price and on the easiest of terms.

Illustrated slightly used Players from \$250 to \$400, on terms of
six weeks.

Used uprights at \$125, \$135, \$150 to \$250. Used Grands at \$400

to \$500, on terms of \$2.50 weekly.

If you aren't yet ready to buy, why not rent a Piano now, and
arrange later? We'll arrange with you to have your rental apply
to the purchase of the instrument you take, or some other.

"Where Music Wins and Quality Prevails."

GEO. J. BIRKEL CO.

In TRADE IN BUSINESS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

446-448 South Broadway

Kreisch & Rock Pianos
Kreisch & Rock Players
The White-Mignon Player
Ferrand-Cedilia Players
Tele-Tuning Machines
Easy Pianos

Dr. COLEGROVE, Dentist
Over the Bank.

A GENEVA & SON, Exclusive Ladies' Tailors
Offer a new handsome and exclusive line of up-to-date wools.
201-5 W. SEVENTH ST., Third Floor

WEBB'S HAIR TONIC
Promotes growth of hair—prevents falling. The
tonic is now prepared. For sale by BOSSWELL & NOYES, 50c

Few Days' Grace.
AUTOS CAN NOW
STOP AND REST."Keep Moving" Clause of
Traffic Law Suspended.Side-Street Merchants and
Patrons Protested.Probably Amend to Let Cars
Stand a Short Time.

RAILROADS AND MONEY.

Bankers and Traffic Men's Clubs
Consolidate for Mutual Assistance.
Going to the Yosemite.

Members of the Los Angeles Traffic
Association acquired a home yester-
day, when they unanimously voted to
embrace the offer of the Bankers'
Club to affiliate with that body. This
action was taken at the bi-monthly
noonday meeting at Christopher's
cafe.

The long-proposed Yosemite Valley
trip was also made a reality by the
announcement of thirty-three mem-
bers that they will go. Many wives
of members also joined the trip.
The party is expected to leave here
the 21st inst., and will probably spend
five days in the national park.

Ex-Congressman McLachlan, as
the speaker of the occasion, told
something of the making of our
Federal laws, which he characterized
as lawmaking by the select few.
Instead of the majority. He urged that
States with axes to grind good men and
keep them in Congress.
A leader of service leads to
committee preferment, and it is the
committees that count.

The ordinance provides that be-
tween 4 o'clock a.m. and 6 p.m. it is
unlawful to allow any vehicle to stand
upon Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth or
Sixth streets between Main and Hill
streets longer than necessary to load
or unload such vehicle.

NEW LANGUAGE.

When the order was issued to basin
arresting violators of the law the
policemen and mounted officers un-
earthed a lot of language which had
never before been used. A driver,
for instance, stood up in front of a
lumber shop and when he emerged
with the whiskers tamed and the
face radiant and smelly he found his
machine "tagged" and himself cited
to appear in Police Court.

M. A. Johnson, who runs an auto
rental stand on Spring street, heat-
ed yesterday afternoon on Third
street long enough to buy a box of
talcum powder. Mounted Policeman
Hagenbach does not recognize tal-
cum powder as a good and sufficient
reason for turning down the "sta-
toots," and when Varney, after an
absence of three minutes, victoriously
emerged from the store with his tal-
cum, he learned that his tal-
cum was a law breaker.

W. A. Bondurant, 229 Byrne building,
stopped to buy himself a shave. When he saw the "tag" you're it" sign
there was a verbal explosion and
a exchange of words as well as
traffic. A careful listener gathered
that Mr. Bondurant was not pleased,
and the impression was somehow
created that he considered the ordi-
nance a reversion to the days of the

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

Slight Hitch in Cash.
TOLL VERY SLOW DIRGE
FOR PESTIFEROUS WEEDS.

Say, have you cut your weeds yet?

WE are, for about four and a
half million weeds in various
stages of secundinity, the idea of
March, have come. In this particu-
lar case the idea fell on May 16, for
yesterday was the day when the ordi-
nance feared and hated of all weeds
was effectually dead.

Effectively forth, the statute pro-
vides that, if you have not cut the
weeds from your lot and show no spe-
cial leaning toward getting out the
family bowie knife and doing so, the
city will take the job off your hands
for a consideration. When there-
fore, you see the Los Angeles counter-
part of a white wing balding the
seafarer's pasteurized back-yard,

do not hastily conclude that you are
simply favored of the administration
and the community, making an
amusing mistake wherof you are the
beneficiary. Not at all—you'll find
the bill in your tax assessment next
October. Ho, then, for the old saw
and the rusty scythe!

As a matter of fact there is likely
to be a faint hitch in the business
of the municipal disengagement of
weeds this year because the City
Council has passed the buck to the
Budget Committee, upon receiving it
from the Board of Public Works in
the shape of a demand for a modest
\$15,000 for the war chest against

Unique.
HOLD COURT
AT BEDSIDE.Double Hearing of Killing
Cases in Sickroom.Police Tribunal Is Moved
'Bodily to Residence.Autopsy Surgeon Testifies
from His Pillow.

For the first time in the judicial
history of the city a juvenile court
trial was held in the private resi-
dence yesterday of the private
justice and sickroom of the witness.
Despite protests from attorneys for
the defense, the afternoon session of
University Court was adjourned by

ALLEGED IMPERSONATION.

Negro Boy to Be Arraigned on Se-
rious Charge When Officer Returns
From South.

Basil Charles Wheat, a negro boy,
was to have been arraigned before
United States Commissioner Van Dyke
yesterday, on the complaint charging
him with impersonating a Federal of-
ficer, but on account of the absence of
Asst. Dist. Atty. Robinson in San
Diego, the matter will not be taken up
until Monday.

By reason of the boy's age, how-
ever, it will be impossible to do any-
thing with him except have him ar-
raigned in the Juvenile Court (from
which court he is now under parole,)
and send him to Whittier to remain
during his minority. But a lad as
smooth as Wheat is not likely to stay
long at that reform institution.

Menardville Street Service Agent
Horn and Deputy United States
Marshal Durbin are trying to catch up
on some of the sleep they lost while
"foxing" the mythical A. J. Johnson,
who, according to Wheat, was con-
nected with him in his illegal opera-
tions.

TEST OF CITY'S
LAW WAY UP.Highest Court to Rule on In-
dustrial District.Supreme Tribunal of State
Now Sustains It.Brickyard Man Says Hell
Fight to Finish.

The United States Supreme Court
will be called upon to test the validity
of the ordinance which prescribes
what is known as the "Industrial
District" of the city.

In an opinion handed down in Wash-
ington by the State Supreme Court,



Police Court murder hearings held in a sickroom.

Autopsy Surgeon Campbell was sick in bed yesterday and unable to attend the preliminary examinations of two men charged with murder. The University court, clerk, justice and all, was therefore taken to the sick room. From left to right those shown are: Deputy District Attorney Ong, Clerk Jack Wright, Autopsy Surgeon Campbell; Police Judge Williams and John L. Doak, held for the killing of his brother, Samuel L. Doak.

The Covenant.

BLESSED THE
PEACEMAKERS.SCHOOLS CELEBRATE THE DAY
PATRIOTICALLY.

No Seattle Is Los Angeles. Though
National Hymn Sung With Spirit
and Fervor Rouse Only Sentiments of
Antagonism to War in the
Hearts of School Children.

"Peace Day" was celebrated by
60,000 school children yesterday.
National programmes, stories and
talks illustrative of the spirit of the
day were given.

The Stars and Stripes were lauded
everywhere. "Old Glory" was saluted
in every school. Patriotic songs were
sung on every occasion, and for inciting
a love of country. In the foreign quarters, especially at Amalia and Castelar, talks and songs
calculated to impress the children
with the value of peace as between
great nations were given. At
Crescentia Street fifteen little Chinese girls
waved the American flag and sang
"My Country 'Tis of Thee." At Cas-
telar-street the children sang their
own national songs and then "Colum-
bus" and "Stars and Stripes Forever."
At Normal School and a group of normal
girls climbed to the belfry and flew
a great silk flag to the breeze.

At Sixteenth-street school a fif-
fle-drum corps played "The Girl I
Left Behind Me," and the principal
sang "On 'War, and Why Peace Is Best."

At Hollywood High James Candel
of the senior class, read David Starr
Jordan's "Arms and the Man," and
Floyd Grinnell, the study man,
spoke on "The Great Harmonies of
Nature" at Vernon-avenue school.

At Grand-avenue school the chil-
dren sang and heard talks in the vari-
ous rooms on the text: "Blessed are
the Peacemakers."

At Ivanhoe school, the principal,
Mrs. Ethelia Drake, spoke to the
pupils on "The Panama Canal and
Its Influence on Peace and War." The
older pupils held an informal discus-
sion on the question of international
peace.

PUPILS SEVEN STORIES.

MAKING HAPPY
THE ORPHANS.Good Reports at Society's
Yearly Meeting.Lucky Little Ones Sing to
the Officials.Splendid Results Achieved in
Institution.

Ninety-five perfectly good orphans numbered in the sunlight over five acres at No. 815 El Centro Street yesterday afternoon while members and officers of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home Society held their annual meeting upstairs in the assembly hall of one of the five large, comfortable buildings, which contribute to the capacity and success of the institution.

It was the idea of the president, Mrs. Alice E. Elsen, that the Home Society might well have occasions to arrest an orphan home society, which would cause all of the orphans to be caught, washed and dressed in the same style as still in a room through a long corridor, while they heard what society is doing for them. It was Mrs. Elsen's idea that an orphan should eat drink and be merry for part of the day, and dress its own part as an orphan in equal good faith. In this way the only really unpleasant nature attached to being an orphan is mercifully removed.

A very few orphans did not escape, most ranging in age from 2 to 8 years who were solemnly marched into the room into this astounding presence of their elders and were ordered to sit. It might be kinder to say that they were permitted to sit because they seemed to regard it as a privilege.

JOYFUL SOUNDS.

If one is an orphan is only 2 years old and has the only mouth he can entirely fill by a thumb he can sing and play the piano and sing of vocal music, but an orphan is not so fortunate, though he has a good memory and a sound pair of lungs can do a good deal toward making the world a better place. The orphans beamed merrily upon the visitors for minutes, sang two pretty ditties and retreated in good order. More reports were read about how all the world loves an orphan and especially the girls of Los Angeles, and then some other orphans were led forth in white dresses and they likewise sang. These were older orphans, between 9 to 14 years of age and some of them were girls, which may account for their very good voices as well as for the white dresses. Some of them wore blue eyes and some of them were brown ones, and they were had in various colors and lengths. It was all there could be as an orphan has no better sense than to honest about these things. They wore smiles and yellow poppies and these became them extravagantly.

SMILES AND POSES.

Smiles and wild flowers are about as only extravagance an orphan can have.

EARL'S FALSEHOODS
PROPERLY BRANDED.

Municipal Conference Executive Committee Issues a Statement Showing that the Rebater's Candidates Are Not in Harmony With Shenk Policy, While Those Who Indorsed Conference Platform Are.

The campaign of misrepresentation conducted by the Earl side received another check yesterday when the Municipal Conference Executive Committee declared untrue and misleading the statements these publications are making to the effect that only the candidates for the City Council they are supporting are in harmony with the "rational men and women of the city."

The statement which is addressed "To the Voter" is as follows:

"On one side" (the Earl side) says the committee, "we find a combination of small politicians, larger demagogues, and impractical idealists on the other, rational men and women of the city."

The statement which is addressed

"To the Voter" is as follows:

"The Earl newspapers strive daily to make it appear that the members of the present Council they are supporting for re-election who declare for an immediate redistribution of power distribution bonds, making the voting of such bonds precedent to any arrangement with the power companies, are the only candidates in accordance with the policy of Mr. Shenk, and that the Council candidates endorsed by the Municipal Conference are not in harmony with Mr. Shenk."

This representation is false and misleading. The truth is found in the review of the Earl's platform. The candidates who have subscribed to the platform of the Municipal Conference are in accord with the views of Mr. Shenk. Those who insist upon a "precedent" of the bonds before any attempt is made to come to an understanding with the power companies are out of harmony with his position.

Mr. Shenk has declared himself in favor of an agreement for payment of the electric distributing system, coupled with a further agreement that the city acquire title at a definite time and price.

That is precisely the position of the Municipal Conference.

The Earl candidates would do nothing until and unless bonds are finally voted. They would let the power plants stand idle, and let the power companies continue to exact a sum from us indefinitely, without any return income. This is a pronounced move for more unnecessary delay.

The Municipal items are becoming well known. The Earl's platform is a combination of small politicians, larger demagogues, and impractical idealists; so stubborn that they would let the city's great enterprises die if they could, thus yielding only an attitude once more.

"One deal is hot air—the other is a red herring."

DO FORM SHENK CLUBS.

Was decided yesterday at a meeting of district managers held at Municipal Conference headquarters, to organize Shenk clubs throughout the city. The first of these organizations will be made Monday evening at the home of J. J. McDavid, No. 1318 New Hampshire Avenue, to carry on the work in precinct No. 134.

Several of the managers reported good polls showing a big lead for Shenk and the Municipal Conference ticket. This is especially true in the recent districts where the women are already taking an active part in the preliminary work of the campaign.

The meeting was addressed by F. C. Lusk, H. Z. Osborne, John W. Shinn, and Alexander MacKeigan, candidates for Council, and by Meyer Levy, chairman of the Municipal Conference Committee; Secretary Giliech, Mrs. John S. Myers, and other conference workers. All of the talk had to do with organization plans.

WITH MOTOR DEALERS.

Shenk was the guest at the annual meeting and smoker of the Car Dealers' Association at the Landers Garage, 1120 Broadway, and told the membership some of the things he hopes to accomplish as mayor of Los Angeles. Shenk piled his auto over the curvy roads of Vista, and always manages to get out of trouble, for he has the auto law from Abraham to having built most of the ordinance himself. He believes in good roads and more autos and the dealers give him a hearty reception.

He spoke on the traffic regulations in their relation to the dealer and the public, and particularly the new ordinance prohibiting autos from stopping on any of the cross streets between First and Eighth. This law he declared too stringent, working a hardship on the public and on the engineers, but upon the business interests along the streets involved. The automobile people, he said, want neither more than they should have.

Lester Shenk took up other topics, well-known platforms of efficiency, honesty, decency and law enforcement. Today he will meet with other native sons and daughters of Vermont in a State Society picnic at Belmont.

Council, Municipal Conference candidate for Council, and the "Dean of Auto Row" was at the smoker and addressed his fellow craftsmen. Considered the entire auto vote packed away, and his views being sound on municipal questions, his election assured.

Campaign Notes.

Committee announcements will be forthcoming at the next meeting of the Women's Conference Campaign Committee to be held Monday afternoon at headquarters in the Garfield Hotel, 1120 Broadway, at 7 o'clock.

William Allen White, the famous Kansas editor, author and progressive to be the guest of honor at a progressive dinner at Hamburger's Cabin on the 28th inst., at which time Carter Rowell and members of the local delegation will take part.

Los Angeles Political League was organized last evening at the National Hotel with over fifty members present. The league is composed largely of Hebrews who are interested in municipal affairs. Another meeting is to be held at Tuxedo when its indicated candidates for Mayor and Council will be endorsed. H. Stern, vice-chairman; P. H. Goldburg, treasurer, and A. Shatz, secretary. On the board of directors are

The Municipal Campaign.

ANTI-SOCIALIST
TICKET.

Here are the anti-Socialist candidates for the City Council, nine of whom are to be elected on June 8:

J. E. Conwell.
John W. Snowden.
H. F. Vollmer.
H. Z. Osborne.
Alexander MacKeigan.
F. J. Whiffen.
F. C. Langdon.
Martin Betkowski.
Charles McKenzie.
W. J. Bryant.

Kaufman, J. M. Kern, A. Rosenberg, V. Myers, H. Cartman, D. Lichtenstein and M. Rapport.

The Rose Campaign Committee is organizing a "fighting squadron" of speakers, which is to be sent into every precinct in the city by bus. It is planned to hold large number of street meetings, beginning on Monday, and continuing until the night before election. The crowd may well draw in the crowds. Rose himself is eating throat lozenges in anticipation of making thirty speeches each night, after the campaign is once under way.

Few large mass meetings will be held on our side, but the fight will be carried into the nethermost parts of town by means of precinct clubs, soap box oratory and residence speakers. There will be, however, several large keynote meetings in downtown auditoriums. J. R. Smith, our secretary of a Rose club organized last night at No. 3740 Dalton Avenue in precinct No. 112.

PYTHIAN CASTLE AFLOAT.

Steamer Yale to Carry Delegates to San Diego for Meetings of Grand Lodge and Temple.

The steamship Yale has been temporarily annexed by Los Angeles Knights of Pythias and converted into a floating Pythian castle. It will sail for San Diego this afternoon carrying Robert G. Loucks, the Los Angeles Knights of Pythias; Frank J. Murphy, President of California; and a big crowd of boosters to the Grand Lodge and Temple for Los Angeles and the Los Angeles Lodge and Temple.

In the party are W. R. Kilgore of Arrowhead Lodge; O. B. Graves, Alton; R. E. Johnson, San Francisco; Harry G. Webb, Capt. H. W. Brown, Brother Warner, and a special escort of Los Angeles policemen, members of Silver Star, the recently instituted police force. Police Brothers A. A. Simons and Harry Hoffmann.

By train on Sunday Brig.-Gen. J. O. Royer of the Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias with his staff will journey convention-ward; and a big crowd of Knights of Pythias will go by train,

and the Knights of Pythias will be at the opening of the San Diego exposition now but the members of the board are finding considerable comfort in the knowledge that an additional supply is available if it is needed.

Men's Felt Hats

Steamer Yale to Carry Delegates to San Diego for Meetings of Grand Lodge and Temple.

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LOS ANGELES (Loco Ahng-hay-lais)

Editor of the Postoffice as well as the class XI.

PENISH THE THOUGHT.

An archeologist at Catalina claims to have discovered that fish as a diet is not brain-food. In view of our large subscription list at Avalon we refuse to believe that this discovery is based on native experiment.

MAKING THEM DIZZY.

The long list of automobile smash-ups on return trips from the Vernon County Club suggests that most machines cannot carry their liquor like gentlemen. Perhaps we really mean that most machines, like gentlemen, cannot carry liquor.

A TRIPLE SLOW.

A new ship was launched at Long Beach Thursday afternoon. That same day a contract was let for the first section of a great pleasure pier to be built down there. Not much stirring, but then it is always dull at Long Beach towards the fog end of the week.

THE QUESTION MARK.

Bornson says life is a constant becoming. His critics say that, instead of being a creative evolution, life is a continual involution, being a process by which it exhausts itself to itself. Asking what life is seems about as futile as buying a fine new suit of clothes to dress a dead man. The man who bakes a good loaf of bread is the true philosopher because he demonstrates something of the real system.

ANDS OFF.

It has been the policy of the officers and the members of the California Woman's Democratic League to have nothing to do with indignations for Federal patronage. This is no doubt a relief to the administration. The men are less modest, but they have been very slow on reaching an agreement. Perhaps they are waiting to ask their wives about it.

SWIFT REACTION.

It does not require a California town long to recover from a great disaster. Ocean Park lost much of its water-front improvements in a big fire less than a year ago, but it will invite the public there again on the 20th of this month and will be open for business as of yore. Perhaps if they are given time the towns of Willow and Santa Barbara will also recover from the calamity of having gone dry.

DAD BOYS.

A snake is not a pleasant surprise party. When a snake is tied into a pack-sack and left on a lady school teacher's desk without having first been properly subdued the effect on the lady's mind and disposition when she opens the package is not agreeable. Two boys at Phoenix, Ariz., who made this offering to their teacher, have been divorced from school on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament.

PITTEN ECONOMY.

The limitations men sometimes feel obliged to place on themselves are exceedingly severe. A gentleman from Paris now in New York says that a man ought to be able to get along on \$2500 a year for clothes. Of course we understand that he does not mean that a man could dress for this and pay any duty on garments imported. We might suggest that, if ever this man of charming advice fails to have the \$2500, he might take \$250 and buy two perfectly good pairs of jeans trousers and two reliable hickory shirts.

G. ENNIS CUNNINGHAM.

Congressman Cunningham of Texas, with a heart overflowing with love for Great Britain and grateful to her for her noble conduct toward us in 1776-83, in 1812-15, and in equipping the Alabama and Shenandoah in 1862-4, proposes to make a Santa Claus of Uncle Sam and bestow upon King George, unasked, a strip of the Alaskan coast 500 miles long, with all its bays and harbors, its forests of timber and fields of coal and bitumens, including Skagway and Sitka.

But why limit our benefactions to the grim and grisly North? Why not give John the coast of Texas from Sabine Pass to Bagdad, and if that would not take in the district so ably represented by the patriotic Cunningham, then extend the line of gift so as to include him in the treaty of dole?

AGGRESSIVE MORALITY.

Our steamed contemporary, the Tribune, editorially dilates on what it designates as the "aggressive morality" of Roosevelt, Johnson, Pinchot and others. "It is to do." The "aggressive morality" of Roosevelt in issuing a permit to the steel corporation to violate the Sherman law; the "aggressive morality" of Johnson in counseling the theft of the Republican name and organization; the "aggressive morality" of Pinchot in scheming to tie up the coal lands in Alaska for the benefit of the Panhandle Coal Company are all matters of record.

But why did our steamed flippety-flop contemporary stop there? Why did it not mention the "aggressive morality" of Glavin, who illustrated his versatility by taking salary from the State to guard its landed interests and taking money from a lumber company to betray his trust? Why did it not mention the "aggressive morality" of Teopius in swiping the rebates on citrus fruit entrusted to his care? Why did it not mention the "aggressive morality" of Guy Eddie, who—well, that will do; The Times is a family paper.

THE "REGALE" OF PATRIOTISM.
The little "Peace Conference" of the pedagogues up North, according to the Seattle dispatches, disdained to allow the "Star Spangled Banner" to be sung in the Seattle schools because it contained a reference to "bombs bursting in air." "The Union Forever" was excluded because it eulogized the army and navy. "Yankee Doodle" was eliminated because Y. D. "stuck a feather in his hat"—which savored of militarism. "Hail Columbia" was extricated because some groping antiquarian discovered that the original version of that national air read:

"Hail Columbia happy land,
If we won't fight may I be damned."

"America" was tolerated for the double reason that it contained no warlike allusion, and the music of it was the same as "God Save the King," so that the Victoria and Vancouver children in Seattle could salute the tune by standing, without impairing their loyalty to King George or being overzealous to the blighted Yankees.

The Times is glad to see that the public school authorities of Los Angeles are not in sympathy with the public school principals of Seattle, who resolved to recall our national airs from their Peace Day programs. Patriotic songs were sung at the Peace Day exercises in Los Angeles public schools. Col. Steadman, acting president of the Board of Education, is quoted as saying:

"I am unalterably opposed to such a course. I think it is lessening patriotism to bar from the schools songs which have had such a part in our nation's history. And I do not believe that singing 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' will retard the peace movement to any considerable extent. I'm for peace if I have to fight for it, and I'm for patriotism in the same way. As long as I have anything to say about it the Los Angeles school children will never eliminate 'Star Spangled Banner' from their Peace Day celebrations, or any others."

That talk has the right ring. Carry the news to the North. Seattle is fast acquiring a reputation as a bug-house town; but is there no saving remnant in her population? There must be somebody in Seattle ready to incite the lessons of patriotism to the public school principals won't. Eliminate our national airs from public school exercises! Why? That would be as ignominious as to haul down the flag. Seattle still furnished the worst case of recalcitrance yet—furnished carried to its farthest.

Mrs. Addie M. C. Hawkins of Long Beach, who subscribes herself "mother of two soldier sons and wife of a Civil War veteran," voices the sentiments of our patriotic women in a letter to The Times, in which she says:

"Much has been written for and against employing women teachers in our public schools, some people seeming to think that women would teach our boys to be effeminate. But I venture to say that not one woman teacher (provided she were an American woman) could be found among the many noble women who are teaching in our public schools who would decry our national hymns or songs or who would prefer to teach the songs as mentioned by the Seattle teachers, instead of 'The Star Spangled Banner' or 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' To be sure it stirs our hearts almost to bursting when we hear them; but would any mother of sons prefer to hear these songs in their places—"Angel of Peace," "I Want to Be an Angel" or "There Is a Happy Land Far, Far Away"? Yours for common sense and loyalty, as well as love of country in our public schools."

PASADENA EN PETE.
Having won world-wide recognition as a winter resort, Pasadena is now inviting the world to behold her glowing summer attractions. In order to draw particular attention to her abundant glory in this respect the Crown City will hold a May festival today to which she has invited Los Angeles and all the surrounding cities. That this invitation will be largely accepted goes without saying, and The Times extends to the Crown City its felicitations upon this happy day.

So happy a day do the promoters of the festival believe it will be that they intend to make the May festival an annual affair. Banners which flutter from a thousand automobiles in Pasadena today bear a legend which in three words tells the reason for the fete. "Pasadena Summer and Winter" is the wording on the pennants. This means to say that the Pasadena civic bodies have seriously set themselves the task of proving to the universe that their city is just as ideal a place of residence in the summer as in the winter.

For years The Times has been expounding this cheerful doctrine in regard to the whole of the pleasant land lying around and about Los Angeles. It is glad to welcome so vivacious and hard-working an ally as the city of Pasadena, represented by its leading civic institutions, the Board of Trade and the Merchants' Association.

It is the pleasing duty of all Southern Californians to inform the whole country that, although the thermometer sometimes wanders up into the nineties in the good old summertime, and once in a while gets into the hundred notch, such heat in this delightful climate is far more bearable than 90 degrees is in the humid East. Here our summer days and summer nights are days and nights of delight. Ever of an afternoon a cool breeze from the ocean tempts the heat from the sun, and always the nights are so delightfully cool that it is well to keep an extra blanket on hand even in the middle of August when the East is sizzling and night brings no relief from the torment of the day.

It is pleasing to find Pasadena going about in a sensible and at the same time artistic way to prove that summer and winter she is a city of delight. The committees which have had the celebration in charge have prepared a bounteous programme, and will wish the May festival as long and splendid a career as the Tournament of Rosses.

O-COPRATIVE PRODUCTION.
Co-operative production has achieved a success in France. Guillame a few years ago was an almost deserted village in the maritime Alps a few miles from Léon. It is now a town of 2000 inhabitants. It was the extreme limit of the vine-growing district, and the "mistral"—a cold storm lasting sometimes for days—swept down from the mountain gorges and made olive growing

Kept Busy.



and the production of citrus fruit impossible. Those of its inhabitants who had not sought for employment in the towns of the Riviera managed to live by making wretched cheese and butter, which they sold for a low price to the poorer people of Nice.

The Mayor of Guillame, aided by a controller-general of Nice, organized a co-operative dairy for the purpose of providing the people of Nice with a daily fresh supply of milk from the mountain pastures of Guillame.

Between Pont de Gueydan, the terminus of the railway from Nice, and Guillame there is a distance of four miles by a good wagon road. The cost of transporting milk over this road was lessened four-fold by the introduction of auto trucks, and the time of transportation reduced from six hours to one hour.

The farmers, who formed the membership of the co-operative society, brought in their milk from the mountains either by hand, in carts, or on muleback. The milk was tested with a hydrometer, and if it was so far below the standard as to show that the honest dairyman had lingered by the roadside on his way, it was rejected. If, after examination, it was found satisfactory it was paid for at 20 cents per litre, or about 4 cents per quart, and to induce the farmer to take special pains to supply good milk specimens are taken and analysed and the payment is increased in accordance with the richness of the milk.

The milk when received is poured into a large vat and heated to a temperature of over 90 degrees Centigrade, so as to enable it to keep for twenty-four hours without souring. It is then refrigerated, poured into cans and sealed, taken to the railway station and entrained for Nice.

About 2500 quarts of milk each day are sent into Nice by the Co-operative Milk Company. It is sold at 40 cents, or about 8 cents, per quart and the profits are divided every three months among the producers in proportion to the amount of milk furnished.

This plan of co-operation is simple, effective, and requires only a small amount of capital. It might be introduced in California, with advantage to both producer and consumer, for the marketing of farm products.

EDFIELD'S THREAT.
The National Association of Employing Lithographers warned Congressman Underwood that if he persisted in keeping the Wilson-Underwood tariff-for-revenue-only bill a clause which reduced the tariff on goods such as they produced would be compelled to reduce the wages of workers employed by them.

Mr. Underwood gave to this menace the scorn of his silence. Not so with Secretary of Commerce Redfield. He went before the lithographers. He uncorked the vials of his eloquence and poured their contents upon the bared and defenseless heads of his audience. He assured them that, while he was not a trust buster by profession or practice, he would not suffer them to reduce the wages of their workmen merely because the government reduced the duty on lithographic imports. He would, in behalf of the United States government, examine their plants and overhaul their books. If he found that their alleged inability to pay going wages under the coming tariff was due to bad equipment, or unscientific treatment of material, or antiquated methods, or insufficient capacity, or to a poor location, or ineffective management, then he would do things to them if they attempted to lower the wages of their workmen. What he would do he did not say, but it would be something dreadful. He would not go so far as to decapitate them or immerse them in boiling oil, but he would surely locate them in dungeon cells with which no telephone communication.

The lithographers cannot complain of the Secretary. They can avoid the pains and penalties with which he threatened them. All that the menaced lithographer will need to do will be to remove his establishment from a small city to a big one, to change from San Francisco to Los Angeles, for instance, to discharge his \$350-per-month manager and employ a \$10,000-per-year man, to abandon the methods of manufacture he had pursued for twenty years and adopt new methods, to adopt the latest scientific treatment, to throw his antiquated machinery into the scrap-heaps and replace it with

an up-to-date equipment installed in a new building.

The lithographers who did not have the capital to comply with these reasonable requirements and could not obtain it would be allowed a reasonable time in which to sell out to a larger and better-constructed establishment which would not need to reduce the wages of its employees to meet the tariff cut, but could, on account of its large capital, continue in business at a smaller profit without reducing the wages of its workmen.

One of the important ten commandments is the water bill. This commission, like the one mentioned above, is given full judicial and administrative powers to do anything it pleases in defiance of the rights of the individual, and without any interference on the part of our courts. It can summon any person in possession of water rights and property for a lifetime to appear before the commission and prove how these rights were acquired, thus putting them to great expense. Then the commission would be allowed to take away from them such of their rights as the commission says they do not need. It makes it a criminal offense for anybody to use water in any part of our State, except for domestic purposes, without the permission of this commission.

Another of these bills is the so-called mother's pension bill, which is a blow to all the charitable organizations of California, by diverting as much as possible of the charitable funds of our State and placing their administration in the hands of politicians. Another outrageous bill is called the immigration bill—a rank misnomer. The use of this title is only an excuse to appoint another commission, vested with administrative, judicial and inquisitorial power. This body is vested with powers almost of an inquisition. Its emissaries have the right to enter private property, factories, houses and business places and to compel the owners or the residents of these places to testify as to the number of their employees and what they are doing. By what stretch of imagination has this the slightest thing to do with immigration?

The blinkey law is another bad one. This provides for a commission called a Corporation Commission, vested with powers and legislative rights to prevent the organization of any corporation for the purpose of developing any resources of this State, building any railroads or factories, or the floating of any bonds in the aid of these things before getting the consent of this political commission; this commission to be the sole judge as to whether it will permit the corporation to be organized or transact business in this State.

Another of the commandments is the appointment of a so-called industrial welfare commission to investigate wages, hours and conditions of labor of women and children, with full power to fix rates of wages. There is absolutely no necessity for this and it will accomplish no good purpose, but during the next two years the commission will draw salaries and do politics.

In addition to these, many other bills have been passed—all carrying commissions. For instance, a commission is appointed to investigate and report on recreation for old and young, including recreation in rural communities. Can human mind be so blind as to imagine what value this commission will be to the taxpayers of the State of California?

Another very "important" bill passed was the one regulating the size of chicken coops and in addition specifying that shippers should feed their fowl.

Then a Bureau of Criminal Identification is provided. How is this bureau going to identify all the criminals of the different counties or police departments or will it supersede these? We see no occasion for this commission, except to draw salaries and help est up the money in the treasury.

Another commission is appointed to investigate a system of old-age pensions and mothers' pensions and report to the next Legislature. Two years to work this thing up, yet a postage stamp would get all this information!

In short, the thousand and odd bills passed and sent to the Governor from this legislative session are in the aggregate as frivolous or no mischievous as to be a disgrace to the State. The people are now watching to see how many will become law, during the next thirty days by the signature of the Governor.

Surprised Her.

[Detroit Free Press:] "I know I'm not attractive, but I had no idea I was beginning to look old as well as plain," she said.

"But you're not."

"Yes, I am. A man offered me his seat in the street car today, and that's the first time that's happened in years."

Then and Now.

[Washington Star:] "When a family seemed pinched in circumstances the first thing we asked was whether a woman's husband played the horse races."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Now the first thing we ask is whether a man's wife plays bridge."

THE "TEN COMMANDMENTS."

They Have All Been Obeyed by the Assembly of Friends and Will Become Laws.

[San Francisco Chronicle:] The administration's assemblage of freaks and cranks, which has been meeting in Sacramento and is called the Legislature of California, after doing all the harm it could and passing all the ridiculous bills possible, has adjourned.

Between political bills to build up tremendous patronage in order to perpetuate the present administration and the concentrated attack on all kinds of property, every individual in the State owing or possessing anything is placed in jeopardy. The legislators have made laws to interfere with business and stop its development; laws to prevent immigration; laws to put a premium on and pay a bonus for crime by giving criminals salaries.

All this and more has this erratic body done to perpetuate their evil deeds in the memory of every good citizen of this State.

The greatest harm done has been the passage of the administration's own bills, known as the Governor's ten commandments, as having publicly announced that these were bills it specially wanted passed and intended to use. These particular ten bills were selected by the Governor from a number of others prepared and concocted by the administration after months of work by men, not members of the Legislature, holding political offices and working with the Governor and his immediate staff. They took advantage of every possible opportunity to control, injure and help to destroy business, farming, mining, water rights and all property values.

The principal measures which have been carried are:

The so-called compensation bill is to supersede a compensation bill passed at the last Legislature, which is in perfect working order, and of which no one has complained. But the new law creates an additional army of officials, including an insurance company, and is without doubt the most oppressive load upon every individual employer of labor in the State of California that was ever put on like interests in our whole country. This bill vests the commission with autocratic and judicial powers and sweeps away all interference on the part of the courts in defense of the employee.

One of the important ten commandments is the water bill. This commission, like the one mentioned above, is given full judicial and administrative powers to do anything it pleases in defiance of the rights of the individual, and without any interference on the part of our courts. It can summon any person in possession of water rights and property for a lifetime to appear before the commission and prove how these rights were acquired, thus putting them to great expense. Then the commission would be allowed to take away from them such of their rights as the commission says they do not need. It makes

Points: By the Staff**LETTERS TO THE TIMES.**

THE TIMES.
A case of "Too Much Johnson." Pom-Pom Thaw recalls the days in Search of a Father. A man is recommended for we know doesn't it open one's eyes to him. Barbara has voted "dry" and it is like from that city down to San Francisco. Missed by Its Legislature.

would be no purchase of land in by the Japs if somebody did not them.

First Baseman Derrick will not be able to hit that Portland team his friendship.

use the chairman of the House on Currency is opposed to our Glass.

money may be free from peso, not that tear which causes us to think so easily.

has become of the striking Marvin on the Pacific Coast? Is it you have cut the wires?

ator William Lortimer is again in Illinois politics. Who left the stratosphere open?

an outrage has prevailed in P. at this distance it is impossible what the Spanish will do.

N. Drummond, the tobacco man, will not contest the divorce suit of his He will simply "plug" along.

the county grand jury is making the case that the pens are supposed under in the bunge investigation.

reported that the city of Chihuahua is in a state of siege. That means time for the Chihuahua constab.

as soon as Secretary Bryan got established in his new home in Washington Lincoln was carried by the "Devil."

local Democrats who fail to be in the Wilson pie distribution in the swat-theo club. All is not

seen in his message to Secretary Bryan quotes the Constitution as though he were a young boy.

International Sunshine Society is in New York. If there is anything wrong it ought to meet in the course.

time for the agent to come to the door with the "True History of the War," 50 cents down and 50 cents.

Bulgars have promised to go to the treaty of peace is signed. The of burying the Turkish dead has been fixed.

in order to show the other power Uncle Sam is in earnest in advancing peace he will build a framework \$200,000.

California bankers are in session. Dian, but none of the delegates have identified in order to have a good That much is "certified."

the States interested in the wool. sugar business are not enameled at all! What do they expect?

the romantic stage coach out Yellowstone Park there ought to be a lot of such vehicles that might be used at a bargain for the "movies."

hundred thousand dollars worth polo ponies have reached New York international matches in June. The game, you know, where the most of the playing.

half million population for Los Angeles in 1915 is the prediction. It is an even wager the prediction now. This town is growing like a beanstalk in Jack's time.

chauffeur driving one of the cars of President Wilson down Broadway. York, in a machine was used in testing the speed limit. Where is American simplicity in this?

trick that Jim Jeffries could not have been accomplished by anyone. Jack Johnson has been convicted of robbery. "Rah for the law."

The Hon. "Jim" Mann of Illinois spotlight for Speaker of the next session. Republicans carry that body. Every body is laying odds on both sides.

might be well for Secretary Bryan's new battalions, "Fellowship," that are supposed to be world, avoid the northern route over Roberts road at will.

NOTHING TO BE THANKFUL [APPROPOS] for. The Guards are not fit. The Yankees are not fit. The Legislature's quit!

and the Legislator's oyster trust. and the Legislator's price increased! the Legislator's ceased!

the mosquito is on hand. and the moth is in the land. the Legislator's ceased!

the ball weevil it may eat up. and the peach crop it may eat up. the Legislator's shot up.

congress isn't apportioning. the business world's unorganized. the Legislator's curtail!

the dictionary's tired. the legislative have all expired.

—Maurice Morris in New York.

This Big Store Is Growing—



Growing and expanding day by day — selling more and more splendid STEIN-BLOCH clothes to well-pleased, well-groomed customers all the time.

A good store and good clothes are natural affinities; and they draw good customers.

If we haven't sold YOU your first STEIN-BLOCH SUIT — if YOU have still to learn the thrill of satisfaction that comes from being rightly dressed—you've a pleasure coming.

For Your Sunday at the Beach!

Bathing Suits—Wool suits, silk-and-wool, wool-and-cotton, or cotton suits. The prices range \$1 to \$5. Colors blue, red, gray, brown.

Ask to see the suit with a special button pocket, for small change or key, etc.

Get a New Straw

Just in time for the week-end if you come in today. We've a special new very light-weight English straw at \$2, \$3.50 and \$4; others in all shapes and at all prices, of course.

Nettleton's Shoes for Men

Harris & Frank
LEADING CLOTHIERS
437-441 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Wash Neckwear
25c and 50c

Alden's Shoes

Parents all over the land consider them **For Boys**. For Boys made. High or low cut—button or lace — Vici Kid. \$2.75. Velours Calf, Willow Calf or Patent \$3.00. Colt. They're manish, smart and better in materials. \$3.50.

Stans
338 So. BROADWAY

Watchology

Our repair men are doctors of watchology — which means that they're professional watch repair men and graduates of the school of watch experience. Mail orders filled.

Main Springs \$1 up
Cleaning \$1.50

A&Morro
Goldsmith & Jeweler FOURTH BROADWAY

Toll Very Slow.

(Continued From First Page.)

Bargain—Used Pianos

Another Sensation in Our Bargain Room For a Few Days

Another "batch" of pianos have just come out of our shop, every one in the pink of condition, many of them like new.

They have been carefully appraised and tagged in big plain figures.

This announcement may not appear again, so don't wait, but come prepared to find unusual values for the amount you want to invest, whether that be \$100 or \$800.

Don't run away from the insult of bargain, and will bear in future years:

The Legislature places California in a bind and puts California in a position from which it will be difficult to escape. It will be impossible to do the logical thing for the state to do will be to make compensation laws making citizenship; but

make our state a better place again that our would need to rise to a higher level.

J. C. BAKER.

FOR VAGRANTS.

Notice Here There Will Be Considerable Increase Except in the Case of the Prosecutors.

In his office relative

to a number of his official

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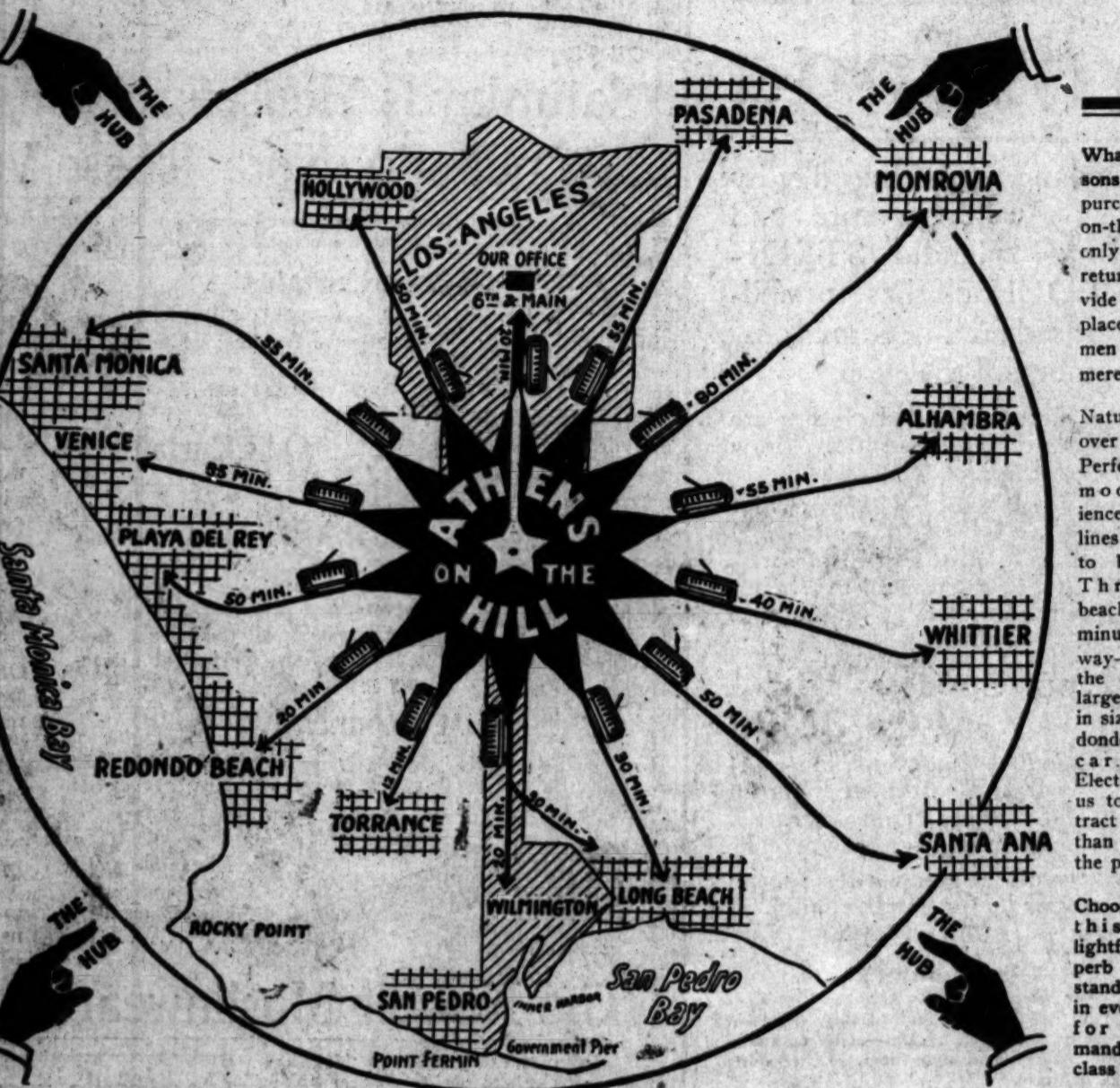
ATHENS-ON-THE-HILL

An Avenue to Profit
not to be disregarded
or overlooked is
the purchase of a
homesite in a fast
growing and highly
elevated region like
Athens-on-the-Hill.

This Simple Pro-
cedure has every-
thing to recommend it.
There is no element
of risk for two very
obvious reasons:

1. The Demand for
High and Sightly
Property far exceeds
the supply. On all
sides there is an ex-
odus to sections where
the air is pure and
exhilarating. Without exception,
newcomers are
strongly attracted,
by property which
permits of far-reaching
view of mountains,
foothills and
city.

2. Athens-on-the-
Hill is not only High
and Slightly; it is so
laid out as to be ab-
solutely unique, and
the improvements
are complete to the
last detail. A pleasant
surprise awaits
your visit—always
better than expected.



Watkins & Belton

Members Los Angeles Realty Board
Main Office, 402 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Phones: Home A3907—Broadway 4666
Tract Office Phones: South 2458—Vermont 903.

CREED CONTROVERSY.

Santa Monica Episcopalian Will Try to Punish the Beliefs of the Disciples of Eddy.

RANTA MONICA, May 16.—Rev. J. D. H. Browne, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Augustine-by-the-Sea, has announced that he will reveal the faults of Christian Science Sunday evening in his church.

The sermon will be "Why Christian Science is Not a New Supplant the Christian Religion?" He will take up the arguments made by a lecturer sent from the mother Christian Science church in Boston, who spoke to a large audience Sunday evening and who made many converts. Rev. Fr. Browne will review the life of Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder of the church, and will tell his hearers why he thinks that Santa Monica make a mistake in joining the church.

NEWS BRIEFS.

Willa May Wood, a negro, who has been living on East Seventh street, was arrested here this morning for San Diego. It is stated that the Wood woman is the principal witness against a

San Diegan charged with murder. The Salvation Army will again maintain a recreation camp here this summer. A site for the summer home will be selected within a week. Last year a site on Oregon avenue, near Ocean, was used, and this may again be selected.

Santa Monica High School debaters at work hard to get ready for the debate with Manual Arts High School on May 23. This oratorical competition will decide the county championship. The subject of this debate will be, "Should the President be Re-elected?"

The debate will be May 23rd at 8 P.M. Second Term?" One debate will be in the auditorium here, and another section at the same hour in Los Angeles.

CLEVER RASCAL CAUGHT.

MONROVIA, May 14.—Juan Dena, who for two years has fooled the police with a series of elaborate and detailed falsehoods, is at last behind the bars of the County Jail, and according to Marshal Morris is likely to suffer a heavy penalty for his latest irregularity of conduct, which consisted of the theft of three gold watches from a jeweler, A. T. Swart, and the loss of a diamond ring.

Swart, who is the postmaster and whose wife often succeeds in getting a

up he had in his possession one of the watches.

Although only 19 years of age, the young Mexican has a long list of crimes attributed to him, including shooting, kidnapping, hiring three fellow Mexicans, woodchoppers to cut some valuable timber on the Baldwin ranch. Beas selected an unoccupied room, put his tools away, and then returned to Monrovia and made a contract with a local feed and fuel company to buy the wood. The scheme failed because the woodchoppers were unaccustomed and incompetent to the industry, and management of the ranch for cutting wood which did not belong to them. The laborers, ignorant of their wrong doing, explained they had been hired by Beas.

Beas was arrested and finally lied out of the whole affair. Such a convincing story did he tell that he was not allowed to go to trial, and the woodchoppers were fined in his stead.

Beas found that he could live easily by his wits, and engaged in a series of clever thefts. He was given a chance to earn his living by the industry manager of the ranch for cutting wood which did not belong to them. The laborers, ignorant of their wrong doing, explained they had been hired by Beas.

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Public Service: City Hall, Courts

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

At yesterday's meeting of the Budget Committee, in connection with a discussion of the estimates for the fire department for the ensuing fiscal year, the proposition was made that a bond issue be called for to the extent of from \$350,000 to \$500,000 to cover the cost of equipment of the farms of the city. Councilman McMenie proposed that a \$1,000,000 bond issue be asked also for the purpose of purchasing the eighteen private water systems in the city.

After a full half-day hearing of complaints and rebuttals as to the wild-animal farm near Eastlake Park the Public Welfare Committee took action for one week, and its members will spend the night in the district to determine for themselves the extent of the noises from the animals.

Two private water concerns, the Colgrave company and E. E. Hall, were given increase of rates to a \$1.40 minimum yesterday by the Public Utilities Commission. The commission set the telephone rates at the figures now in effect.

The Los Angeles Railway Corporation notified the Public Utilities Commission yesterday that beginning tomorrow it will resume its through service on Sundays from downtown to the end of the York boulevard line. This ends a controversy before the board for many months.

At the City Hall.

ISSUE BONDS FOR NEW EQUIPMENT?

PLAN IS DISCUSSED BY COUNCIL BUDGET COMMITTEE

Fire Chief Declares It Only Way Demand Can Be Met, and After Catching Up City Could Use Appropriations to Keep Pace With Growth.

Shall Los Angeles make a new issue as far as the extent of from \$350,000 to \$500,000 to meet the demands for more fire-fighting equipment?

Fire Chief Eley and the Mayor and members of the Fire Commission declared yesterday that only by means of a bond issue will Los Angeles be able to provide fire equipment in keeping with its growth and the many demands made for expansion of this department.

Not since 1898 has this city issued bonds for any non-revenue producing utility, and that year bonds for fire equipment were issued to the amount of \$150,000, of which there are yet outstanding bonds to the amount of \$101,000. Deputy City Auditor Farnsworth stated at the Budget Committee's meeting that the budget committee's estimates for the next fiscal year, yesterday, that the city now has more than \$800,000 bonding capacity for this kind of bond issues.

The Mayor, Fire Chief Eley and Commissioner Williamson appeared before the Budget Committee to add that every cent possible should be allowed the fire department, and he emphasized that the funds coming up from all parts of the city for additions to the service.

They were met by the ultimatum that no more than 7 per cent interest over the present appropriations could be expected, which would mean that not more than \$50,000 will be available for extensions of the services through the 107 square miles of city territory.

This brought about the statement of Eley that the only way in which the situation could be met, so as to bring the fire equipment of the city up to a standard of keeping with the general growth would be by a bond issue. He placed the amount necessary for such a purpose at from \$350,000 to \$500,000. He declared that it could not be expected for two years to come would the city be in a position to meet this demand through regular appropriations, and that this was going to assume.

In this connection, Chairman Whiffen of the Budget Committee stated that in his opinion one of the imperative needs of the city is to acquire the small water system now operating and placing it all under the control of the City Water Department. This would vastly increase the consumption of Los Angeles Aqueduct water, and direct itself from the Fire Department would be that the \$15,000 or more now paid in rentals and for water service to the private companies for fire hydrant service would be eliminated.

Commissioner Williamson urged that a bond issue were to be called for, there should be submitted a proposition for the issuance of \$1,000,000 for the acquisition of these eighteen water tanks and distributing mains.

After going over the estimates of the Fire Commission for the ensuing year, the Budget Committee eliminated various items for economy to savings of five-hundred dollars and referred the rolls back to Fire Chief Eley and the Fire Commission, in order that every possible item may be cut off.

THEIR PROTEST.

AGAINST WILD ANIMALS.

Almost the entire forenoon was taken up by the Public Welfare Committee of the City Council yesterday in hearing the protestants against the maintenance of the wild animal farm near Eastlake Park, and the persons who are in favor of the enlargement of the place.

Recently the place passed into the possession of Selig, of moving-picture fame, and he proposes to make of it a show place, with parked grounds and a considerable extension of the old features, stages and pens of trees on a large tract of land. Thousands of dollars are to be expended on the enterprise if he is allowed to continue it there.

The protestants were in force and told of the hideousness of the animals, the sight and the stench that is wafted by the breezes as they pass over the pens. One woman complained of the "things" getting loose and said that she had found an alligator in her door yard, while another did not know what he was talking about, as he might get on a rampage. The plea was made that the wild animal farm depreciated the price of real estate. There were eighty-three names on the protesting petition.

On the other side a platform for retaining the farm was signed by ninety-five persons and several of them appeared to declare that they considered the place a social attraction for the city and that under the proposed enlargement plan it would benefit greatly. Among these was Joseph Messmer, who lives close at hand and has a thirty-acre tract within a stone's throw.

The discussion reached the point at times when it looked as though

the sergeant-at-arms would have a busy time, and the testimony was so conflicting that the Welfare Committee adjourned session for one week and meanwhile will have opportunity to get conditions at night time. The members were offered free bed and board by the protestants if they would understand to go over and stay one full night.

TWO ARE RAISED.

WATER RATES READJUSTED.

At the last meeting of the City Council the rates for water companies for the year were raised. The rates were referred back to the Board of Public Utilities for reconsideration on the plea of Councilman Reed that he could not understand on what basis the rates had been fixed.

At the same meeting of the City Council the rates for water companies for the year were raised again.

Three women alleged victims of Councilman Reed that he could not understand on what basis the rates had been fixed.

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At the Courthouse.

DEAD SEA FRUIT HER RECOMPENSE.

WOMAN'S PITIFUL STORY STIRS GRAVE TRIBUNAL

"Shows Need of a Divorce Examiner," Says Judge Monroe When Story of Seven Years of Faithlessness Is Unfolded on the Stand. Three Women Alleged Victims.

"I wouldn't give you little finger for all those talcum powder spots," Charles Walsh wrote Lois Osgood, the young Cleveland woman whom it is claimed he had made his dupe for seven years.

"You are a true blue pal," he continued. "I am nothing but nothing."

Walsh is alleged to have left Los Angeles with Miss Charlotte Davis a few days after he had been granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Anna Gallagher Walsh. It now devolves upon the perjured figures largely in the divorce case.

"This case," Judge Monroe stated yesterday after questioning Miss Osgood, "shows the necessity of having a divorce examiner." Walsh testified that his wife deserted him without cause. According to Miss Osgood she showed a diamond ring to assert Walsh in providing the cash for a ticket which he gave his wife to enable her to return to Cleveland.

The divorce decree was set aside by Judge Monroe yesterday and July 15 was set for resumption of the whole trial. Every effort will be made to locate Walsh and have him brought into court. Attorney John C. Miles, counsel for Walsh, will endeavor to communicate with him. Incidentally in his criticism of the defense, Osgood stated emphatically that she had told him her story of Walsh's promise to marry her and restore her standing with relatives who believed she was Walsh's wife. He did not recall this.

Miss Osgood told a pathetic story. She met Walsh at a dance in Cleveland. Later he furnished a flat and for seven years she was his common law wife. There was a gap in her life to Los Angeles and engaged a flat in the name of Mrs. Charles Walsh. Walsh joined her in March, 1911. She said that Walsh sent her to Albuquerque for a month. He wrote her letters calling her Dear Pal, and coyly dotted it with philosophic utterances.

One day in Albuquerque Miss Osgood saw in a newspaper the announcement of Walsh's marriage to Miss Anna Gallagher. She was stricken with grief. Walsh had promised to make her his wife, she said.

She was told by Walsh following the notice was false. A bitter interview with Walsh followed. There were tears, upbraiding, and renewed promises. He passed the nights with her, she claims, and called on his wife during the day, keeping the latter visits secret from Miss Osgood. Finally he fixed up the scheme to send his wife back to Cleveland. A year later he brought suit on the ground of desertion, saying to Miss Osgood he would marry her as soon as she had freed him.

The decree was set aside. An evening later Walsh bought Miss Osgood a ticket to a theater. While she was enjoying the play, unconscious of Walsh's treachery, he slipped away from Miss Davis, it is alleged. Miss Osgood is alone in the world, friendless, and with her good name to win back.

GIVES HIGHER.
OIL COMPANIES' LITIGATION.

Judge Wellborn granted a non-suit yesterday in the litigation between the Canadian Crude Oil Company and the Guaranty Oil Company, covering the lease of twenty acres in Kern county, and the recovery of \$55,000 damages. Collier & Clark, counsel for the Canadian, will take the case appeal to the Supreme Court.

The Guaranty, it appears, gave the Canadian a lease on the land, and attempted to renew it, giving oil rights on the Eagle Rock Avenue line. The Guaranty, it appears, gave the Canadian a lease on the York Boulevard line of the Los Angeles Railway Corporation. Because of the heavy travel on the York Boulevard line, the corporation, and the traffic, the Guaranty protested, but the traffic showed no signs of increasing, and the oil rights were given up.

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The Guaranty, it appears, gave the Canadian a lease on the land, and attempted to renew it, giving oil rights

Y 17, 1913.—[PART II]
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at Yard . . . 19c
Dresden, Bulgarian effects
in stripes—all the fashion-
able and other combinations. Design
and fine fabrics equal
to \$ inches wide, suitable for
curtains and trimmings.
Lamburger's—Main Floor)

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1913.

The Pink Sheet—Illustrated.

In the Van

NEW THEATER LAW HURTS; EVA TANGUAY COMING.

BY GARDNER BRADFORD.

JAY Barnes, Bill Ham, and Marvin Bartlett are the three who don't know who they are. I am the first is Oliver Morosco, the second is press agent for the Orpheum and the Ma- plus the third does the scribbling.

I don't for a moment insinuate that the gentlemen have been to jail, and it proves to be true you can put him in jail or not which, and anytime you want to see his countenance, rest assured that the law you can get.

Recently Miss Tanguay organized a big road show which had presented a tremendous hit in the West and with herself at the head she will make a whirlwind tour of the Pacific Coast this summer. Miss Tanguay will be seen at the Majestic Theater here on June 6, for an engagement of one week.

And our old friend Anna Held, who every three years leaves the stage forever, will also pay us a visit before the summer is over, under the direction of John Cline, who recently secured her services for a period of years. She also will be seen at the Majestic Theater early in July.

Oliver Morosco is leaving Los Angeles for Chicago tomorrow night. Morosco goes East principally for the Chicago premiere of "The Tik-Tak Man," but as soon as this piece has received critical approval or dispensation—he will proceed to New York City to complete many important engagements.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Clothes—Entertainments—Entertainments.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER.

Photo: Main Stage.

HAMBURG'S MAJESTIC THEATER—TOMORROW NIGHT, WHAT'S NEW SELLING PART

Popular Matinee Today

All Sets \$1—Other Good

Sets 25c, 50c and 75c.

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

HAMBURG'S MAJESTIC THEATER—Most Beautiful Playhouse—

MOROSCO

EXCELSIOR ST. 7A & 8P SITE

MATINEES THIS SATURDAY

LEW FIELDS'

ALL STAR COMPANY IN THE MELO-

DRAMA JUMBLE OF JOLLIFICATION.

HANKY PANKY

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

HAMBURG'S MAJESTIC THEATER—

THE PATH OF GLORY

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

HAMBURG'S MAJESTIC THEATER—

KOLB AND THEIR MERRY COMPANY

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

PECK O' PICKLES

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

HAMBURG'S MAJESTIC THEATER—

THE WOMAN

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

HAMBURG'S MAJESTIC THEATER—

ICEUM THEATER

TICKETS AT \$2.50 TO \$2.

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TIRE COMPANY
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parts for the
standard Motorcycle
carried in Twin Cylinder
order now.

\$1000; KOEHLER, 1904-5.

22299; Broadway 3122.

Wanted Home by a Baby!

To Be Right?

**ANDERSON IS
WORKING HARD.**

More Speed Than on
Former Occasions.

Time Differ as to His
Present Time.

Levitt Thinks He Can
"Come Back."

WINS WITH VAN COURT.

Anderson is working like a
man to round himself into good
shape for his coming match with
Stockton. He has a good
condition and everything he does
to the whole heart and soul in it.
Yesterday afternoon he boxed two
rounds with his brother, Freddy,
a native, a clever lightweight,
and brother, well-known Los
Angeles boxer. Bud showed a lot
of spirit when he appeared
yesterday, but was a little off on his
footwork, which may be accounted
for by his long absence from the
ring, and does not care
about this. He showed his old-time
speed and was fast on his feet.
It is his four days to get right.
He is in a little easier to pass
time in his condition.

—John Davidon, Char-
ter and Chief of Police. Bill
Levitt and his men were inter-
ested in a double work-out
in his condition.

He thought he was a trifle over-
weight and another thought he was
so heavy he will let this go, until
he sees how he will do his last
match and then give an opinion.

He is agreeably surprised to
find his friend and ex-
champion Monte At-
kinson in good condition and
ready for any time I have

seen him more developed
than ever before, and
is not much any more than
Frankie Conley for
championship
shape, which was about
the same time that
they were all at the
peak. I can still make 116
pounds in my class, but
I am not in shape to do
it again. I understand why
Conley is so good.

—Bud Anderson, an
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In the Method.

**ELIE BAKER
ON DEFENSIVE**

OF HERSELF, BUT POPULAR SONGS AND RAGTIME.

You Can Make a Good Song or two of "Hanky-Panky" by Wrong Interpretation—Real Value in Up-to-Date Music When One Gosses It Rightly.

BY GARDNER BRADFORD.

Popular songs and ragtime are not half so trashy as some people would have us believe. This is the opinion of Nellie Baker, who will be the headliner of the Orpheum bill next week. I have had many a laugh when some one who didn't know how, has quoted Shakespearean verse, and by the same token I have cried at some of the popular jingles when Nellie Baker and some of the other good singers have rendered them.

And there is no one in the world who is more able to prove her than that is Miss Baker herself. Early in her brief stage career she gained a reputation of being the girl who sang songs "differently," and her success soon quickly earned her permanent headlining engagements.

The wisdom of her work Miss Baker often remarked: "Take such a generally known poem as 'Little Drops of Water, Little Grains of Sand,' etc., Recite it in a sing-song manner and it is silly and childish. Interpret it with proper feeling, and you have a hit."

The same holds good for the popular song. Inject the feeling of pathos where the lines suggest it; and you can make a hit, and you can make a Methodist dance."

And of which sounds very well coming from Miss Baker's lips for she does not say these things. A Custer service was written far as to give the "put the nest in suggestion," which was a genuine, though perhaps not a compliment.

At the end of Baker's songs on this, her first appearance at the Orpheum, will be "Amokito oohio oak," which sounds as silly as it sounds, but knowing her as I do, I venture the audience will be won over by her vivid rendering of this bit of byplay by a honeymooning couple.

STARS AT AD CLUB.

"Hanky Panky" Day Monday Will See Great Crowd Interested by All.

Star of the newest story in "The Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic this week, will be guest of the Los Angeles Ad Club next Monday at their regular luncheon. It will be "Hanky Panky Day" at the Club, and judging by what has been learned of the famous "Hanky Panky" which will furnish the entertainment the club members have never seen. It will be ladies at the club and the members have been asked to bring their wives, sweethearts and feminine friends. Elsie Moore, who will also be present, will also be present and make a few remarks.

The club made a ten-strike when Florence Moore, the famous girl of the country, among others. The committee, consisting of Charles Nielsen, the prime donna singer, is glorious in "Hanky Panky," William Montgomery, the other half of the Montgomery and Moore team, the stars of the show, and Clay Smith, the leading juvenile. All these persons will be present.

Entertainment will open with piano solos and comedy songs and imitations by William Montgomery. Clay Smith, song writer and pianist, was no singer and dancer, will sing a play name of his own selection, and "Home" "success in," New York. Miss Nielsen will sing selections from some of the grand operas she has been in, including "Home of Hoffmann," which she sang



Belle Baker.

She will head the Orpheum bill next week and has the reputation of singing character songs as no one else sings them.

More Wrangling.

BERGER CHOSEN REFEREE FOR SMITH-WILLARD BOUT.

(BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF

THE TIMES, May 15.—Special

Dispatch.—Sam Berger, former

amateur heavyweight champion boxer

of the United States and once a can-

didate for the professional crown, was

this evening chosen to referee the

twelve-round battle between Jess Wil-

lard and Gubert Smith next Tuesday

evening.

The selection of Berger came after

a wrangle of several days between Jim Buckley and Sam Coffroth, the manager of the rival white house.

Jones would not stand for Jim Griffin,

the man who has been acting in all

the important contests around here

for the past year. Buckley insisted

that he be allowed to name another official.

However, it is very likely that Berger

will consent to act.

With the big battle only four days

away the men are still in a state

of suspense. Many of the wagers have

been small ones. The Willard peo-

ple have been looking out for

the short end and from all the way

things look like it. It looks

as though Smith will enter the ring a

10 to 8 choice.

With song and rejoicing, all trans-

planted from cinders and smoke,

crowned with roses the little home

of the beloved old King came to life

again with stepmother, haughty sisters and

the delivering prince, down at the

Gamut club.

Pupil of the Berendo-street inter-

mediate school were the young actors

and beauties of the town.

Never were haughty sisters

ever more cruel stepmother,

never more fascinating prince, the fairy-

haired prince, who put on his coat

steps to catch the fingers of the silver

sisters, put the very cruelest brand of

splitting into every line.

Never was a happier or more beau-

tiful beginning to an "ever-after"

than the prince, having tri-

umphed over greed and vanity

and oppression and all the rest of the

vices, carried off in a golden coach

the beautiful Cinderella.

The stars of the hour of flowers

from beginning to end of the dainty

little playlet, and no "scenic effect"

from the hands of a master scene

painter ever equalled the dewy tenderness

of the myriad of young girls that

served as a background for the fresh

young faces of the youthful actors.

Let's all be merry.

At the left is Vilma Stock in a scene from "Peek o' Pickles" at the Lyceum. At the right is a glimpse of the wonderful Spanish Basque dance, which is a Mission Play feature.

YOUNG ENTERS BIG NATIONAL

J. W. Young of Long Beach has entered his big National in the Panama-Pacific road race, which takes place July Fourth between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mr. Young's entry swells the total to twenty-one and from present indications the coming race will undoubtedly be the greatest sporting event of its kind in the history of the game.

New Law Hurts.

(Continued from First Page.)

ant plans for his vast enterprise during the coming summer and fall months.

One thing he will do immediately and arrive in the metropolis to give two professional matinee performances of "Peg O' My Heart," which is still attracting capacity audiences to the Cort Theater.

And in doing this he will accomplish two purposes.

When "Peg" was given its premiere at the Burbank, the critics of Los Angeles were lavish in their praise of Miss Taylor's work and spoke highly of the general characterization of the role of "Peg" made it the tremendous hit it proved to be. Just the other day the dramatic editor of the New York World again called attention to the fact that while "Peg" was a hit for very good reasons, the play in fact, that would outlive the summer, its success and endurance was due simply to Miss Taylor.

Mr. Moroso on the other hand believes quite differently and has decided that he can disprove the critics in this oftentimes mistaken assertion that an actor makes the success of the play.

He recalls as an instance of argument, the part of the Imp in "When We Were Twenty-One" and the King in "It's a King." The same was said about both parts.

But when all hope seemed gone, Coffroth, James once consented to take big Sam and after hemming and hawing around for a few minutes, Buckley also fell into line.

It is the same for Sam, but he could not be found. Now Coffroth is worrying because he fears that Berger may turn the town down. In that event they must go back again to another and another.

However, it is very likely that Berger will consent to act.

With the big battle only four days away the men are still in a state of suspense. Many of the wagers have been small ones. The Willard people have been looking out for the short end and from all the way things look like it. It looks as though Smith will enter the ring a 10 to 8 choice.

With song and rejoicing, all transplanted from cinders and smoke, crowned with roses the little home of the beloved old King came to life again with stepmother, haughty sisters and the delivering prince, down at the Gamut club.

It is a safe prediction that Kolb and Dill will be at least the best of the bunch at the Lyceum. "Peek o' Pickles" has caught on in grand style and is scheduled for a second week beginning tomorrow, and I hear rumors that it will be followed by the real masterpiece of the and D repertoire, "Lonesome Town."

And just by way of giving good measure who do not think to join the cast? Reeds Gardner, who for the past few months has been cavorting up North. He will be a welcome addition to the cast, and I hear he did not care a cent in extorting the Lyceum back on the map, aided and abetted by Mike Copper's smile.

Yet many an outlook has been changed by accident and it may split this week, and all on account of Mrs. Dill's cat. Or at least the cat that was. For Max, who is from the barrooms and Mrs. Dill is in tears.

Now please don't think that Max has fallen from grace. Quite to the contrary. But to cut short your anguish, here is the story.

Mrs. Dill is living on the seventh floor of the Lankershim. She is very fond of cats. She has one she particularly likes. Now, you may have been fond of Mrs. Dill, but he was fond of birds and when he saw one on the window sill he made a dive for it. Result.

Kitty missed birds and went seven stories to the pavement, and now Max is haunting the buffets, looking for a successor. So if you want to make a hit with Kolb and Dill, just take a cute little kitten to Mrs. Dill at the Lankershim and be bold for life.

Walter de Leon and Mungie Davis of "Coney" fame have formed minstrel comedy vanderbilt and will appear at the Orpheum in due time. The Curson Sisters, also well known here, will play a return engagement shortly.

Laurie Ordway says the first thing she will look for in Los Angeles is a real live Indian. The English comedienne has been looking for a genuine redskin over and over again. New York, however, between shows at Pantages expects to visit the Universal Film ranch where Manager Kennedy has a bunch of pedigree Americans.

From this it would appear that Los Angeles has another attraction beside climate and flowers. "Come to Los Angeles and see the only surviving Indians in their native haunts."

Grand opens without music in the last act in vaudeville, and will appear to a large clientele. Christine Hill at Pantages is the originator of the idea. "Pata" is the nearest to grand opera a plot of anything that ever escaped a librettist.

Christine Nielsen, the blonde prima donna of "Hanky Panky," is not only a remarkably talented singer, but an extraordinarily fine cook as well. Miss Nielsen takes quite as keen a pleasure, perhaps, in preparing a

Amateur Gossip.**HUNS TO MEET BAPTISTS; DOINGS OF VARSITY MEN.**

BY PAT MILLIKEN.

REDLANDS and Pomona will come together this afternoon in what may turn out to be the last game of the intercollegiate season. If things are allowed to stand as they are now, which will probably be the order, then this game today will be in the nature of a battle for second position in the percentage columns.

This game is not attracting the attention that the other games have, of the fact that Occidental has broken away out in front and taken all the "pop" out of the fight. In case the Tigers agreed to give Pomona another chance for the title this game will have some bearing. Should Redlands win, the Huns will not be heard in their contention that they are entitled to a third game with the Tigers.

On the other hand should Pomona win which is probably what will happen, the Huns will have some right to set up their cry for a whack at the leaders. Becker and Cran are to shoot against each other, and it ought to be quite some little duel.

Dick Hilt 'Em in Empty Spot.

Another great big little man is this fellow Dick Crawford. Dick has the honor of playing left field for the Tigers. He scoured the great hill groups on Hill Park with a dash throughout this year. Crawford is the high bunter of the day when the Huns and Tigers met in mortal combat in Highland Park recently. A lovely pair of singles was chalked up opposite him. His hitting record is now considered to be the best of his to "hit 'em where they ain't," which contains all the science of hitting, according to our friend, Hans Wagner, Heinie Zimmerman, and many others the numerous to man-

tempting meal as she does in putting over one of her songs to the tune of five encores.

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Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

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DUCT



"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

[609]

In California last month, two men were arrested for robbing a bank in Los Angeles, the officials having received information from the San Francisco bureau of the FBI. One was released to call out the names of the city and its strength and the other was released without naming his name.

The San Francisco office of the FBI has been instrumental in getting the names of the men who were arrested in Los Angeles.

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ILWAY P
Won Game in T
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HOW WOULD YOU INVEST \$500?

The Times Will Award Cash Prices For the Best Letters, Not Exceeding 150 Words, On This Subject.

In one of the columns of the "Liner" section of this issue of The Times is a classified advertisement stating in effect that \$52.50 will be paid to the persons submitting the best suggestions as to the most profitable way of investing \$500 in a business venture, or in any other way, in Los Angeles.

This advertisement will appear from day to day in a different column of The Times' classified advertising pages, and will contain the letter and number of a box in The Times Postoffice, to which replies must be sent. No replies will be considered unless they contain the correct letter and numeral of the box address that appears in the advertisement.

Read the "Want Ads." in today's Times, find the advertisement above referred to, and submit your suggestion in not more than 150 words, and mail or deliver it to the address stated therein.

The person submitting the best suggestion as to the most profitable way of investing \$500 will be awarded a cash prize of \$20, the second best suggestion \$15, the third \$10, the fourth \$5, and the fifth \$2.50.

Find the classified ad. in today's Times which contains the address to which it is necessary that your suggestion be sent, submit your ideas and win one of these prizes. This contest is open to everybody except persons directly and indirectly connected with The Times.

The prices will be awarded by a committee appointed for the purpose, and the winning essays will be published.

The date of closing the contest will be announced later.

No Doubt About It

If you want absolutely the best glasses that money can buy — and you want them fitted by the most skillful, accurate and painstaking specialist in the city — and you want them at prices far below the prices dictated by the trust — and you want them guaranteed by the only guarantee that is worth a cent, namely, "Your money back if you are not satisfied" — and you want them adjusted to the eyes and face so that they will be perfectly comfortable and will add to the looks instead of detracting — come to



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The Portola Festival.
THE city of San Francisco, the leading commercial emporium of the Far Coast and still disputing with triumphal Los Angeles the title of metropolis of the Coast, is to have a great festival from October 22 to October 25. It is to celebrate the arrival of the Spanish explorer, Portola (who by the way was an Italian) upon the coast of California. This festival is to be varied and is to have an educational feature about it, and one class will include the farms of the country. There will be found there a pretty complete collection of data upon the soils and their products, showing just what different sections of the country may be best suited for. The California Lassie is to be schoolmaster over this class and the schoolhouse will be under a redwood forest in the center of the city. Not only California but Washington, Oregon and Nevada will be represented. An immense tent will be spread in the

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.
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devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorial correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in the Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; but otherwise no return is guaranteed.

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Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Regular Weekly Issue Over 91,000

BY THE WESTERN SEA,
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

May Days Trooping Past.

AT days are marching past us in a solemn procession with queenly grace. We clad in robes of green as soft as velvet at every hem adorned with flowers as brilliant as a collection of gems. In the mornings, starlit evenings, they troop in sedate calmness, each one crowned with myriads, yes millions, of flowers. The snow fruits of last January have resulted in a peculiarly brilliant crop of flowers of kinds. The poppies are more gorgeous, mustard more abundant, and California is rarely if ever been so decked with them. The Beauty of Glazewood, the Gold of Ophir, the Marie Henritte, a strong rose, and a beautiful wild American rose known as the Cherokee—every one of these is in resplendent bloom these May days. They climb up verandas to the very eaves of cottages, and then tumble in a dash in cascades over the eaves and down the gables, making a screen before the windows that shuts out the sun. Then there is the Banksia, one white as white as the robes of an angel that have never touched our sordid earth, and another as yellow as the gold that paves the streets of the New Jerusalem. Some of these roses are as red as cardinal sin, and some of them as spotless as innocence itself. There is the beauty of Castile and the Agriflora, both ten deep red, and they straggle over the fence or climb to the very topmost boughs of tall trees and from there shower their flowers in abundant sprays almost to the ground again. California is indeed in the memory of the oldest Indian as season outshines May, 1913.

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sections and the walls are to be lined with redwood bark. The faculty will sit at their desks in a room made of a big Sequoia gigantea 100 feet long and eighteen feet in diameter. There will be eighteen tunnels lined with stones native to this State suitable for building purposes, massive corridors of granite, linings of soapstone and onyx, and all the other fine building stones of the country will be used. Luther Burbank will show there the most complete exhibit of his products ever known. It will be worth crossing the continent to see these evolutions in vegetable growth produced under the skill of this wizard horticulturist. There will be practical demonstrations in horticulture and irrigation, and in all branches of ranching, including stock-raising. The plan includes a system of illustrated lectures with stereopticon slides.

The Sine of Peace.

C_{OMMUNITIES} growing like Los Angeles and all the smaller cities throughout the Great Southwest call for the expenditure of immense sums of money. In Los Angeles during the month of April more than \$5,000,000 went into new buildings, either for homes for the increasing population or for business purposes that minister to all the population, old and new. The approaching opening of the Panama Canal is stimulating amazingly this growth, but the influence has not yet reached its acme. During the year 1913 the new buildings erected in Los Angeles will cost little if anything less than \$40,000,000, while the smaller towns will each do building costing from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000 or better. The building operations of the year throughout the Great Southwest will call into use somewhere between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000. The railroads, steam and electric, have developments in hand which will cost from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 each. Then there are new activities in manufacturing and commercial lines which will demand large sums of money. Taking the whole Great Southwest in at one view and covering the whole of the current year, this section will need \$100,000,000 of new capital to keep the wheels moving in all its various activities. A great light and power company is spending \$20,000,000 to bring electricity from the mountains away up in Central California to Los Angeles and its environs. Another corporation is spending \$3,000,000 to bring natural gas from the San Joaquin Valley to Southern California. The city of Torrance is perhaps the best example of this feverish activity. Two years ago it was actually a barley field, without a yard of city streets or a roof to put a shingle on. The company which developed this great industrial center paid nearly a \$1,750,000 for the land, and has put probably another million into preparing it. The Pacific Electric Company will spend a million dollars in shops. A great steel plant is projected, to cost \$10,000,000. The Llewellyn Iron Works have about completed their plant at a cost of about \$750,000, and a rubber company has nearly completed a plant costing \$160,000. So where the only industry about twenty-four months ago was found in the production of barley, fifteen sacks an acre, worth about \$15 or not much more, today there have been poured in there into snops of various kinds millions of dollars, with projects in hand that call for tens of thousands of dollars.

Two Baby Towns.

THE newspapers of Los Angeles, in their great enterprise to secure news, keep their readers pretty well informed about everything going on in the immediate vicinity of the city. New towns spring up here like mushrooms, so rapidly that one scarcely keeps track of their names. How many of us have ever heard of Universal City? Yet it is right at the doors in the Hollywood foothills, and it is reported to contain a population of 500 souls. It sprang out of the ground like Jonah's gourd, and if it withers like that wonderful vegetable product it will be unlike things generally in the Great Southwest. Well, if Universal City should prove to be as Jonah's gourd and die as suddenly as it grew up, not so with the city of Carrara, out in the southwestern part of Nevada in the central part of the Amargosa Desert. This town can scarcely fade away, for it is built on a marble base that reaches the center of the earth. The new town is on the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad, a branch of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake, and is the sudden creation of the Carrara Marble Company. This company has spent \$150,000 in putting in a plant, including machinery. The town was christened by the railroad freight men and the creators of the young

city from which will come marble for all sorts of purposes to supply the needs of all the Great Southwest.

The Attica of America.

THE PEOPLE of Los Angeles and of all the surrounding towns, do you not like the idea of erecting a permanent monument to commemorate the completion of the Los Angeles aqueduct? Surely the event is worthy of a monument, and from the sketches furnished the monument promises to be worthy of the event. It may seem like a headlong dive from the sublime to the ridiculous to mention in the next sentence a fountain about to be erected at Artesia. Well, the man who has this conception of it is wrong, absolutely wrong. The fountain at Artesia is to commemorate "The Land of Flowing Wells," and it is to be a beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture. It is an example worth following by all the other towns along the great network of railroads and along all public highways. The Great Southwest is the outdoor land, and the people who dwell here and those who visit here are exceedingly partial to the sunlight and air. The automobile has converted outdoor life from a struggle into luxurious ease. But our climate is dry in summer and our roads at the best will be dusty. The temper of the American people is decidedly setting against the wayside inn, and these establishments will soon be a matter of history. The water of Southern California is an exceedingly agreeable beverage, and many an automobile party will treasure a grateful memory of the community that erects a proper drinking fountain by the wayside. Then comes Pasadena, with a music and art association planning a series of philharmonic concerts for the coming winter. This association is going to have its own home, which is estimated to cost \$100,000, and of this one-third is already in hand. The Great Southwest is progressive in every good way, and while its people are money-makers, they never forget the finer side of life, and it is greatly to be hoped they never may.

Crop Season in the Southwest.

THE canneries throughout the Great Southwest are all cleaning up and putting themselves in order for the coming campaign. The canning factory at Sawtelle is planning to put up 250,000 cans of beans in July, to be followed by 75,000 cans of green peas. Then will come the tomato crop, and in the fall the pumpkins. The active season will last from July to November, and put into circulation in the way of wages at least \$15,000. The farmers of the country around get good prices for their crops, and the factory can scarcely get enough to supply its demands. They say that the supply of pumpkins is usually very short. The sugar factories have been putting themselves in order for months past, and are now ready for the new campaign. The beet fields are flourishing, and many hands are now busy thinning. It is a difficult matter to get enough hands to do the work in the beet fields, and this drives the factory owners to resort to machines. In the Anaheim fields a machine has been invented for pulling and tipping the beets. This will do away with nearly all the hand labor in the fields usually performed by Mexicans and Hindus. By hand the cost of pulling and tipping beets varies from 90 cents to \$1.25 a ton. The machine will reduce the cost to 25 or 30 cents a ton. A few reductions like this in the cost of handling the crop might enable the sugar-beet growers to defy the free-trade tariff bill.

In the Fifth Place Now.

THE building record of the city of Los Angeles for April was 1707 permits, just two less than New York. The cost of the building for the month was \$5,017,065, placing the city fourth. For the four months of the current year Los Angeles stands with a building record of 5978 permits, placing her in the first rank as to number, New York coming second with 5069. The value of the Los Angeles building was \$11,853,556, or fifth place, New York being first.

[New York Herald:] Dozens of pet dogs, cats of the bluest blood and bird cages with their occupants tumbled down on the heads of firemen who were endeavoring to put out a fire in the big Winslow apartments at Pittsburgh, Pa.

When the smoke began filling rooms the women threw their most valued possessions out first. Several valuable dogs and cats were killed by falls.

[611]

[Saturday, May 17, 1913.]

"Column Forward!"

A RECORD OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

Even here by the Western Sea and in the pulsating Heart of the Great Southwest the world-wide conditions controlling the money market have had their effect. It has been less here than elsewhere, but with the banks following a conservative policy which frowns upon speculation, the real estate market has been less active. Not so the building activities, which have been greater than ever, putting Los Angeles city almost exactly even with New York in the number of permits issued and fourth among the cities of the country in the amount of money spent in April.

The growth of any city is pretty accurately measured by the postal receipts. The postoffice at Phoenix, Ariz., shows for the first quarter of the current year receipts amounting to \$26,408.86, an increase over the period last year of 22 per cent.

The Board of Trustees at Newport Beach is calling a bond election for \$100,000 to build a jetty at the entrance of the bay.

The Trustees of Escondido city are calling a bond election for \$100,000 to finance the water system, furnish a fire department and build a bridge across the San Diego River.

The Los Angeles Board of Public Works has let a contract for the paving of East Seventh street, Wilmington, at \$104,070.

The citizens of Glendale by an overwhelming majority have authorized the issue of bonds to the amount of \$52,500 for school purposes.

The State engineering board has authorized the expenditure of \$540,000 for the new Normal School in Los Angeles.

During the past year 129 new subscription contracts were filed with the Water Users' Association under the Roosevelt dam, which will provide for the irrigation of an additional 8576 acres, bringing the total acreage up to 236,000 acres, held by 3367 individuals.

Near Casa Grande, Ariz., a Southern California olive grower is planting 45,000 olive trees at a cost of \$25,000.

A Chicago packing company has purchased the Alaska Fisherman's Packing Company at Astoria, Or., for \$500,000.

The citizens of Santa Monica will soon vote on a bond issue of \$72,000 to provide for a new high school.

At Tropico during the month of April there were issued permits for building at a valuation of \$33,155, an increase over the previous month of \$10,000.

Civic and commercial organizations at the city of Venice are agitating a bond election for the sum of \$250,000 for a new high school.

At Glendora, a ten-acre orange grove has changed hands at \$20,000.

The city of Beaumont is to have a new library building, to cost \$10,000, the money being provided by the liberality of Andrew Carnegie.

The last link in the right of way for the Pacific Electric extension to connect Los Angeles with San Bernardino has been secured. The city of San Bernardino raised \$40,000 for the purpose.

The Los Palos Verdes ranch, 15,000 acres extending along the seashore from San Pedro to Redondo Beach, has been sold by the Bixby family to S. L. Doheny, the millionaire oil operator, for \$1,500,000. The land lies high, with a magnificent outlook over the sea, and inland over the Los Angeles Valley. It is reasonable to anticipate a great development work there in the near future.

The Glendale people who are working to secure a right of way for the second Pacific Electric line between the city of Los Angeles and Glendale, running through Tropico, report the right of way secured.

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dorable Fifth-Ave

Will Be Concluded On the Gov-
ernor's Life-Saving Station at
Marblehead, Lake Erie—Maker
Expects to Break All Records.

Gossips Say Fiance Helped Select Trou-
blesome Elegance.

EDITORIAL.

In the Seats of the Mighty.

Who guides the chariot of the sun
Shall lord it but one day.
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

KINGS come and go, kaisers are crowned and die, czars rule and pass away, emperors succeed emperors in many proud empires. The cry is and always has been: "The King is dead! long live the King!" Usurpers have assassinated monarchs time and again, and political thieves have stolen the precious diadem and put it in their pockets more than once.

Kingdoms are built up and destroyed, empires flourish and pass away, new dominions are raised and demolished, and these monarchies and those that rule them come like the leaves on the trees of spring, and fall like the leaves from the trees in the autumn. Empires are shorter-lived than the trees of the forest.

The glory of the earth is great and full of brilliancy, the prizes of the world are tempting and it is a noble ambition to be the first in a kingdom or in a city. Caesar, the most ambitious of men, said he would rather be first in a wretched village in the Alps than second in Rome.

But after all is said, the poet's words are true:

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown.
None shall nail so high his name
Death will not tear it down.

Recently there has been lying at Rome in the Vatican palace, that crowns one of the hills of Rome, lingering between life and death, a man of almost four score years. His birth was humble, his disposition is gentle, life has been one of devotion to his kind, of simple service to humanity, and his whole career has been passed "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." He is an illustration of the beautiful words which make the third stanza of the little poem written by John Vance Cheney as follows:

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast.
That felt the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest."

Courtiers have stood with bowed head and mute lips and veiled eyes by the bedside of dying monarchs, but never did there a potentate sit upon a throne or wear a crown toward whose sick bed the eyes of so many people were turned in anxiety as rest upon that plainly furnished room in the Vatican palace where lies Pope Pius X. No monarch ever created so much anxiety in the hearts of so many people as is pulsating today in contemplating the sufferings of him whose highest title is that of "minister," whose highest duty is that of service.

More than 230,000,000 human beings owe allegiance to this aged pontiff. It is nearly half of all the Christians that breathe the breath of life today. There are less than 100,000,000 members of the Greek Catholic church and only only about 200,000,000 in the ranks of all the Protestant denominations, including Anglican Catholics. There are 161,000,000 Roman Catholics in Europe alone and 70,000,000 in other parts of the world.

The Pontiff who wears the triple crown was born in almost the lowest stratum of society, a mere Italian peasant. His exaltation in life was all the work of his own efforts. His education was offered him on his personal merits and he acquired his learning by diligent application. His early life was that of a humble parish priest among his neighbors in his native community. He rose upon steps of his own erection, and as patriarch of Venice was as uncontested in his life, as simple in his manners, as loving in his disposition, as helpful to his fellow men as when he served at the altar of a little village church. He never rose a step in worldly rank by

stepping upon the prostrate form of any antagonist or rival. He lifted up with him his own family, and was never ashamed of the simple manners or lack of elegance attaching to his brothers and sisters.

Popes in other days were sometimes very like kings and kaisers in their ambitions and rivalries and were not any too scrupulous in their battle for worldly success. The aged Pope who wears the fisherman's ring was like the Master whom he represents. It might well be said of him: "The bruised reed will he not break and the smoking flax will he not quench until he bring forth mercy unto the victory."

The half-billion Christians in the world, regardless of denominational name or difference of creed, look upon Pius X as the most eminent example of Christian humility and of Christlike service in the world. Millions and millions of lips during these days of trial have been sending up their prayers for the recovery of the aged head of the Roman Catholic church.

United States Land Laws.

IN THE very heated, excited and acrimonious discussion that has made California notorious over the anti-alien land bill the United States laws governing land tenure have been invoked by the advocates of the law framed at Sacramento.

Some of these citations have been made in ignorance, some deliberately, but all falsely.

The United States land laws apply to the District of Columbia, the capital of the country, where no alien ought to be allowed to own a foot of the soil, or to the Territories constituting the public domain, and here again very properly the Federal laws shut out all aliens. The reason ought to be obvious, and is to many of those who cited these laws with the deliberate purpose of misleading the general public. The public domain was offered to the people of the country practically for nothing. It might be homesteaded at \$2.50 an acre for land worth ten, a hundred times, as much. The Federal laws very properly guarded the lands in the public domain for settlement by actual citizens.

Turkey Trots for Cooks.

THE California Social Democrat, a weekly newspaper, the official organ of the Socialist party of California, owned by the Socialist party membership of California, in a late issue says in its editorial column:

"A woman in the State of Washington advocates the eight-hour day for domestic workers. She says that the servant girl should have the use of the parlor to receive her friends, the use of the automobile when she needs it, no censorship of the girl's morals, and the respectful title of Miss or Mrs. as the case may be. She claims that this is the only correct solution of the servant-girl problem; and she is right."

There would be no practical difficulty other than the cost of it in adapting the eight-hour day to domestic service. It would need only to double the number of cooks and waiters and divide them into eight-hour shifts. It would be necessary only to keep two autos and two chauffeurs and the home could be enlarged by the erection of an additional parlor for the use of the lady help.

The only real difficulty would be in complying with the demand that there should be "no censorship of the girl's morals." It might wound the sensibilities of a religious household to have the cooks and their company dancing the bunny hug and the turkey trot in the parlor, and to know that the chambermaids had been seen in the red-light district at a late hour.

[612]

Economics Run Mad.

AGIFTED writer rejoices over the imaginary passage of the horse from the field of the world's activities, and welcomes the coming of the hour when gasoline shall supersede hayed horses as the motive power of an auto truck, and instead of a pretty brougham drawn by a pair of intelligent, bright-eyed, kindly horses, society belles will use one of those honking, make-you-jump-or-run-over-you taxicabs.

The argument in favor of the extirpation of horses is sordid to the verge of meanness. With equine extinction, pleads this iconoclastic writer, lands now used for producing horse food could be devoted to raising vegetables, producing milk and butter and fattening stock as motive power for the human machine.

There are lots and lots of human machines not as worthy of preservation as horses. A human machine that dynamites your building, that picks your pocket, that never draws a sober breath, that beats his wife, that nags her husband, that cheats and lies and robs, better deserves extirpation than an honest booted horse, who will strain his tired muscles to pull cheerfully a load to which an inconsiderate human brute has hitched him.

The next thing we shall hear will be that our utilitarian age demands the passing of cows or at least a limitation of their existence to the production of one or two calves so as to keep the species alive for beef. Some scientific cuss in Europe has developed a milk-making machine that will abolish dairies. You put grass and turnips or carrots in a hopper, pour in artificial chyle and chyme, turn a crank for an hour or two with a gasoline engine and you have a supply of milk equal to any that a Jersey or a short-horned Durham might produce.

Then how about dogs? Of what economic use to humanity are house-guarding, glad-barking, tail-wagging canines? Your domicile can be protected from burglars by electric alarm wires. You can keep one dog in each State to bark into a victrola, and that will furnish disks enough for half a million people, and the tail-wagging can be done by a zinc or plaster dog fastened to the front porch, with a metal or wooden narrative propelled by sweet smellful gasoline.

The Panama Canal a Century Ago.

GOETHE, the great German poet, was talking to his usual interlocutor, Eckermann, as related in his conversations, a kind of table talk, February 21, 1827. They had before them a book by Alexander von Humboldt on Cuba and Panama. Notice the date, eighty-six years ago, or close to the century mark. Among things discussed was the possibility of an isthmian canal at Panama or near there joining the two oceans for navigation purposes. Humboldt was in doubt about where the work ought to be placed, and leaned perceptibly to some of the streams coming down to the Gulf of Mexico north of the Isthmus of Panama. Goethe expressed himself very positively as to the possibilities of the undertaking and as to the value of it to the commercial world. Now note the following quotation from the conversation referred to:

"But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such a work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young State, with a predilection toward the West, will in thirty or forty years have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may furthermore be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already founded the most capacious and secure harbors,

there must gradually be developed many important cities for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. "It is absolutely indispensable for the United States, and I am certain that they will do it. Would that I could live to see it, but I shall not."

From this Goethe switched off to the Isthmus of Suez and pointed out the advantage it would be to Great Britain to have a ship canal opened between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. He points out the feasibility of this work for a great maritime power like Great Britain, and prophesies the accomplishment of that work.

Then turning his eyes to his own country, the great seer expressed an ardent aspiration that he might see the watershed of the Rhine connected with that of the Danube for the furtherance of internal commerce among the German-speaking people. He here, instead of hope, despair seized his mind as he thought a country with the small resources of Germany would never be able to undertake so extensive a work.

If the immortal part of the human being is allowed to visit "the glories of the moon," surely the spirit of the great German poet cannot look but with satisfaction upon the Suez Canal an accomplished fact, and the Panama Canal almost so. He must also dwell with satisfaction upon the great development of his own country, which today is well able to undertake the work he despaired of. With enthusiastic concurrence between the people of Germany and of Austria it might easily be done.

But one point the prophet's eye failed to catch, that is that both the great inter-sea canals would be begun by Frenchmen backed with French capital, and that one should have been carried to a successful achievement by De Lesseps while the other one failed under the same management. But although the Suez Canal once belonged to Frenchmen, it passed into the hands of the English according to Goethe's prophecy.

Generosity of Millionaires.

AMERICA has more millionaires than any other country in the world, and American charities out-top all those of other countries in a larger ratio than the wealth of the people.

A distinguished citizen of this city found it necessary the other day to have a leg amputated. In such surgical operations there is great danger that blood poisoning may set in, or if there is gangrene or any such disease in the body that it may spread beyond the point of amputation. In this case a serum was injected into the limb in order to prevent any such occurrence. It is a treatment which has been proved by experience in many other cases.

This serum was discovered after years of research by many of the leading physicians of the world upon a foundation of \$5,000,000 given for that specific purpose by the late Col. P. Huntington.

Our times are sadly out of joint, and many well-meaning people have let their minds become tainted with socialist ideas so that the millionaire has become because of his wealth, no matter how obtained, an "undesirable citizen." His undesirability rises rapidly in exact proportion to his wealth.

We would like to ask reasonably thoughtful people whose minds are open to the influence of argument what any Socialist since the world began has ever given for any purely unselfish purpose. Where are the Socialist hospitals, asylums, charitable schools, or any other charitable foundation? We are waiting for a response.

Tessell's Lady.

IN THE meantime let us turn to Sir Tessell's pathetic revelations. We have had the Princess of Saxony—ex-his boot and brace—had all that side of the spicy story come to light. Now comes the poor deluded afflition? There is something infinitely touching about the gallant Signor



THE Eagle is a popular bird. He is a brave bird and never fights which can be honorably avoided above all because he fights fair when he fights. For this reason, nations have selected the Eagle for their emblem on their banners, and as such he has marched in bronze and pictorial corps on many a hard-fought field.

For the same reasons the Eagle is the emblem of the great religious journal advocate and champion of all that is modern civilization, known as the Los Angeles Times. And the Eagle that here regularly in this weekly magazine is proud of the popularity joys among the readers of the great journal. As a popular bird the Eagle receives many communications, most of the voluntary for reproduction and the kept from the light of day by the magazine. In looking these over, it is here reproduced with the following, written some time ago, in light and is here reproduced with patriotic acknowledgements for the things said.

"Now, O Eagle, sit still while I sit at you, but at the same target that hangs above our heads.

"Ignoring the motive that inspires discourse, you utter truths profound as if only they were the final word to humanity!



THE LANCE

ONE cannot but smile at the sweet things that should make the Nationalist vote in the British House of Commons the deciding factor against women. One can see the gentle Irishman rise in pious indignation against the scandalous behavior of horrid militant suffragette. How dare steal his thunder, the vulgar shrew?

For years the blessed Irishman had an exclusive monopoly of crime and unpleasance in British politics—murders, riots, maiming, boycotts, rivers of blood, general chaos. And even at the present time the half of him that objects to Home Rule for Ireland is threatening revolution and civil war. Dear old Ireland is militarily weak.

While the Northern Irishmen as frank declare for war and sudden death if the Home Rule bill does pass.

Let these be the gentlemanly pacifists that have defeated the women's suffrage measure as a stern reprisal for the dastardly unconstitutional militant methods of the Women's Social and Political Union. Forgive us if we smile, Pat darling. Be sure you're a broth of a boy. O Ireland for ever!

* * *

IN THE meantime let us turn to Sir Tessell's pathetic revelations. We have had the Princess of Saxony—ex-his boot and brace—had all that side of the spicy story come to light. Now comes the poor deluded afflition? There is something infinitely touching about the gallant Signor



The Eagle is a popular bird because it is a brave bird and never shirks a fight that is put upon him; because it is a sensible bird and never seeks a fight which can be honorably avoided; and above all because he fights fair when he has a fight. For this reason, nations and tribes have selected the Eagle for their war symbol on their banners, and as such the Eagle has marched in bronze and pictured portraits at the head of legions and army corps on many a hard-fought field.

For the same reasons the Eagle is the emblem of the great religious journal, the advocate and champion of all that is highest in modern civilization, known as the Los Angeles Times. And the Eagle that appears regularly in this weekly Illustrated Magazine is proud of the popularity he enjoys among the readers of the great journal. As a popular bird the Eagle receives a great many communications, most of them too voluntary for reproduction and therefore sent from the light of day by the modesty of the Eagle. In looking these over, the following, written some time ago, came to hand and is here reproduced with sympathetic acknowledgements for the good things said.

"Now, O Eagle, sit still while I shoot, shoot you, but at the same target that hangs high above our heads.

"Guarding the motive that inspires your course, you utter truths profound as any. Only they were the final word to helpless humanity!"

THE LANCER



LANCER

We cannot but smile at the sweet irony

of things that should make the Irish Nationalist vote in the British House of Commons the deciding factor against us for women. One can see the gentle, kindly Irishman rise in pious indignation at the scandalous behavior of the world militant suffragette. How dare she thunder, the vulgar shrew?

For years the blessed Irishman had an exclusive monopoly of crime and unpleasantness in British politics—murders, riots, catfights, boycotts, rivers of blood and social chaos. And even at the present

time the half of him that objects to Home Rule for Ireland is threatening revolution and war. Dear old Ireland is militant all the way. The Nationalists frankly demand a return of the Phoenix Park

murder episodes, the boycott and the maiming of cattle can be confidently expected if the Home Rule bill is thrown out again.

As the Northern Irishmen as frankly

call for war and sudden death if the

Home Rule bill does pass.

They have defeated the women's suffrage

in a stern reprisal for the disastrous unconstitutional militant methods

of the Women's Social and Political Union.

They urge us if we smile, Pat darling. Be

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OUR Lady.

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Phases

ART GALLERIES

FOR years a few good friends ministry have sighed for me as sheep who might some day come to the fold. Their hopes nearly came realization in Paris, for there I found a religion that—with some modification might suit me. Grown weary of him and anxious for lingual improvement, I sought a private boarding-house. I found a French Protestant clergyman who could receive me. He did not keep his waiting by offering grace while the was cooling. He drank a good deal of beer and he offered to play cards at any time, insisting only that the stakes should not be too large, as his salary was small. Religion seemed to me to be very much the old lady's definition of total depravity.

Who's Who----And Wherfore.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

THREE DRUMMERS.

IN THE ears of all the world has rung many a time the story of old King Cole, reputed to have been "a jolly old soul," and as the story runs, "He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl, and he called for his fiddlers three, three, three, and he called for his fiddlers three." Well, old King Cole, as the German professor would say, "mortuus est, he is dead," and after him let us send the pious aspiration: "Rest his soul."

Our story is about three drummers, and the tune they played was that of millions. No, not of money quite, but of yards of textiles of about every known fabric in the dry-goods world. And this story of the three drummers and their tune has made Los Angeles famous in all the textile factories of America and in many of those beyond seas.

The first of these three drummers as the chronology of Los Angeles runs is named Casey. No, not "at the bat" nor "on the bat," but on the dry-goods business every moment of every day in the year.

Edward Casey, if you listen to the twang of his accent and look at his features, you would guess was born in Tipperary, Cork or Galway. You would have to make another guess, for he was born in Montreal, Canada. He first blinked upon the sunlight January 17, 1863. He came to San Francisco in 1875, when he was in that period of development described as "neither a man nor a boy," and he went into the great dry-goods store of Murphy, Grant & Co., and remained with that house the long period of twenty-nine years. He got the trick of selling dry goods at his fingers' ends and tongue's end, and was sent out to work in the trade all over the Pacific Coast. He finally came down to Los Angeles to represent the San Francisco house in Southern California, and here he made the acquaintance of another drummer working in the same line as himself.

Casey is neither a Hercules in stature, nor an Apollo Belvedere in pulchritude, but the second drummer in the count comes pretty nearly being both.

His name is Milton G. Cooper, and he was born in Springdale, O., which has the great honor of being the birthplace of Prof. William Howard Taft, once President of the United States and to be memorable forever in the history of the United States as one of the greatest statesmen and one of the best Presidents the country ever produced.

The birthday of Milton G. Cooper was October 9, 1873, so he is ten years younger than his partner Edward Casey. Like his partner, at a very early period in his life he went into the dry-goods business, and finally drifted into Kansas City, where he entered the employment of one of the chief dry-goods establishments of the Central West. They found that Mr. Cooper was a good salesman and put him on the road, and that in due time brought him to the Pacific Coast, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Casey, and they sat around warm stoves winter nights with other drummers telling stories. The usual name of this pastime among the "knights of the grip" is "swapping lies." Cooper did not stay so long with the Kansas City house as Casey did with that in San Francisco, but he stayed two-thirds of the time, and by the time he reached the age of 32 he knew the dry-goods business by heart from top to bottom and around all its periphery.

When 32 years old, that is in 1905, he was in Los Angeles and mighty well acquainted with Casey.

Around the stoves of the country stores and in the foyers of the Los Angeles hotels these two drummers met what Rudyard Kipling might call a "tertium quid" in the person of Henry R. Coate, another dry-goods drummer whose sample cases were stuffed with fabrics of all known kinds in the textile markets. Mr. Coate is also from Ohio originally, and antedates in birth both his partners, having been born February 18, 1851. He had rather more schooling than either of the others, for after a course in the public schools he was graduated from a Quaker college at Richmond, Ind., and in 1865, on Washington's Birthday if you please, he went into the dry-goods business while still a boy, you will

notice, and in due time was sent to travel all over the West as far as San Francisco and other places up and down the Coast. Mr. Coate's business brought him into close contact with Hale Bros., who had dry-goods stores in San Francisco, San Jose, Sacramento, Portland and Los Angeles, and wished to establish a branch in Petaluma. This was in 1882 or 1883, and they picked Henry R. Coate as the best available man to conduct the branch at Petaluma. In three years he had it well established, and he became so well known that Weinstock & Lubin of Sacramento induced him to go to them, where he remained another three years. Mr. Coate was a growing man in the business, and Murphy, Grant & Co., always on the watch for good salesmen material, took him away from the Sacramento establishment, and he remained with them about seven years. Every dry-goods establishment in the West wanted Coate, and finally he was made Pacific Coast agent for the great Coate Spool Thread Company, and remained in that position for seven years. Then he went to Levi, Strauss & Co.

In the meantime he became acquainted with Cooper and Casey, and so the three drummers were to go into one band, or, to vary the simile, the three men were to be woven as it were into a threefold cord whose activities were to stretch as far as all the thread on all the spools ever turned out of the Coats factory, and to become twisted together so strongly that all the king's horses could not break it in two. These three men had "run up against" one another so often in their competition for business that it will be difficult to analyze the history of the situation and find out which had the greatest respect for the abilities of the other, or the greatest fear for the competition put up by his rivals. In the meantime Los Angeles had developed out of the ranks of a frontier town into a great metropolis. Each of these men knew the opportunities for establishing a wholesale dry-goods house. Years before, about the time the great premature boom in real estate was at its acme, Murphy, Grant & Co. of San Francisco had, to use a mining term, "grub-staked" one of their men to open a wholesale dry-goods house in Los Angeles, and he secured quarters on Main street in the old United States Hotel. Like the boom, it was premature, and like the boom, it burst and went into bankruptcy. Other futile attempts were made, and when these three men put their heads together there was already a small dry-goods house struggling for existence in a wholesale way.

One day, April 18, 1906, the whole world rose up with palsied hands and horror-stricken eyes to contemplate the destruction by earthquake and fire of the city of San Francisco. The Cooper, Coate & Casey combination was ripe, and the catastrophe in San Francisco was the signal for beginning operations in Los Angeles. So premises were secured on Los Angeles street, fixtures installed, a modest stock of dry goods laid in, and the campaign begun. No wonder it succeeded in the hands of three men, all in the full vigor of manhood and all with long years of experience in the dry-goods business. The big houses in San Francisco were all hors de combat, and the field was wide open for the Los Angeles concern to pitch in and win.

Let us go down on the corner of Los Angeles and Seventh streets, and standing diagonally across from the southeast corner contemplate the big five-story building, with the legend over the top of it, "Cooper, Coate & Casey." That is the "canned music" of the tune played by the three western drummers. It's five stories and a basement, and has a floor space of almost 100,000 square feet. It was occupied by the big dry-goods concern on July 15, 1912, under a ten-year lease. It was especially planned and built for the business in hand, and is equipped with every facility for handling such a business, giving steady employment at times to as many as 140 hands. It covers in wholesale dry-goods business in every one of its branches, including notions, the whole State of California, of Nevada, of Arizona, and of the western coast of Mexico down as far as Tepic, and on at least to Manzanillo.

This is where Los Angeles and the Great

Southwest, and the country all along by the Western Sea are interested in Cooper, Coate & Casey, for the reason that it gives this city the earned reputation of having the largest wholesale dry-goods business west of Chicago and St. Louis, and of having an establishment as well equipped in all respects, better in several features, than any similar house in the country.

This is a known fact, for the other day the largest dry-goods business in San Francisco was offered for sale, and the Los Angeles house figured as a possible purchaser. The situation called for a complete "show-down," in other words, for opening up the books of the house on the bay, and when the Los Angeles men finished their investigation they were not a little surprised and gratified to find they were actually doing more business in their own house in Los Angeles than appeared on the books of the old pioneer house that long held its head high above all its fellows in the West, and that for so many years had kept in the lead of all competitors.

It would require possibly nine figures to express in yards the textile fabrics rolled up in bolts and packed in cases in this gigantic establishment. These fabrics range from cottons at a few cents a yard to silks at several dollars a foot, and include weaves from all the notable factories in cottons, woolens and silks in America, and from many in Europe and Asia. One floor is devoted to things handled by notion stores, and millions of such articles are found in stock, from a package of hairpins to costly toilet articles and adornments for the "female form divine."

The mechanical arrangements of the establishment are remarkable. There are separate entrances and independent elevators for receiving and delivering goods. There is an endless-chain contrivance for bringing up heavy cases from the basement and delivering them upon the platform in the alley where goods are taken in and out with no more exertion of human muscle than touching an electric button. A big case of dry goods full of many bolts of cotton or silk weighs heavier than a clubman's head the morning after a night of debauch. Some of these cases would require the muscle of three or four men to move them. In this establishment on Los Angeles street there is a kind of movable crane with an adjustable platform that by turning a lever can be lifted up to the ceiling, where with the least effort a big dry-goods case can be taken off of the top of the pile, wheeled about the floor or to the elevator, and lowered to the floor or dropped on another pile of any height between the floor and the ceiling, and one man who never strains a muscle manages the whole affair.

Not one of these men was born to wealth or inherited wealth. They simply went to work in their early days and learned one business thoroughly and stuck to it persistently. I will venture the prediction that not one of them was ever in a labor strike, ever complained of too much work or asked for shorter hours, and I doubt if one of them ever faced an employer to ask for an increase in salary. Promotion came to them, and advanced wages in the natural order of things, on merit and deserving, and they can look the world in the face and proclaim with modesty but independence that they are the architects of their own fortunes. Good architects they were, and handsome is the fortune they have achieved.

Edward Casey is a Roman Catholic, Milton G. Cooper is a Presbyterian, and Henry R. Coate is a Quaker, but they never quarrel about creeds. Coate is a Republican and member of the Union League and all sorts of Masonic orders. Cooper is a Democrat and belongs to the Athletic Club and the Gamut Club. Casey's politics is the one blotch on the concern, for he is a Bull Moose, and belongs to no club.

* * *

For the Widow and the Orphan.

Insurance against loss is a modern business device, and one of the greatest of all the developments of civilization. Of all forms of insurance, life insurance is the most modern and the greatest. An honest life-insurance man is one of the greatest philanthropists of the age, and life-insur-

ance companies take care of more orphans and widows than all other forms of charity. Los Angeles is the seat of a great life insurance institution known as the Pacific Mutual Life Company, occupying its beautiful building on the corner of Hill and Olive streets, and one of the officers of it is a lawyer of repute known as Lee L. Phillips, whose residence is out in beautiful Berkeley Square, one of the aristocratic sections of Los Angeles.

Lee Allen Phillips was born in Adair, Ill., August 24, 1871. His mother's name was Lena Wetzel before her marriage, a name that indicates a Teutonic origin, and Phillips being British gives us a somewhat cosmopolitan stock.

The boy Phillips attended the country schools in early life, and finished just out of his education in one of the high schools of Iowa in 1888, then was graduated from the Southwest College of Winfield, Kan., in the regular course, receiving the degree of A.B. in 1892. From the college he went to the Law School of the University of Kansas, where he was graduated in 1895. In 1895 he received the degree of A.M. in course from his alma mater, and in 1896 received the degree of LL.B. pro bono causa from De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

Immediately on being admitted to the bar he organized the law firm of Coates, Williams & Phillips, and about the same time he took unto himself a wife. In 1896 Mr. Phillips took up his residence in Stockton, Cal., assuming charge of the reclamation of delta lands for the Rindge Navigation Company, Arwood Land Company, and Equitable Investment Company.

The work reclaimed for cultivation 57,000 acres of land. This done, Mr. Phillips returned to Los Angeles and became employed by the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company as associate counsel and third vice-president. This was in 1907, and he still holds this important position. He is also a director and third vice-president, and a member of the executive committee of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company and of the Mortgage Guarantee Company, and is president and director of the Rindge Navigation Company and of the Arwood Land Company, secretary and director of the Holland Land and Water Company, and director of the Equitable Investment Company.

Mr. Phillips is a member of the Midwick Country Club; the Bohemian Club of San Francisco; the Yacht Club of Stockton; the California and Athletic Club of Los Angeles; the Los Angeles Country Club, and in religion is a Congregationalist.

Captures Six Black Foxes.

[New York Sun:] Six black foxes, worth \$15,000 or more, were captured by Calvin Graves of Hancock and his two sons, Thomas and Arthur, near McFarland's Hill, Maine, Sunday afternoon.

The capture is one of the richest ever made in Maine and breaks the record for recent years. The foxes will probably be marketed in Prince Edward's Island, where the black fox industry is centered in this part of the world.

Calvin Graves and his sons ran into the nest near McFarland's hill entirely by accident and surprised the mother and her progeny, three of whom are females and two males, and were successful in bagging the whole of them. News of the discovery soon flashed over all the small community and created a great sensation.

The fur of the mother fox was in fairly good condition and of course the others are in excellent shape. The young foxes are estimated, about two months old and are the size of a half grown cat.

They are now safely caged at the home in Hancock, and they are joined and guarded, for it is not often that a game hunter bags several thousand dollars in a day.

By a Cynical Bachelor.

He writes, as by the card, of great mirth and cares.

And yet by direst poverty he's bound.

He writes of the joys of married life.

And yet he's married.

—[E. M., in New York for

Phases of Life in France. By Thomas Fitch.

ART GALLERIES.

FOR years a few good friends in the ministry have sighed for me as a stray sheep who might some day come into fold. Their hopes nearly came into realization in Paris, for there I found a style of religion that—with some modifications—nearly suit me. Grown weary of hotel life and anxious for lingual improvement I sought a private boarding-house. I found a French Protestant clergyman who consented to receive me. He did not keep his guests waiting by offering grace while the soup was cooling. He drank a good deal of wine, and was offered to play cards at any time, indicating only that the stakes should not be so large, as his salary was small. His religion seemed to me to be very much like the lady's definition of total depravity—"good doctrine, if it only be lived up to."

Our own country is far ahead of "the great nation" in the business of hotel keeping. For instance a call was made for baths at our hotel. The servants brought up two pails of water, tubs like coffins, lined with sheets. These they filled with a sort of mud made of bran and water. They came next morning with pails and laboriously carried the tub contents, down stairs I presume, but possibly to somebody who required a cold gruel bath, for nothing is wasted in France. They wiped up the water that had spilled upon the moquette carpet and stood with franc-beseeching expressions of maintenance awaiting their tips. And yet in rooms were glittering with gilding and ornaments, the beds were canopied with lace and furniture like a dream.

The decoration and discomfort are the drawbacks of the French hotel keeper in things except the table. There he stands at the head of his profession. It is as impossible to get a badly cooked dinner in France as it is to get a decent meal—except where a French chef presides—in London.

Candles in a French hotel are a separate institution. The office and dining-room and other may blaze with electric lights, or live with gas, but candles on the mantel piece or table you must have for the bed, even if a chandelier of electric bulbs hangs from the ceiling. Nor threats, nor smiles, nor frowns, nor scowls, will induce the host either to omit the candles or to take them out of the general charge. Candles have a separate identity, an individual existence. Whether you leave them unlit on the table, or put them in your grip-sack when you leave—as Frenchmen do—the bill must be paid for, for the prestige of the hotel.

It is only a small percentage less than that of Germany.

That this means business no one familiar with the French people can doubt. I think it a great mistake and a great outrage to withdraw so many thousands of able-bodied young men from industrial pursuits and convert them into idle consumers. But then I am not at present at the head of the French Republic and if I were I could not change the nature of Jean Crapard. Imperialists, and Royalists, and Republicans and Socialists alike, nurture the purpose and the hope of one day recovering Alsace and Lorraine, and returning with interest the blow which the grandfather of Emperor William inflicted upon France. If the future shall produce a Frenchman who can march the "grand armée" through the streets of captured Berlin, that man may be President or Dictator or Emperor of France if he will.

This illuminating idiosyncrasy of the hotel proprietor was as moderate in degree as he was polite in demeanor. He made some amusing blunders in trying to understand his own language. I tried to say breakfast and told him I was "faimé," only "hungry." He said he would send a "homme" to wit a chambermaid—but I did not need. I inquired the way to "l'avenue de la" viz.: the railroad, and he sent me to a shirt maker. In fact the man did not seem to understand good French when he heard it spoken.

Paris is the elysium of dogs; every man has one, and every lady two or three. I saw several advertisements of hospitals for indigent and infirm dogs, and I was glad there is a dog school in the Latin Quarter, where canines are taught tricks—

I would not be a bad idea to establish a school to teach good behavior to the "gentlemen" of Paris, for there every lady unaccompanied by a male escort, whether in the day or at night, is liable to be accosted, and young and pretty will surely be accosted by a "French gentleman." It is taken for granted that the lady—If an American—is silent, and looks in vain for a Frenchman; if French—and not inclined to make the acquaintance of the "gentleman"—expresses her high appreciation of the man of his preference, and, like a badly educated communication to a newspaper, he is considered as "unavailable."

His politeness is verbal rather than physical. It finds expression in words, not in action. The hotel waiter says: "Pardon me, sir, as he compels you to stand aside, as he makes ahead all the same. Every Frenchman consults his own convenience of others, he

says "a thousand pardons," but he does it nevertheless. The manners of the four leading nations of the world may be observed at a railroad eating-house where there is but a single dish of some coveted delicacy. An American would seize it with a Colorado boarding-house reach, and divide it with a lady, or his friend, or a neighbor; an Englishman would make arrangements in advance to have it divided with him; a German would appropriate it all without an apology, and a Frenchman would do the same thing with a bow and a smile.

The disposition of a Frenchman to glorify France at the expense of everything and everybody else is ludicrously apparent. Among the great historical paintings at Versailles is one purporting to represent the battle of Yorktown. Rochambeau is the central figure and Washington is represented in the background apparently acting as aide to the French general. The painting bears the following inscription: "Rochambeau and Washington directing the attack at Yorktown."

The spirit epitomized in the cry "Vive la France" may some day give Kaiser William a run for his money. When, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war it was proposed to exact eight milliards of francs (\$1,600,000,000) from France as an indemnity, it was urged that such a sum could not be paid without impoverishing France, debauching Germany and unsettling the money markets of Europe. Even the amount of five milliards ultimately agreed upon, it was believed by German statesmen would so exhaust France as to make any augmentation of her army, or increase of her fortresses so as to place her on an equality with Germany, impossible.

But the five milliards (\$1,000,000,000) were paid in four years—largely by loan it is true, without apparently affecting the prosperity of France, and notwithstanding this vast disbursement, the French Republic has every year increased and improved its army until it now surpasses its own organization at any time during the rule of the last Napoleon and is only a small percentage less than that of Germany.

That this means business no one familiar with the French people can doubt. I think it a great mistake and a great outrage to withdraw so many thousands of able-bodied young men from industrial pursuits and convert them into idle consumers. But then I am not at present at the head of the French Republic and if I were I could not change the nature of Jean Crapard. Imperialists, and Royalists, and Republicans and Socialists alike, nurture the purpose and the hope of one day recovering Alsace and Lorraine, and returning with interest the blow which the grandfather of Emperor William inflicted upon France. If the future shall produce a Frenchman who can march the "grand armée" through the streets of captured Berlin, that man may be President or Dictator or Emperor of France if he will.

These hopes of retaliation may possibly be realized some day. France is the modern Antaeos, and the embrace of adversity has refreshed and rejuvenated her. The corrupt example of Napoleon's court in some degree impoverished of vigor and manhood the people who followed it. The republic is simpler of life and purer of practice.

And it is not much of a republic after all. It would puzzle even a Frenchman to explain the difference between the empire and the republic, so far as his personal liberty, or habits, or rights are concerned. Whether under Louis Philippe, or Louis Napoleon, or any President, the government of France has been conducted on a paternal plan. In addition to the usual functions of coining money and carrying the mail, the telegraph and the railroads are government institutions, and the government is engaged in various branches of manufacture. Crockery ware and gun powder, tapestry and fire-arms, matches and glass are all made at government factories. It does not manufacture salt, but it requires that all the salt made in France or imported therein shall be sold to it alone at a price to be fixed by its officials. It grants heavy annual subsidies, to the theaters and opera-houses of Paris. Conceivably of a republic which makes and peddles matches, and passes in cabinet council upon the merits of a soprano lady or basso profundo gentleman.

With a real republic definitely established France might grow out of the usages of monarchy and imperialism, but after many

years of trial she is still a republic in name only. She is a republic which began life without a written chart, without an organic law, without accurate definition of the terms or functions of her leading officials, and without restriction upon the power of the legislature or limitation of the official life of legislators. As for Bonapartism or "boss" government, it died with Louis Napoleon. Perhaps another Bonaparte may one day seize the helm of France, but, if so, it will be because of the power of the man and not merely the power of the name. If Charles Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore had only had a military instead of a legal training, there would be a grand opportunity to syndicate him and pass him up to Paris while the band played "France, I adore thee."

In America reputable people hide their immorality. The Parisians flaunt theirs. The hypocrisy of concealment is the tribute whilic vice pays to virtue, and however poor a tribute it is better than none at all. But much of the social corruption of France went out with the empire and its extravagant and dissolute court, and many iniquitous deeds exist only in the imagination of the perpetrator. A Parisian meets a pretty woman on the Boulevard Capucin. He stares at her, turns, follows her, passes her, and turning around again confronts her and smiles at her. A third time he repeats the maneuver and this time lifts his hat and bows to her. She has been steadily oblivious of him, but all the same he joins his companions at the club, and with a smirk of triumph boasts of having had "an affair" with a beautiful American woman.

The life of the middle classes, the body of the people, the bourgeoisie is not often encountered by tourists. Marriages are arranged by parents. There is no spooning on the park benches, or at the gate, or in the front parlor with the lights turned down. Excessive osculation is postponed until after the marriage ceremony. Cheeks do not "flush with passions hectic, but bloom in calm domestic quiet." There is probably as much domestic felicity as with us. If people cannot have what they like they devote themselves to the task of liking what they have, and a Reno lawyer if in France would perish of starvation and thirst.

The "woman movement" in its best and most practical form has made greater advances in France than in America. Women do not vote or have conventions, but they found employment many years ago in France in avenues which have only recently been opened to them in America. They were clerks in hotels and shops, and telegraph operators and book-keepers long before they were accorded admission to these spheres of usefulness in the United States. There are no female barkeepers in Paris, but occasionally there are female barbers or "barberesses." One who was well stricken in years and who used snuff, and wore spectacles and ate garlic, shaved me one day, and I have not since ventured inside a hair dresser's shop.

Everybody visits the Louvre, of course, and simulates enthusiasm and rhapsodies over the "old masters." The art critics are safe in the Louvre, for no painting is admitted to that august gallery until its author has been ten years dead.

I stood in front of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," for which piece of canvas the French government paid Marshal Soult in 1852 the modest sum of \$15,000 francs, and I honestly tried to "feel its power," but failed utterly. It was a beautiful painting certainly, but I could not interpret the meaning of it. It represented a woman with a sweet face floating quietly in midair with no wings, or an aeroplane, or other "visible means of support," with the sun clothing her with its rays, and the moon under her feet, and a crown of stars on her head. You have seen many engravings of it and I doubt not that it is a great work of art, but to my mind, uneducated in art, it conveys no meaning and it gave me no thrill.

A crucifixion by Rubens in which a ghastly light is thrown on the face of the Roman soldiers and the women at the foot of the cross, and in which the agony of the Crucified is depicted on every facial muscle, was to me a wonderful work, and its strange beauty kept me gazing at it for many minutes.

Two pictures by Girodet Trosion were to my mind the finest in the collection. One represented the Deluge, the other the interment of Atalas. And if ever the passions of

fear and of sorrow, the eagerness of life and the peace of death found accurate and intense representation on canvas, it was here.

I shall not attempt to further describe individual works. There are galleries filled with paintings, mostly on religious subjects. Some of them make up in piety what they lack in attractiveness. After taking a look at several hundred Madonnas one grows weary of them and longs for a picture of an Arizona mule team.

There are galleries of water-color sketches, and crayons, and bronzes, and ancient vases, and mummies, and bas-reliefs and high-reliefs, and carvings, and statuary, and models of ships, and models of harbors, and collections of crockery, and Gobelin tapestries, and relics, and articles of virtue and articles without virtue in exhaustless and bewildering profusion. You can examine the prayer-book of Catherine de Medici, and look out upon streets once crimsoned with the blood of the Huguenots. All that saved this grand collection of art from destruction along with its neighbor, the Tuilleries, was the fact that it is always open free to the public. "I burned the palace," said Bergeret, the communist leader, "because it was the home of kings. I saved the Louvre because it was the property of the people."

The Luxembourg Palace, once a royal residence, afterward used as a prison for the victims of the revolution, and subsequently for the temporary confinement of Hebert, Danton, Robespierre, Josephine Beauharnais and the artist David, contains several galleries of paintings by such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Robert Fleury, Delacroix, Ingres and Horace Vernet. To my taste these fresh beautiful pictures are as far ahead of the old masters as the latter are superior to the productions of a Los Angeles sign painter, and there are artists in the City of the Angels who make the fences in front of vacant lots things of beauty. I offer these dissertations on art with a full knowledge that I may be derided by every self-constituted "art critic" who is able to squint through a paper horn at a painting, and gabble about "tone," and "atmosphere," and "color and expression." But nine out of ten of the globe-trotters who may visit these ancient and modern galleries in Paris will agree with me.

If the object of "art" is to so closely and wonderfully imitate nature that her very presence is before you, then the artists who painted and arranged the diorama of the siege of Paris are the most gifted of all the knights of the brush, ancient or modern. You enter a circular building, mount a flight of dark, narrow stairs, and lo you seem to be standing on a little mound of earth, with Paris and the adjacent country spread out before you to the horizon on every side. The illusion, which is perfect, is produced by a cunning arrangement of real and painted objects. Around the mound on which you stand is a wooden railing on which you lean; for fifteen or twenty feet in front of you a bank of real earth slopes away and then plunges abruptly down. A distance of fifty or sixty feet between you and the circular wall of the building on which the "panorama" is painted is filled in with real cannon, real bags of dirt, real buckets, and shells, and litter, and debris, which would naturally accumulate in and about such premises. Around this the painting is ringed, and the execution of the perspective is so perfect, the detail is so accurate, the general effect so harmonious that you cannot detect the illusion even with the aid of a glass, and the spectator seems really to be, "on the foot of Issy, on a platform raised above the level of one of the bastions facing the attacks, and whence there is an extensive view of the country." Nothing but the stillness, the absence of moving life convinces you that it is not all an illusion.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] The head of the house went to the city market to buy a fowl for Sunday dinner. He wasn't an expert on age or quality, but had his mind made up to buy a young goose. Finding a pair displayed by a farmer's wife, he asked: "How much for the goose, madam?" "You mean how much for the pair, sir?" said the woman. "No, I want only one," he said. "Can't sell one without the other," she said. "These are geese has been together goin' on thirteen year, and I ain't a goin' to be no unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

[Illustrated Weekly:] The head of the house went to the city market to buy a fowl for Sunday dinner. He wasn't an expert on age or quality, but had his mind made up to buy a young goose. Finding a pair displayed by a farmer's wife, he asked: "How much for the goose, madam?" "You mean how much for the pair, sir?" said the woman. "No, I want only one," he said. "Can't sell one without the other," she said. "These are geese has been together goin' on thirteen year, and I ain't a goin' to be no unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

For Liberty

in June Br

TO WED
AILWAY P

Won Name in Te
noble Fifth-Aven
Gossips Say Fiance Helped Select Trou
Final Word in Fashionable Elegance.

Montezuma and Cortez. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Children of Cortez.

A MAN OF MANY LOVES AND MANY MARRIAGES.

DID HE STRANGLE HIS WIFE WITH HER PEARL NECKLACE?—MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTERS, ISABEL, AND GUAUHTEMOC MARINA, THE INDIAN SWEETHEART. THE CORTEZ ESTATES AND WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM —THE BAYS OF TABASCO AND VERA CRUZ.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MEXICO CITY.—Do you know that descendants of both Hernando Cortez and the Emperor Montezuma, whom he conquered, are still living in Mexico? I am told that this is the case, and that some of them have in their possession big estates which have come down through the past. The family of Montezuma was large and he left his children to the care of Cortez, who

by an accident received in scaling a tumbledown wall on his way to a final meeting with one of his sweethearts. He was only 19 years old when he sailed for Santo Domingo, and there he got his first wife, a beautiful Spanish girl, named Catalina Juarez, whom he refused for a time to marry, but was afterward forced to do so. She brought him both lands and money, and also the friendship of the governor, Velasquez, who later on sent him from Cuba as the commander of the expedition to push the conquest of Mexico.

While going to Mexico, Cortez picked up at Tabasco, Marina, a beautiful Indian girl, and made her his mistress. He taught her Spanish, and she became the interpreter through whom he talked with the natives of different parts of Mexico. She stuck to him in all his troubles and he had by her a son and three daughters. When Cortez returned to Spain he married this girl to one of his lieutenants.

again, and this time a Spaniard. He died and she again married. Her name was now Senora de Saavadra, and as such she had three sons and a daughter. One of her sons married a daughter of the Duke of Toledo.

It is also said that Isabella had a daughter by Cortez named Leonor, and that when she died she made a will giving her estate to her six children, stating that five of them were legitimate by her two Spanish husbands, and that the other, the said Leonor Cortez, was a natural daughter by the great general. This will is said to be still in existence. Leonor Cortez was married, and her daughter was known as the Princess Acaitan, from whom is descended the Duke Sotelles de Montezuma of Madrid.

The first husband of Isabella, the Emperor Cuauhtemoc, was one of the famous characters of Aztec history. He was conquered by the Spaniards and tortured by fire to

Emperor's carriage, and even put his feet on the step. Thereupon the Emperor Charles V, astonished at his answer, commanded to know who he was, Cortez replied:

"I am a man, sire, who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left to cities."

Shortly after this, Cortez left Madrid and died in solitude near Seville. As to his estate here in the new world, he had some in the Valley of Mexico, some near Cuernavaca, and some on the isthmus of Tehuantepec. He had also a palace at Coyohuacan and valuable property there, which remained in the hands of his heirs until about ten years ago; when it was taken over by the town council. The so-called palace still stands and it was for a long time used as the council chambers and jail. It was one of the first buildings erected by white men

ago; when it was taken over by the town council. The so-called palace still stands and it was for a long time used as the council chambers and jail. It was one of the first buildings erected by white men

Cortez built a palace at Cuernavaca and came back from Spain in 1530, and for a time formed his favorite residence and personally superintended his vast estates and cultivated them. He introduced sugar cane from Cuba and erected sugar mills and other works. Most of the estates have been more or less subdivided, and now of Cuernavaca, which contains about 100 people, has grown up on his land. The place is noted for its beautiful views and has been celebrated as a health resort. It has

been the scene of the operations of rebels, and travel there is unsafe. The cathedral of Cuernavaca is one of the most ancient and quaintest in Mexico. It was known as the Church of San Francisco, and was founded at the instigation of Cortez. It was for years the most important Franciscan temple of the new world. The tower contains a clock which the Emperor Charles V gave to Cortez at the time he granted him the most of the great valley which can be seen from the top of the tower. The clock is run by weights which swing almost to the ground. They are wound up at intervals by a mechanism at the top.

Pec

SOME WHOPPERS.

All waters of the Kuro Shio, or Japan current, that make warm the shores of our southwestern coast, hold many odd and peculiar forms of fish, some of which are native to Japan, such as the Japanese albacore, the ribbon fish and the Japanese swordfish. These warm waters are grateful to the fish, and vast numbers swarm in them at times, and in many fish grow to great size.

At some of the islands and in the Gulf of California, the great sea bat, or ray, is often caught. One of these fish, captured in a hard fight, was twenty-five feet long, four feet wide, weighed over a ton and a half, and had wings over six feet long. This fish is so huge that harpoons are fastened to floating barrels.

The sea elephant, which resembles the elephant in many ways, was once common among the islands, but seldom is seen now. One bull sea elephant was twenty-four feet long and weighed about three tons. The male has a protuberance projecting from his head which is used in a manner similar to that of the elephant, feeding himself, and even catching wild birds with it. The female and the young sea elephant do not have a proboscis.

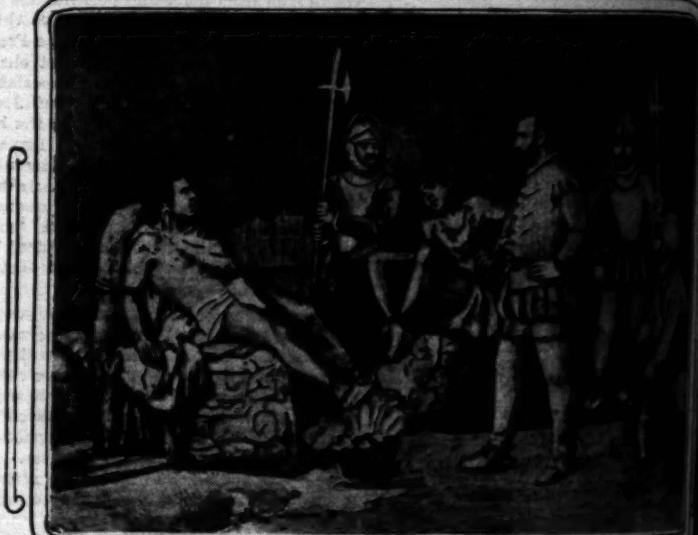
These strange fish are the remora, the flying gurnard and the goose fish. The remora has the end of its anterior dorsal fin a sucker which it attaches itself to larger fish, sharks, etc., and is towed along. The moray eel, much resembling a snake, and feeds voraciously when given an opportunity. It is from four to six feet in length. The moray eel attained its name from its proclivity to devour geese. It also catches and eats other wild birds, and as many as seven have been taken from the stomach of one of these fish. They grow to a length of five feet and weigh some fifty



Portrait of Hernando Cortez.



Portrait of Isabella, from the book of Bernal Diaz.



Torture of Cuauhtemoc from painting in National Museum.

make him confess where the Aztecs had buried their treasure. With him during the roasting was another chief who could not stand the pain and cried out that he felt he must tell. Thereupon Cuauhtemoc shook his head and sternly rejoined:

"And perhaps you think I am resting on a bed of roses."

The painting of this scene is one of the great pictures of the National Museum.

The Cortez Estates.

Cortez, like Columbus, had a sad time during his latter days. He was given the title of the Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, and he had great estates in Mexico, but when, toward the latter part of his life, he went to Spain, he found it almost impossible to see the King. At one time he tried to force his way through the crowd to the

the North American continent and the Cortez coat of arms over the door of the building. Similar inscriptions have been found in Cuernavaca, Vera Cruz and Oaxaca.

This Coyohuacan palace is a residence without much architectural beauty. The doorway inside the patio is Moorish in style. The cornice of the building is very thick. The walls are thick and the house is well built, a fortification as well as a home. From it is the Church of John the Baptist, which was erected about the same time. Not far away is the Dominican church, near where Cortez is said to have passed his Cuban wife.

I do not know the exact area of lands given to Cortez, but they probably covered millions of acres. The property he had in Tehuantepec comprised over a hundred thousand acres, and I

promised to care for them as though they were his own. This Cortez did, sending them to Spain, where they were educated in the imperial household of Charles V. Some of them intermarried with Spanish nobles and today there are great landed properties in Salamanca which belong to a Montezuma, having come down through fourteen generations from the son of the emperor. The present head of that family is known as Vicente Augustin Maldonado y Garibaldi Cano Montezuma. He has the title of Marquis de Castellano and is a high Spanish noble, with this strain of the imperial blood of the Aztecs. He is a well educated man and has studied for the law, although he has never practiced. He is now seventy and he has two sons, one famous as a statesman and the other as a musical composer.

There are still several Montezumas in Mexico City. One is a lawyer, another is a banker and a third a musician. I am told there is royal Aztec blood in the veins of other families here from whom the name Montezuma has passed away, and that it flows also through some of the great families of Spain and tints even some of the ducal families of England. The Empress Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III, was born at Granada, in Spain, but she is said to have had a streak of Montezuma in her veins, the same coming from the Count of Miravalles, who was indirectly descended from Montezuma. The Miravalles family still owns big estates near Granada.

Another descendant of Montezuma married a relative of the oldest son of Columbus, and it is said that one of Montezuma's daughters was taken by Cortez as his wife or his mistress.

Some Love Affairs of Cortez.

Indeed Hernando Cortez was a man of many loves and many marriages. He left the University of Salamanca at the age of 16 on account of his love affairs, and when he had first decided to try his fortune in the new world, his departure was postponed

for a year. His first wife was a Spanish girl named Catalina Juarez, whom he refused to marry for a time, but was afterward forced to do so. She brought him both lands and money, and also the friendship of the governor, Velasquez, who later on sent him from Cuba as the commander of the expedition to push the conquest of Mexico.

Some time afterward Isabella married

Carpenter.

His carriage, and even put his foot step. Thereupon the Emperor, V. astonished at his assurance, do to know who he was, Cortes re a man, sire, who has given you provinces than your ancestors left you. After this, Cortes left Madrid and solitude near Seville. As to his were in the new world, he had some inlay of Mexico, some near Cuernavaca on the isthmus of Tehuantepec, also a palace at Coyohuacan and property there, which remained lands of his heirs until about ten years when it was taken over by the town. The so-called palace still stands for a long time used as the city chambers and jail. It was one of buildings erected by white men

and built the home of his descendants. In 1527, he founded a house there in ruins. The estate has been divided into three ranches. One of them has 7000 acres of sugar cane. Another has 7000 acres of sugar cane. A third is right on the Tehuantepec Railway, having a station of its own. It is not far from Rincon Antonio. The property remained in the hands of the heirs of Cortes until the days of Andrew Jackson, when it was purchased by the family which now holds it.

Cortes died he gave some of his lands to the Hospital and the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth, which still stands near the Cathedral in Mexico City, and in which his patent of nobility is still preserved. The hospital stands on the site of Montezuma's palace, and it is said that Montezuma was killed while standing on its roof by a stone thrown from a mob of Indians whom he was trying to pacify. Cortes built a palace at Cuernavaca after his return back from Spain in 1530, and this became his favorite residence. He personally superintended his vast estates and cultivated them. He introduced sugar cane from Cuba and erected sugar mills and other works. Most of the estates were more or less subdivided, and the town of Cuernavaca, which contains about 10,000 people, has grown up on his land. The town is noted for its beautiful views and is considered as a health resort. It has recently been the scene of the operations of the revolution, and travel there is unsafe. The cathedral of Cuernavaca is one of the most beautiful in Mexico. It is located at the Church of San Francisco, and was founded at the instigation of Cortes for years the most important Franciscan church of the new world. The tower contains a clock which the Emperor Charles V gave to Cortes at the time he granted him the title of Marquis of the great valley which can be seen from the top of the tower. This tower is supported by weights which swing almost round. They are wound up at intervals by a mechanism at the top.

In the Footsteps of Cortes.

It is interesting to follow the footsteps of Cortes through Mexico. He landed first at Tabasco, having sailed out of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba over the very place where Hobson sank the Merrimac during our war with Spain. He coasted along the Mexican gulf to Vera Cruz, and there made his first settlement, building rude huts and mounting his guns to protect his party from the Indians. He had at this time ten vessels in the harbor, and his force consisted of about 700 Spaniards, eighteen horses and some pieces of cannon. He had already learned of Montezuma at Tabasco, and as soon as he landed at Vera Cruz the Aztec chief of that place, by means of picture writing, sent a message from him to the emperor, saying that he, Cortes, came as the ambassador of a mighty ruler beyond the seas to carry a present to him, Montezuma.

The postal service of the Aztecs was such that an answer came back inside of a week, and this notwithstanding Mexico City was over 200 miles away.

The reply from Montezuma was that Cortes had best not come to the capital and that the road was long and dangerous. He also added, "You had better go back to your own country with our greetings to your mighty king."

With this letter Montezuma sent presents, and among them two huge plates, one of solid gold and the other of silver. Each plate was as big around as a cart wheel, or about twenty feet in circumference, and the gold wheel was afterward estimated to be worth \$250,000. There were also necklaces of rubies and pearls and many golden shields, inlaid and decorated.

One can easily imagine what effect this would have on the Spaniards. Cortes replied that he had come 6000 miles over the oceans to see Montezuma, and he could not go back to his king without having personally met him. The King again sent back a ceremonious message for him to get out, but, notwithstanding all this, Cortes started and, with his little band, made his way over the mountains and conquered the nation of

millions. The story has been told in the wonderful works of Prescott and others, and its times have been pictured in the novels of Rider Haggard and our own, Gen. Lew Wallace. I shall not attempt any description, but will only take you to some points over the route and show you how they look in this year of our Lord, 1913.

On the Way Over the Mountains.

Where Cortes landed there have sprung up the great wharves of Vera Cruz, at which a dozen or more of the best known lines of steamers call every month. There are railroads running from there to the capital, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and to other parts of the republic, and about the harbor is a city of 30,000 or more, which has streets paved with asphalt and new buildings beside those of the style of old Spain. The country about is taken up with fruit gardens and tropical plantations, and passing over the road which Cortes took on his way to the capital you go through banana fields and great coffee estates, climbing higher and higher in plain sight of the snow-clad peak of Orizaba, until at last you traverse the pass, and come down into the famed Valley of Mexico, where, amid the lakes, is situated the capital of the Mexican republic, and just where about 400 years ago was the capital of the Montezumas.

The distance from the coast is about 200 miles and Cortes drafted 1000 Indian porters to transport his baggage. The most of his way was through the wilderness, and it was at the town of Tlaxcala, near Puebla, that he fought with the Indians of that name and made them his allies. Tlaxcala is now a shabby village whose chief interest is in its collection of Cortes' relics.

It was at this point that some of the Spaniards turned aside to ascend Popocatepetl for sulphur to be used in making gunpowder and they entered the Mexican valley by way of Amecameca, which is still a small town on the slope of that mountain. It is where one leaves the railroad and starts up the volcano on foot.

In Mexico City.

As far as the Mexican capital is con-

[Saturday, May 17, 1913.]

cerned, it is full of the remains of Cortes and Montezuma. The Aztec city was like Venice, in that it was built upon islands with numerous bridges. Since then the land has been drained and the spaces between the islands so filled that the city is now solid land. Nevertheless, the old places of note can be picked out. The cathedral stands where the great Teocalli or mound upon which the sacrifices took place once was. The Hospital of Jesus is where Montezuma welcomed the Spaniards and at Chapultepec, which is now a beautiful park where the President has his summer home, was the summer residence of the Emperor, Montezuma, where he had his favorite wives, his fish ponds, aviary and hunting lodge. You can ride out to it now on the street car. The Spaniards made their way there in boats and on foot. Farther out of the city you may trace the causeway by which Cortes entered the capital, and find the place where the famous gardens in which Montezuma and Cuauhtemoc entertained the Spaniards.

The Tomb of Cortes.

There is one spot, however, which you will fail to find and that is where Cortes lies buried. Where that is no one knows. He died in Spain, in a little village near Seville, and his body rested there in obscurity for fifteen years, when his son, Don Martin, had it exhumed and brought to Mexico. It was first kept here in the Monastery of San Francisco, in Texcoco, and was then brought to the Church of San Francisco in the Mexican capital. It lay in that church for more than 150 years, when it was again brought forth in a great procession and carried to the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth. There it lay for thirty years, and then, for fear of a mob which proposed to destroy it, the friends of the family entered the tomb by night and secretly removed the remains. Some believe that they were again buried in Mexico, and others will tell you that they rest in the tombs of the Sicilian branch of the family near Palermo. But as to the exact truth, I am unable to say.

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Peculiar Fish of the Pacific.

By Frederick Roland Miner.

HOME WHOPPERS.

All waters of the Kuro Shiwo, or North American continent and it is current, that make warm the seas of our southwestern coast, hold all and peculiar forms of fish, which are native to Japan, such as the Japanese albacore, the ribbon fish, Japanese swordfish. These warm waters are grateful to the fish, and vast numbers in them at times, and in many fish grow to great size.

One of the islands and in the Gulf of California, the great sea bat, or ray, is found. One of these fish, captured at night, was twenty-five feet long, six feet wide, weighed over a ton and had wings over six feet. The fish is so huge that harpoons are used for its capture. These are thrown in great mass of flesh and the ropes are fastened to floating barrels.

An elephant, which resembles the elephant in many ways, was once among the islands, but seldom is seen now. One bull sea elephant was twenty-four feet long and weighed about three tons. The male has a tusk projecting from his head which is in a manner similar to that of the elephant, feeding himself, and even feeding wild birds with it. The female sea elephant do not have

The octopus and his relatives go by many names—the devilfish, the cuttlefish, the squid, the ink fish, etc. They are vicious-looking fish that live among the rocks of the sea bottom. Here they are of great size, some of them being over fifteen feet from tip to tip of arms. The immense sunfish lies like a small island on the surface of the sea, and will allow a boat to run up alongside of it without appearing to notice it. In fact, most of the fish of these waters partake of a characteristic that is marked in the birds of the Southwest, that of extreme tameness. This trait often produces fatal results to the whale, who will get in the way of steamers and be run down and killed. Though the seals are few, sea lions are numerous among the islands. As the orange-colored, blue-spotted gold-fish and the sardine of the tropics are here found, with the whale, the seal and the sea lion, it makes as strange an association of the inhabitants of the warm tropical waters and those of the cold Arctic seas as can be found in the world; in fact, Prof. C. R. Orcott, the naturalist, says that the southern group of the (Channel) islands probably stands first on the list in the number of recorded forms of marine life.

The ribbon fish, which comes from Japan, is a curious-looking fish some twenty-five feet long, with a width of but a foot. Swordfish are common, and reach a length of eight feet or so. A species of this fish is called the spearfish, and its sword is somewhat shorter. Many peculiar sharks there are in these waters, but the man-eating shark is seldom, if ever, seen. The hammer-head shark is common, and the shovel, the bottle-nosed, the leopard, and the oil shark are not uncommon. The grouper and the basking shark grow to great size. One basking shark was caught which was estimated to weigh over four tons and which measured thirty-two feet in length. Its skin weighed 1500 pounds and its fins were six to eight feet long. These sharks derive their name from their habit of living on the surface of the sea basking in the sun. The bonito shark is a very game fish and a fierce fighter, nearly a dozen feet in length.

Several species of large sea turtles may be seen at times floating on the water of the channel. Dolphins are sometimes seen, and occasionally a nautilus. The crayfish is often called the lobster, which it closely resembles, except that it has not the two large front claws of the lobster. The sanddab is a valuable food fish, much resembling the flatfish of eastern waters. It is caught from the deep-sea bottom and hauled up with a winch. The Spanish mackerel is a beautiful fish of iridescent color, and it, too, differs materially from the mackerel of the Atlantic Ocean. It will average about two feet in length and weigh from eight to twelve pounds. The abalone is found clinging to the rocks of the islands below high tide. There used to be great numbers of them, but years of wholesale fishing has greatly reduced them. The shells, beautiful when polished, are made into various ornaments, and the meat is dried and sent mostly to China. The sea horse and the starfish grow to considerable size among the islands. Two curious inhabitants of the island waters are the California sea cucumber and the big frogfish. Acres of jellyfish of great size and of varying colors and markings are frequently seen. The flying fish grow to some size. They will weigh a pound or so, and reach eighteen to twenty inches in length. Although called a flying fish, it does not fly, but swims swiftly, breaks out of the water, and soars, using its four wings for this purpose. It can glide in this way for several hundred yards and, striking the water, it can get a fresh start, like the skipping of a flat stone on the surface. A valuable food fish is the red and black-striped sheepshead. This fish lives near the bottom and gets its name from the shape and appearance of its head, which much resembles that of a sheep. The young fish of this family are usually a bright red in color, but are occasionally pure white. An-

other food fish of value is the barracuda of delicate flavor. It resembles the pick erel somewhat and is about three feet in length. The vari-colored kelp fish are numerous in the kelp beds, where they practice their curious habit of standing on their heads. It is a fish not always easy to see, as it closely resembles the kelp in its common posture.

There are so very many fish of our southwestern waters that may be classed as peculiar in their appearance, or in their habits, and they are mostly so tame—appearing not to mind your attention to them—that they create a wide field for interesting observation.

Room at the Top.

There's ever a crowd in the valley,
For the lower a soul descends,
The more it finds of the smaller minds
That seek but their selfish ends;
There's companionship in the valley,
With others your lot is thrown;
But the man who tries for the larger prize
Must travel the heights alone.

He must make for himself a pathway
Where no other foot e'er trod,
Till he grows complete in contentment
sweet,

As he learns to walk with God;
There is glory upon the mountain,
Though the summit is cold and bleak,
Yet the radiant burst of the dawn falls first,
Like a blowing rose on the peak.

Then dare the paths of the mountain,
Oh, spirit with God-like fire,
Whose depths are stirred by an inward
word,

To struggle and to aspire,
Be not content, with the sluggard,
In the valley of life to stop,
But with purpose bold heed the adage old:
"There's always room at the top."

—[J. A. Edgerton.

9

In 8

For Liberty

TO WED
AILWAY P
Won Fame in Te
noble Fifth-Aven
Gossips Say Fiance Helped Select Trou
Final Word in Fashionable Elegance.

in Los Angeles Times
and the "Illustrated Weekly" of the day from my newspaper. Now, one refused to call out the editor and the other has been successful in getting the editor to accept the offer.

Mrs. Mary Lee, widow of the author of "The Valley of Adventure," predicted in New York yesterday that in case of war with Mexico, the Los Angeles police department

would lack of information contained in the reports accepted by Chief White and former Captain of Detectives Eugene Wall, Brennan, stating that he hoped to find a methodical record of the work of detectives in small cases as interested the Los Angeles police department.

Will Be Considered Off the Govern
ment Life-Saving Station at
Marblehead, Lake Erie—Miller
Expect to Break All Records.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES

Along the Canyon. By Lily M. Moseley.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

MRS. BROCKMAN hummed a soft, happy little tune as she moved busily about the little cabin, carefully flicking off a bit of dust here, setting to rights a displaced chair there, straightening a curled-up corner of the worn old rug that almost covered the rough board floor. Her dark eyes beamed affectionately as they rested on the bent head of her big, good-natured husband, who sat at the rough pine table laboriously constructing a letter. He was quite oblivious of his surroundings, the big, loose-jointed body humped up in such manner that his wife wondered whimsically if he would ever be able to straighten out again, his brows corrugated with thought, a pen held tightly in one broad fist as if he thought the thing alive and anxious to escape his grip. She glanced from him to her young son, playing contentedly with his building blocks in one corner of the cabin, and reflected gratefully that Fate had indeed been kind to her.

Her song suddenly died away and she raised her head quickly. The sound of horses' hoofs, the hoofs of not one horse, but many, had reached her ears. They thundered now into her yard and ceased suddenly at her very door. The young wife hurried to the one small window overlooking the entrance to the yard. The arrival of visitors was a rare and uncommon occurrence in that isolated section, the little cabin being perched perilously near the extreme edge of a deep, precipitous canyon in the San Jacinto Mountains where houses were few and far between. She glanced out curiously, but drew back in an instant, giving voice to a low cry of fear which she quickly smothered. Her husband looked up from his letter.

"Who is it, Anna?" he asked impatiently. The missive upon which he was engaged was of some importance, and he distinctly resented interruption at that particular moment.

Then, noting the agitation of his wife, he disentangled the long length of limb with amazing celerity, sprang to his feet and moved in the direction of the window. But she detained him, clutching at his arm as he was about to pass her. "Indians!" she whispered, and her round, wholesome face was white with the overwhelming fear that held her in its grip.

A look of tolerant amusement spread over John Brockman's honest face. True, he had been warned again and again of the danger from straying bands of marauding Indians and of the degradations that were popularly accredited to them; but these reports he regarded as "old wives' tales." He frankly scouted the idea of harm coming to him from his red-skinned friends. His wife, on the contrary, had been strongly impressed by the stories with which she had been regaled, and now, having seen from her window more than a score of half-naked savages riding pell-mell into her dooryard, she was battling with an absolute panic of unreasoning terror.

"Foolish little woman," John chided her tenderly. "They are friendly. There is nothing to be afraid of."

She shook her head, and still clinging to him with one hand, with the other caught up the toddling babe who had left his corner and was now tugging imperiously at her skirt, looking up into her face with big, eager eyes. The little one crowded with delight at his mother's quick response to his wordless plea. The father bent and kissed one tiny chubby fist.

"Do be careful, John," Mrs. Brockman begged. "They are not to be trusted. That fellow yesterday had an evil face, and when he looked at me my blood ran cold. You are too trusting, dear. Didn't you hear what Andrew said this morning about their restlessness and the general uneasiness regarding them? Do be careful, dear."

"Hollo!" came a raucous voice from without.

The baby began a frightened whimper and squirmed uneasily in his mother's arms. Her intense fear had apparently communicated itself to the little one. Mrs. Brockman held him tightly.

"Don't cry, dearie," she said urgently, though her own voice was far from even. She was trying to be brave, but fear of the Indians had set every nerve in her body a-quiver. They were so far from a neighbor, was her thought, the nearest being her brother-in-law, whose land adjoined their

own about three miles distant, though his house was situated a good fifteen miles from the little cabin of the John Brockmans.

"Hollo!" came the call again, this time with an impatient ring to the voice. "Hollo, Mist Brockman!"

Brockman gently loosened his wife's hold on him and went to the tiny window. "Howdy," he responded, with a friendly nod.

"Little salt for jerky," demanded the leader, a huge, ungainly, sullen-faced brute with one eye astint and a cruel mouth. John was conscious of the first slight tremor of uneasiness when he recognized this fellow whose presence, he had been warned, invariably heralded mischief. He counted, however, on his well-known friendliness with the Indians to protect himself and his family from molestation. They were begging for salt, and he hoped to send them quickly on their way by cheerfully acceding to their demands. He nodded and disappeared, to reappear shortly in the doorway of the little cabin, bearing a tin can full of the commodity requested.

Standing in the background, tightly hugging her little one close to her breast, his wife saw him step smilingly forward to deliver the salt to the rider of the foremost horse. As he raised it to the Indian there came a sharp report, a puff of smoke, and John Brockman fell, the smile arrested on his frank, honest face.

The wife gave one agonized shriek at the wanton brutality of the act. Then, moved by a keen sense of her own danger, she hastily placed the child on the floor, flung herself quickly against the door and turned the key. After this, she sprang to the tiny window and shoved the heavy wooden slide into place. She was none too soon, for as it closed, a rough, dark hand flashed before her. A cry of anger rose from the baffled savage. He was just a fraction too late to prevent the dropping into place of the clumsy bolt. Mrs. Brockman shuddered at her narrow escape. She snatched her child to her breast and leaned weakly against the wooden slide. Something must be done, and done quickly. Her ears were filled with the horrid yells and derisive shouts from without. Now the door was attacked, but with a desultoriness that somewhat surprised her. Still, she realized that it was only a matter of a few minutes before it would yield. It was a frail barrier to stand between her and the Indians, and could not long withstand their heavy blows should they beat against it with any degree of energy. They seemed rather to be bent on terrifying her than actually reaching her, and she was fast approaching a state of absolutely helpless fright. This would not do. She tried to think coherently. The baby cried. A shrill, derisive yell answered the child's voice.

Suddenly the woman stepped lightly, rapidly to the back door. She hoped to find it unguarded, for it opened into a thick clump of trees and was seldom used, being also concealed from view within the cabin by the curtain which formed a corner clothes closet. She was almost positive that the Indians knew nothing of its existence. Nevertheless, her heart stood still as she swung the door gently open. It was her one chance of escape. If that failed, there was nothing that could save her from the howling, raging demons whose yells almost deafened her.

She stepped carefully out into the bushes, praying that the child, who had become silent in her arms, might not betray her by crying out. So far as she could see, the coast was clear. Swiftly she closed and locked the door and turned away.

Like a cat, now clinging to tree and bush as she went, she swung down the canyon, among the tall, slender pine trees which grew along its steep sides, interspersed by occasional stately firs and scattering cedars. It seemed as if the noise of her progress must be heard by the Indians, but the tumult of their own shouts and cries drowned the crackling of twigs and dislodging of stones which rolled and rattled clamorously on their way down to the bed of the canyon. Twice she slipped and looked into the face of eternity, but each time was able to catch at a friendly bush and save herself.

In calmer moments she would no more have attempted this trip than she would have dared raise her arms and try to fly across the ravine, but life, and more than life, for

herself and babe depended on her success, and death at the foot of the gorge would be infinitely preferable to capture by the Indians.

How she managed to keep her footing she could never tell, but an ever-watchful Providence guided her safely, and finally, weary and spent, her clothing almost in tatters and her face torn and bleeding from the rough touch of jagged roots and low-hanging branches, she climbed to the level and staggered across the division line separating their own land from that of her brother-in-law. He chanced to be plowing that day not far from the line. She tottered forward and fell in a dead faint at his feet. He caught the child from her arms as she fell.

"Bring the canteen," he commanded one of the men. They were already gathering in from various parts of the field, the times being uncertain and full of danger, and the sight of a woman plunging across the stubble was pregnant with startling possibilities.

Andrew Brockman was instantly provided with soft, cool water. He gently bathed the face of the unconscious woman until she revived enough to incoherently falter out her story.

When they understood what she had done, the men stood in open-mouthed amazement. "You don't mean that you walked along the side of the canyon all of the way from your place here!" cried one incredulously.

She nodded, turning her great hopeless eyes full upon him. "I did," she said simply. "There was nothing else to do." He swore softly under his breath.

Andrew Brockman's keen eyes searched out a youth who stood somewhat shyly in the background. "Gene!" he called sharply. "Here, you hitch Bessie to the buckboard and take Mrs. John to the Mississ. Then you stay there and do whatever the women want you to. We may be late getting back."

The youth hesitated, then blurted out: "I—I would rather go with you, sir."

Brockman frowned. "Do as you are told," he commanded. "You will be needed there more than with us. Hike, now."

The boy sighed disappointedly. He knew, however, that further protest would be useless, so he picked up his rata, threw it deftly over the head of the animal designated by his employer, and in a jiffy she was between the shafts of the old buckboard which was used to convey water and provender for man and beast when their work must be far from the house. Andrew Brockman helped his brother's widow and her babe aboard, and then they were off. Mrs. Brockman sitting erect with white, stony face and tearless eyes.

Brockman now deputed another one of the "hands" to round up the remainder of his mates, and made quick preparation for a speedy trip to the scene of his brother's murder. "Get your horses, every one," he directed.

Before the words were fairly out of his mouth the men had scattered in search of their steeds, which were ranging nearby. The lust of revenge shone in the eyes of these sturdy, bronzed tillers of the soil, and nervous fingers twitched impatiently at the guns hanging in their holsters, without which no man ventured far, for in those days a man's life often depended on the celerity with which he could draw his gun and his quick, accurate aim when once it was in his hand.

When the "boys" were all together, they stood twenty strong, an even score of hardy, vigorous men of all ages, men who were good shots, who were used to a rough and ready life and accustomed to carrying their lives in their hands. Quickly they had thrown the saddles on their horses, cinched them tightly, and now, flinging themselves on, they fairly flew over the ground to where the little cabin had been—had been, for alas it was now but a heap of smoking ruins.

The savages, secure in the belief that Mrs. Brockman could not possibly escape from their clutches, had been in no hurry to enter the house, but sought to prolong her agony by riding back and forth in front of the cabin, uttering unearthly yells and guttural calls well calculated to thoroughly impress the newly-widowed woman with a keen sense of her own helplessness and their power.

When they tired of this amusement, they

had readily smashed in the frail door, lunging into the house with wild rolls of whomph. They found an empty room. The victim was gone, leaving no trace. The method of her departure was not known, but it had simply sailed through the roof. It was not until one of the baffled, enraged savages tore down heavy skirt hanging behind the curtain that the presence of another was known to them. This, they supposed, led to an inner room, and with great shouts of glee the process of demolishing this new barrier to the Indians' carrying out of their schemes was begun.

As the door gave signs of yielding, the Indians crowded thickly against it. It gave unexpectedly, and they found themselves piled, an indiscriminate, furiously struggling mass of kicking brown legs and upreaching arms, in the center of a thick cluster of trees on the edge of the canyon. The layer of legs and arms at once released itself from the melee and slid down the canyon in search of the fleeing women.

It soon became evident that she had great a start on them. There was no possibility of catching her, so they returned to the scene of their crime. Here the Indians were quickly fired, the Indians continuing to toss the body of the over-trusted John Brockman into its funeral pyre, then running hurriedly away, for they realized that vengeance would soon be on their trail since a living witness had been allowed to escape. Hitherto, there had been only suspicion to connect them with the misdeeds, these wards of the government, in the throes of transition from savagery to respectable members of civilization, were extremely careful that no one who was aware of their misdeeds should have the opportunity of betraying them.

Thus it was that when Andrew Brockman and his men arrived they found but a pile of ashes.

Silently they drew rein beside the youth, avoiding each other's eyes, gazing somberly down on what had been the home of one of their fellow men, generous, winsome, lovable John Brockman. On them caught sight of a man's boot protruding from the edge of the pile near the canyon. He drew the attention of his mates to what was apparently indiscreet evidence of the cremation of the master.

"That so? What's he look like? I seen him around."

"To be right honest, Dick, I don't ain't never seen him. A man's goin' me here today, though, that used to with him before he turned hold-up man."

"Know his name?"

"Name's Pierce—Jim Pierce. We figure to let—"

But Jim had heard quite enough, quickly from his chair, he walked where his horse—a lean, sinewy sorrel—was harnessed. Untying him, he swung in saddle and rode over to the railroad.

Here he dismounted, stepped ungraciously onto the platform, and walked into the waiting-room. A thin, pasty-faced man with a green eye-shade, the office taking a message from the telegraph receiver.

Jim leaned over the ticket counter, right hand suspended and hovering about that lump in his chaps.

"Say, sonny, is that message right important?" he asked, with the manner who had a right to know.

The operator looked up with an air of impatience.

"Cause if it ain't," Jim went on, "some business that is. And I ain't a waiting."

The other glared angrily at him a moment, then turned back to his writing.

"I was only stunned," John replied. "They flung me into the house when they fired it. The flames were gettin' hot when I came to, but I managed to get out, not much the worse for wear, though I guess I'll look like one of those here less Mexican dogs for a while."

The operator shoved back the paper he had been writing on and looked up dignifiedly.

"Well?" he snapped, starting to rise in his chair. "What is it?"

In the act of rising he paused, grew deadly tense, and stood as one transfixed. Under the green eye-shade his face loomed.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the boy, "you're stupid o' me. I meant that an old kirk plate."

SHERIFFS ASSIST.

A MAN whose size was as his good looks rode up to the post in front of the Silver Moon, the only establishment of its kind, Martinez, Ariz. Jim Pierce, sitting in his hat shoved carelessly back, his chair tipped comfortably against the wall, a brown little cigarette lazily watched the newcomer as mounted and came in.

"Howdy, Dick," he heard him miliarily to the bartender, who was beneath the bar arranging some bales. The latter looked up with quick "Well, if ain't Tom Stevens!" extending his hand across the bar.

"You're the doc," he agreed. "sheriff, what brings you down here?"

The sheriff poured himself a drink and studied the liquid thoughtfully.

"Remember that hold-up in Prescott, the time the postoffice was out?" he presently asked.

Jim Pierce had been fast losing interest in the conversation, when his pulse quickened and he leaned forward to hear more clearly. From mere habit, perhaps, his right hand quickly to a spot just below the waist where his chaps bulged significantly.

"Sure, I remember," replied the bar.

"Made a clean get-away, didn't they?"

"Yea. We got a tip up in the office the man that pulled that off is laying around here," went on the sheriff, knowing just about where to find him, tip's straight. He's aiming to keep his border so's he can jump over Mexico if he thinks anyone's on his trail."

"That so? What's he look like? I seen him around."

"To be right honest, Dick, I don't ain't never seen him. A man's goin' me here today, though, that used to with him before he turned hold-up man."

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"Tut, tut," exclaimed the boy, "you're stupid o' me. I meant that an old kirk plate."

Jim's right hand had brought above his shoulder and leveled.

oseley.

The Chase of the Hold-up Man.

By Kenneth Carlyle Beatson.

SHERIFF'S ASSISTANT.

A MAN whose size was as unusual as his good looks rode up to the hitching post in front of the Silver Dollar Saloon, the only establishment of its kind in Tucson, Ariz. Jim Pierce, sitting within, had shoved carelessly back from his seat, his chair tipped comfortably against the wall, a brown little cigarette in the process of formation between his fingers, and watched the newcomer as he dismounted and came in.

"Howdy, Dick," he heard him call familiarly to the bartender, who was stooped beneath the bar arranging some bottles.

The latter looked up with quick interest. "Well, if it ain't Tom Stevens!" he cried, stretching his hand across the bar. "How are you, sheriff? Ain't seen you since you was elected. How's the world going up in Coconino county?"

"That's could be," answered the sheriff. "Ain't this one lulu of a day? Say, Dick," he leaned over confidentially—"let's open the biggest one you've got in the house. It's doggone near burned up."

"You're the doc," he agreed. "Say, still, what brings you down here, anyway? After somebody?"

The sheriff poured himself a drink and sipped the liquid thoughtfully.

"Remember that hold-up in Prescott last year, the time the postoffice was cleaned out?" he presently asked.

Jim Pierce had been fast losing all interest in the conversation, when he heard the question. Suddenly, though his position of expression did not change in the least, his pulse quickened and he leaned forward a hair more clearly. From mere force of will, perhaps, his right hand drifted steadily to a spot just below the waist line where his chaps bulged significantly.

"True, I remember," replied the bartender. "It's a clean get-a-way, didn't they?"

"Yes. We got a tip up in the office that the man that pulled that off is laying low around here," went on the sheriff. "We know just about where to find him, if he's straight. He's aiming to keep near his border so he can jump over into Mexico. They's only one trail there, so he won't have no trouble following me. You see," he explained, backing toward the doorway, "I wanna get him started after me I don't see no fun in pulling off a hold-up if nobody's gonna come after me and make it interesting."

Reaching the door he stepped out on the platform and walked over to where his horse stood. He fastened the package of gold to the rear of the saddle and mounted.

He reasoned that it would take at least ten minutes for the sheriff to be warned and get started in pursuit. This, he mused, was exactly as he wished it. He could, without the least trouble, lead the sheriff some distance out of town, then dismount and engage him in the kind of best-man-come-out-of-it-alive fight that to Jim was the greatest sport on earth.

Presently, when he thought sufficient time had elapsed to enable the sheriff to have started, he mounted a little knoll and looked back along the trail. At first he saw nothing but a thin cloud of dust that seemed to be moving toward him. He fixed his gaze on a little rise in the trail over which he knew his pursuers must ride, and which was just a little ahead of the approaching dust cloud. As he watched, a rider suddenly appeared. He leaned forward, his gaze intent; then suddenly sat up stiff with a muffled curse. Following the first man to appear on the rise, fully eleven others had come into view.

All thoughts of a stand flew from Jim's head. He could fight one man—possibly two or three—and have the time of his life, but twelve men! That was not to be thought of, even by Jim.

"Blazer, old horse," he muttered, patting his mount on the neck and heading him around. "I reckon we gotta beat the doggone bunch to the Pass. That's all the h—l there is to it. We can beat them, all rightey. They ain't got a horse in the outfit that can keep the pace we're gonna set."

Jim's knowledge of horses was extensive, to say the very least. This knowledge enabled him to know that an hour and a half of hard riding through a country as rough and broken as that through which led the trail he followed would be something more than could be expected of an ordinary horse.

The horse he rode, however, he knew to be far from ordinary, and felt certain could be relied upon to cover the entire distance to the Pass at a speed which those following would find hard to duplicate.

For an hour he urged his horse along, now forced to proceed at a walk because of

"Put your hands up—way up—and act nice," Jim pleasantly commanded. "If you hurry we'll have this little business over in no time. Now, walk over to that safe and open it. That's the way."

The frightened operator, his whole body trembling, walked obediently over to the safe. Twirling the handle about with unsteady hands he finally succeeded in getting the combination right, and swung open the safe door.

"Now," further instructed Jim, "take out all the money and gold, and bring 't over here."

The other fumbled a little inside the safe, then brought back a handful of paper money. Counting it, Jim found there was a little over \$200. He promptly handed it back.

"I ain't taking up no collection for a Sunday-school," he said. "Recollect, I said money and gold. Sonny, I happen to know the Big Flush brought in gold bullion this morning that oughta bring close onto \$5000. Just trot that out, and I'll let you keep this \$200 as a remembrance. Might as well. They'll never think but what I took it right along with the rest. Now, let's have the gold."

The operator hesitated, looked at the gun, shivered, then went for the bullion. It was done up quite as an ordinary package.

"This is the real goods, all rightey," grinned Jim as he weighed it between his hands. "Now, sonny, lemme tell you something. As soon as I clear out you trot right over to the Silver Dollar. You find a big, pretty looking kid there. He's the sheriff of Coconino county. You'd never think he was a sheriff to look at him, but he is. You tell him Jim Pierce has just been in town and robbed the Wells-Fargo. He'll be plumb tickled to death. You tell him, too, that I'm hitting a straight line for Vulture Pass, to get to Mexico. They's only one trail there, so he won't have no trouble following me. You see," he explained, backing toward the doorway, "I wanna get him started after me I don't see no fun in pulling off a hold-up if nobody's gonna come after me and make it interesting."

Reaching the door he stepped out on the platform and walked over to where his horse stood. He fastened the package of gold to the rear of the saddle and mounted.

He reasoned that it would take at least

ten minutes for the sheriff to be warned, and get started in pursuit. This, he mused, was exactly as he wished it. He could, without the least trouble, lead the sheriff some distance out of town, then dismount and engage him in the kind of best-man-come-out-of-it-alive fight that to Jim was the greatest sport on earth.

Presently, when he thought sufficient time had elapsed to enable the sheriff to have started, he mounted a little knoll and looked back along the trail. At first he saw nothing but a thin cloud of dust that seemed to be moving toward him. He fixed his gaze on a little rise in the trail over which he knew his pursuers must ride, and which was just a little ahead of the approaching dust cloud. As he watched, a rider suddenly appeared. He leaned forward, his gaze intent; then suddenly sat up stiff with a muffled curse. Following the first man to appear on the rise, fully eleven others had come into view.

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Jim considered. Time was passing fast, and the sheriff was drawing nearer each second. For a moment he was tempted to draw his revolver and scare the girl into bringing out a horse. But she was so young and pretty, and somehow, she did not look like a girl who would be easily scared. A delay, though slight, might mean his capture, and he could not risk it.

"All rightey," he grinned. "Let's hear your demand, but make it quick. I can't lose much more time."

"Well," she said promptly, "give me that gun that bulges so on your right side. If I

the rocky trail, now able to spread into a jogging trot, now galloping gaily along level stretches. At the end of that time he began to look for signs that would indicate that his pursuers, or part of them, were dropping behind. He had paid them little attention so far, but had given his whole attention to his own riding. On a rise he paused to gaze back for a moment. With great satisfaction he saw that all of those following but two had dropped behind.

These followed at a distance of about a mile and a half. The one whose horse seemed to be the stronger he surmised 'o be the sheriff, although at that distance he could not be certain.

"They'll give out pretty soon, all rightey," he assured his horse. "This trail's sure to get them. There ain't but one horse in Arizona can take this trail full tilt. Not by a whole lot."

Spurring his horse, he swung round. The horse started forward at a trot, stumbled suddenly, pitched forward, then floundered to its feet. Jim leaned over in the saddle and looked at the right front foot.

With an oath he leaped from his seat to the ground, and lifted the foot between his hands for a closer inspection. "Hurt bad, too," he thought. "There ain't no chance now. He couldn't go another mile."

He straightened up and looked over the country ahead. For several seconds he stood looking, then he finally saw something, something off to the right of the trail, that sent a new hope through him.

"A ranch house," he muttered. "Say, I oughta be able to get a horse there."

Casting one short glance back to see how much his pursuers had gained by the delay, he swung back into the saddle and urged the crippled horse on.

The horse limped painfully, but he made good progress. He was the sort of beast that will give everything in him, and then keep going.

The house was nearer than Jim had judged. Coming out of a little draw he found himself almost upon it. A girl, a young and pretty girl, was out by the chicken yard feeding a flock of fowl. She ceased scattering wheat and looked up in surprise as she saw him approaching.

"Howdy, ma'am," he greeted, as soon as he had dismounted.

"Why—how—how do you do," she stammered.

"You don't know who I am, I reckon," said Jim, "but maybe you mighta heard of me. I'm Tom Stevens, sheriff of Coconino county. I want you to do a little favor for me, and I'm in an awful hurry. I wanna get a horse. Have you got one right handy?"

The girl was regarding him open-eyed. The flush that came into her face made her seem even prettier.

"Why—I don't know," she hesitated. "We've got several horses, but—"

"Well, ma'am, I wish you'd get me one," said Jim. "I'm after a man who's hitting the trail for Mexico, and if I don't get a move on he'll be so far ahead of me I won't have a chance of catching him. If he beats me to the Pass, he'll be free. My horse stumbled and hurt his leg. He couldn't go more'n a mile, the way he is. If you'll trot out that horse, ma'am, I'll see that the county makes it right with you."

The girl, while he had been speaking, had been staring thoughtfully at the ground, her lower lip caught between her teeth. One might have thought she was wrestling with a problem. She looked up quite suddenly as he finished.

"I'll tell you," she said, the flicker of a smile appearing on her face. "I'll let you have a horse on one condition. If you'll promise to do one little thing I ask, I'll bring the horse right out."

Jim considered. Time was passing fast, and the sheriff was drawing nearer each second. For a moment he was tempted to draw his revolver and scare the girl into bringing out a horse. But she was so young and pretty, and somehow, she did not look like a girl who would be easily scared. A delay, though slight, might mean his capture, and he could not risk it.

"All rightey," he grinned. "Let's hear your demand, but make it quick. I can't lose much more time."

"Well," she said promptly, "give me that gun that bulges so on your right side. If I

give you a horse and you catch this man, you might shoot him. Then I'd feel responsible for it. If you will give me your gun I'll bring a horse right out."

"Why—ma'am," stammered Jim, "honest, I'd do anything else for you, but—I couldn't give you my gun. Why, how could I capture this man without my gun?"

"I know a sheriff—know him well," mocked the girl. "He'd be ashamed to tell anyone he couldn't get his man without his gun."

Jim looked at her. After all, what did it matter? If he got the horse he would have no further use for the gun until he could get a new one. Give him a fresh horse this close to the border, and he had little fear of anyone ever getting close enough to him to make the use of guns necessary.

"I guess what you say goes," he said, handing her the weapon. "Now trot out the horse, miss. Please don't waste no time, or that man'll be so far away I won't be able to catch him in a week."

The girl smiled, stuck the revolver playfully in the belt that held her apron, then stepped quickly to a nearby barn. In a scant moment she returned, leading a fine-looking black horse.

Some five minutes later Sheriff Tom Stevens, the real Tom Stevens, rode up to where the girl still stood scattering grain to the chickens. Hurriedly he dismounted and approached her.

"Mary!" he cried, taking her in his arms and kissing her with the manner of one who had a perfect and understood right to do so.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he went on hastily. "You know that man Jim Pierce I told you about? Well, I been following him along the trail for an hour and a half. He's headed for Mexico. He can't be more'n a mile ahead. His horse oughta be pretty well spent, so if you'll let me have one of your dad's I can catch him sure. Two more of the boys are waiting for me back on the trail, and if you could give me a horse apiece for them I'd sure appreciate it."

"My, but you are excited about it," smiled Mary, finally disentangling herself and drawing back. "One might think it to be the first outlaw you were ever after."

"But Mary," he cried, "don't you see? Every minute we're wasting here."

"Wasting here! Well, I like that. Do you count all of the time spent with the girl you've promised to marry 'wasted' time?"

The sheriff was frozen into silence. Such actions and speech at such a time were quite beyond him, and he was astounded, to say the least.

"Jim Pierce himself was just here," she smiled, "and he, even, did not seem to be in such a rush to tear himself away. Really, I hardly think he would be gone yet had I not seen you coming and warned him."

"I—Jim Pierce!" cried the sheriff. "Why, Mary—you don't mean to say he was here just now?"

"Ye-es. He wanted a fresh horse. His horse had fallen and hurt himself. Of course, I—I—"

"Mary! You didn't give him one!"

"Well, he—he said he was the sheriff of Coconino county, and I couldn't very well refuse the sheriff, could I?"

The sheriff was amazed, utterly. She paused to watch his face a moment. Then her whole manner changed suddenly, and she laughed outright.

"Tom, you silly old boy," she cried. "What kind of a little goose do you think me to be? I did give him a horse. What else could I do? He would have taken one anyway, if I had refused. I—I gave him Sally. You know old Sally. She can't walk down to the creek alone without going lame. She looks fine. He'd never know the difference to look at her. But she'll be so lame she can't carry him by the time he's ridden her a mile. Besides, before I gave him the horse I made him give me his revolver. If you just follow the trail you won't have much trouble capturing him."

At loss for words the sheriff simply stared at her, his face blank with surprise.

"Mary," he finally exploded, "you're a lulul! Why, dog-gone it!"

Words again failing him, he seized her in his arms and let his actions speak for him.

"We-el," she said—when she could—"I wondered if you'd rush off without thanking me!"

**TO WED
AILWAY PR**
**Won Fame in Te
mable Fifth-Avenue**
**Gossips Say Fiance Helped Select Trouss
Final Word in Fashionable Elegance.**

Life of Western Ranch Hands.

By Will Robinson.

REMINISCENCES.

HE HAD commenced to pick oranges. I had gone down into the orchard to see that a new bunch of men were not clipping the fruit too green, when I heard a great baritone voice booming out the Toreador's song from "Carmen." I am not a musical critic, but I didn't need a Hammerstein to tell me that I was listening to the real thing. Every note was struck squarely in the middle. There was no bellowing, but that song was big enough to have filled the Metropolitan.

I followed the stream to its source, and found a well set-up man of about thirty-five, with a large purple discoloration under one eye, sitting on the top of a ladder in the midst of an orange tree. He had a good mouth, a very dirty face, and was clad in a cheap cotton shirt and overalls. He was picking deftly, selecting fruit the right shade of yellow, and cutting the stems the right length. From time to time the music would burst out from that wonderful throat of his. I heard him sing airs from "Aida," the "Huguenots," "La Boheme," and a lot of other things with which I was unfamiliar. It was great singing. It filled you full of music right down to your toes.

The soloist worked two weeks, appeared one morning cleanly shaved, in well-fitting, tailor-made suit, and in grammatical English called for his "time." He thanked me for his pleasant fortnight; remarked that Arizona would always be a pleasant recollection with him, said good-by, went to town and disappeared. Who he was, or why he should have been picking oranges on a Salt River Valley fruit ranch I never discovered.

The notable thing was that the other men took no special interest in him. As old Bill Fugle said: "What of it? In the sage brush country you ain't got no license to guess what a man did yester'day because he is pushing a long handle shovel today."

That perhaps explains the difference between the eastern hired man and the western ranch hand, for different they are, as the comfortable St. Bernard lying under a New England elm differs from the lean, rangy wolf of the New Mexico uplands.

To avoid confusion, it must be explained that in this article, the line of demarcation between the east and the west is placed according to the plainsman's standpoint—not far from the hundredth meridian, or just about where people leave off praying for rain and begin to dig irrigating ditches.

The hired man on the eastern farm knows nothing but farming; as likely as not he is the son of a farmer neighbor. The western ranch hand may have originally been a lapidary or a librarian, a preacher or a printer, and previous to the day he struck you for a job, sojourned in half a dozen States, with Mexico and Hawaii thrown in for good measure, in as many months. These men drift west—for but few of them are indigenous—for a thousand reasons.

Do you remember Jones, the floor-walker at Wanamaker's, who was discharged for drunkenness, and Smith, who was short in his accounts in some bank up in Harlem? it was vaguely reported that they "went West."

A reasonably safe guess would be that Jones is picking lemons near San Diego, and that Smith is trying to learn how to irrigate alfalfa down in Arizona.

Or to get another angle, Billings, who failed in the hardware business—principally on account of ill health—in Saginaw, Mich., is foreman on a hog ranch down in Imperial, and is so rugged he is ashamed of it.

The dissimilarity in environment, too, does its share in accenting the difference between the eastern and western tiller of the earth.

Back East he works by the month, is one of the family, has his washing done by the farmer's wife, and goes to church with the folks on Sunday. Out West he works by the day, sleeps in the bedding he has "packed" to the ranch on his back, lodges in the bunk house in winter and under the stars in summer, eats in the cook shack, and his Sunday morning service consists in doing his own washing in water he has heated in a five-gallon oil can over an out-of-door fire.

The typical western ranch hand—and there we have the nub of the whole matter; there is no typical western ranch hand.

Take Jim the Loot. He had been a soldier in the American army at the taking

of Peking. His story of one feature of his activities in the Celestial capital was remarkable—if true. One night, he, with the assistance of two coolies, looted (it sounded shockingly like plain burglary—I suppose it was the fact that they were stealing from heathen that made the difference) a jewelry shop, Jim called it. According to the story, they scaled a twenty-foot wall, and secured three gunny sacks full of loot which included silver, jade, some gold filigree work and a handful of pearls. This loot, it seemed, was turned over to a "lady friend" who converted it into cash. Jim's share on the divide was the equivalent of \$20,000. Immediately thereafter Jim abruptly severed his connection with the army—he was a bit hazy as to details—and a month later disembarked from a Japanese Pacific liner at a San Francisco wharf with something over four thousand pounds sterling, in British exchange, from a Shanghai bank. I tried to make Jim cut it down to \$4000, but he wouldn't do it.

He says he can remember nearly all of the first week—and then oblivion encompassed him. When he came to he was in the back room of a squalid saloon and his window looked out on a limitless expanse of sage brush and grease wood. The sign at the station said Gila Bend, and he had 15 cents in his pocket.

"All I can remember," said Jim, "was eatin' and beautiful ladies." The bibulous portion of the programme made not even a ripple on his mind. The flood had been too deep.

Just how many tales of chaps like Jim are true, is hard to say. Jim looked the part. He was as strong and active as a Greek God, and he feared neither man nor the devil. He probably deserted from the army and stole all he could lay his hands on. Indeed, it may have happened just as he told it; one never can tell.

Often an accident would bring out a fact about a man who had been inclined to the telling of tall yarns, that would completely eclipse the wildest tale that had ever passed his lips.

Conroy—we will call him—was cooking on a ranch about ten miles from Phoenix, Ariz. He was a big, good-looking fellow, with marks of periodic dissipation on his otherwise really fine face.

He always assumed the pose of being one of the most remarkable cooks in America, temporarily down on his luck, owing to sickness, robbery, etc. After supper he usually had a story to tell the boys of this or that experience which had occurred while he was meat chef at the Holland House, or pastry cook at the Auditorium Annex, or doing the baking at the St. Francis. At these times the wink would be passed and Conroy encouraged to proceed.

One morning he abruptly asked for his time, saying he had received a letter from the manager of the Alexandria at Los Angeles, asking him to come over and take charge of the kitchen.

He went to town, cashed his check, and started out of Phoenix on the brake-beam of a Santa Fe Pullman.

From information which was afterward obtained, it was learned that he had taken his seat an hour or so before train time, had probably gone to sleep, and before the train was a hundred rods from the station had fallen off and was killed.

Acting on a hint given by a letter in his pocket, a telegram was sent, when his true story came out. He belonged to a weakly family in Pennsylvania. Some years before, after a particularly disgraceful spree, he had disappeared. Occasionally afterward he would write his parents from Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona points, saying that he had stopped drinking, was traveling for a western wholesaler, and had plenty of money. As a matter of fact, he had been working in various railroad camps and on ranches, getting drunk when he had the price, and, when his money was spent, going back into the country to sober up.

His only acquaintance with the various hotels he had mentioned had been gained in the old days of affluence, where his presence had graced cafes rather than kitchens, and his time had been spent in consuming lobsters à la Newburg rather than in concocting them.

Kraber was another variation. He had never seen the ocean, or a craft larger than the dredge on the irrigating ditch, but as

the boys said, he knew more about navies than the man who invented them. The source of his information was never divulged—it was more impressive just to know it. He would hold forth, with stuttering speech, in season and out, on his favorite topic. He would sit on the edge of his bunk and fidget while the conversation roamed from the precise way a nigger in the Soudan handled an irrigation shovel, to just what kind of gum drops they were that Doc Cook fed to the natives of the North Pole. But no matter how the talk started, old Kraber would shoo it into dry dock somewhere, then there would be a preliminary fizz of conversation-starters from the navy man like the breaking of a champagne bottle against eight-inch steel, and statistically a new dreadnaught would be launched, complete from boiler capacity to the kind of furniture in the second lieutenant's cabin.

Where these men who strike you for a job come from and what experience they have had in your particular line of work, nobody but the applicant knows—and he won't tell if the information is likely to work against his getting the place.

"Are you familiar with ranch work in this part of the West?"

"Yes, sir."

"Understand irrigation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Worked for any one here in the valley?"

This hints of references, so the man says quickly, and probably truthfully: "No, sir. Only came in a few days ago. But I have irrigated down in the Yuma country, in Imperial and up in Colorado."

The fact that he didn't know the difference between a ranjero and a waste weir, and had never run a "head of water" in his life, didn't make so much difference, after all. He would surreptitiously ask questions from the older men, keep his eyes open and his wits about him, and by the end of the week would be doing fairly acceptable work.

I have been working laborers in the West for over twenty years, and I have never yet seen a man who would confess ignorance of the proper way to do a piece of work. Sometimes the asserted familiarity with the job would be qualified with: "Now, maybe my way ain't just the way you folks do here, and I want to suit you, so if you will just lay out your notion about it," etc. They will do it, too—all right, if you give them half a hint—anything from mixing concrete to sweating lemons.

I have planted orange trees, run complicated systems of irrigating ditches, built concrete cisterns, cut and fitted water pipe and sewer and put up a fruit packing-house with the ordinary, drifting run of western farm hands—and the labor was all done in a workmanlike manner.

Of course there are inefficient ones among them, but they can be soon weeded out. There is also the hobo who strikes you for a job Saturday night. He doesn't want to work by the day, he wants a job by the month—by the year. He wants a good long job. He isn't one of these fellows who up and quits after working a month or two. Even the amount of the pay isn't material, just so long as he can work.

He has no bed, left it in town as security for a grub bill, but he can sleep in the hay all right for a few nights.

He eats for supper as much as any four men ought to eat, takes his three meals on Sunday, and a good substantial breakfast Monday morning. You take him out into the field and put him to work. He sits on his hands and starts in on the long job. As soon as he thinks you are out of sight, he drops his shovel and starts for the fence.

But you have been watching him from behind a tree—this game has been played on you before, and you beat him to it. The man is then led to the ditch cleaning gang, and shovels muck, under the direction of a straw-boss, till dark. He is then dismissed with your blessing.

The pseudo bad man doesn't last long, either. Hard work doesn't agree with him, and the men soon call his bluff.

The bad man must not be confused with the chap who, for one reason or another has suddenly found himself on the wrong side of the law. Often such a man will gladly welcome the seclusion of an isolated ranch

where he may live in obscurity until the officers forget him. He will be the quiet and often the hardest working man you have.

A man whom I afterwards learned was wanted by naval authorities for breaking a fellow seaman with a monkey wrench, was absolutely exemplary during the three months he spent with me on our ranch.

The cutting up of the ranges into small farms is forcing the cowboy into other occupations. If he can't get a job as brakeman which seems to be specially attractive next to the ex-puncher of steers, he will reluctantly trade his "rope" (they don't use much out West) for the long-handled shovel. But to tell the truth he doesn't make a very good hand, even after he is domesticated.

It takes a strike or unusual shortage of work to force the town laborer, who is masons, plasterers and other skilled workers, to leave the city for the ranch. After eight hours a day and the excitement of urban existence, eleven or more out among the sage brush where the coyotes howl at night doesn't seem to them wholly disagreeable.

Even good mechanics, however, find it impossible to remain sober in town and come out to the ranch and stay a month or more, fighting the old familiar enemy.

It is amazing how many of these men are addicted to the periodic drunk habit, though it is gratifying to know that the number steadily growing less. Cooks, out-of-the-way mechanics, and others are especially noted for their alternating wet and dry seasons.

Now there was Beant, as good a man cook as ever fried a beefsteak. He was clean; the white oil cloth on the table spotless, the dishes shone, the floor was scrubbed twice a week. He could take a piece of chuck beef, some flour, a can of beans, a little sugar, a few dried apples and a handful of raisins, and put on a dish that would not only appeal to one's natural senses, but his artistic tastes as well. The decorations and music were not neglected. The former might have consisted of a bunch of palo verde blossoms, a photograph supplied the latter. It was Beant's personal property, and thrown in at \$1.50 a day job.

Beant would open the dining-room in the morning and as the men would file in, from the dinner horn on the stand at the end of the room would come, in a burst of loud phonographicized tones of Ada Jones or Bille Murray (who, by the way, will be remembered on the ranches of the West when Dewey, Bryan and Taft are forgotten).

Beant would keep right up to the mark for two or three months. The cook house would be low, the place clean and the men contented.

One morning you would notice Beant's face wore an ominous frown. And you would examine the stove and find your worst fears realized. The pint bottle of lemon extract, which had come out of the wagon from town the day before, was empty. The half bottle of vanilla had been doped, and Beant's breath was strong with an exaggerated fruit cake.

That night your cook would take the zig-zag path to town, and you were looking for a substitute guaranteed to last until Beant would get sober again.

We never had more than one person, for it was not wholly his fault; he was from Indiana, and had once picked up Whitcomb Riley's hat when it had blown to the road. He did very well so long as he stuck to his bit of pencil and picture note paper, but when he insisted upon writing what he had written the men expected him. I do not know just what they did, but it was sufficient. When he called for time he said he was going back East, and the people paid some attention to their native natures.

The young college chaps would go with the other men very well. They would come up from the University of Wisconsin, and even down from Berkeley and Stanford. Usually they were trying to save money enough to finish their course by offering to take a year off and make a lump job than to grab along the road to the table route through their few years of learning.

They seemed to me to be pretty wild company in the world.

"Well, say, look here! I'll tell you what there's a little girl up town, little Anderson girl, you know Anderson?—she

has some puppies to give away. Nice little

terriers. What you want is one of those

to keep you company. Dogs are the

best company in the world."

"All right. I catch um puppy dog."

</p

[Saturday, May 17, 1913]

In 8 Part

They strengthened their muscles, lungs and digestion in doing a man's work in the open, and incidentally learned many things college curriculums do not include.

These boys, oftener than not, were city boy, and while they hadn't the strength and initiative of the old-timers, and were really ignorant of things pertaining to farm life, were intelligent and eager to learn, and willingness plus brains produced very satisfactory results.

Their new outlook on life interested as well as mildly amused the Hassayampers, and they accepted the boys, if not exactly at once of equality, at least with catholic tolerance. Their educational "bug" was only a form of eccentricity like Kraber's and Conroy's hotel jobs.

Bedloe's bug was recipes for hobo-camp dinners. He wasn't really a 'bo, for he never shirked his work when he was on the job. He would drift down into the warm cities of the southwest in the winter, and wait for an occasional spree, work steadily during the winter. But when the warm winds of spring blew up from the Gila deserts, he would remember the Mississippi Valley and the joys of vagabondage, and off he would go.

To get back to the mulligan. Take one of the 5-gallon coal oil cans and fill it

about full of water, drop in three or four remembered fowls, purloined from nearby chicken roosts, put in a handful of onions (hastily picked in the dark of the night) add an onion or two, and let it simmer an hour if you are not too hungry, then strain it out according to the number of 'pos present, and fill up the can with milk. (Findley says milk is the easiest thing in the world to steal.) And there you are!

Course, there is always a Socialist. I mean the incidental Socialist—every man in the West except your banker or the attorney for the railroad is apt to be radical—but the professional article.

Spends his evenings and Sundays in

reading tracts and arguing, arguing, arguing. Sometimes he slighted his work and is

sometimes his work is above criticism,

and stays as long as a month or two.

He may men do their boasting on our

time is interesting. The thing he has

accomplished that day—an unusual amount

of pitched or baled, the accomplishment

of men's work by one man with a big

handful of water, the deftness with which a

handful of raisins was broken—these things

would add nothing. It is the number

of sheep he sheared one spring five

years ago, up in Montana, or the way he

spent his time with the Greasers when he was a young

boy, down in Chihuahua—that makes the

graphic tones of Ada Jones and

Murray (who, by the way, will be

married on the ranches of the West)

Dewey, Bryan and Taft are utterly

utterly lost to the ranch and stay a month or

three months. The cook house bills

are low, the place clean and the men

contented.

In the morning you would notice that

his face wore an ominous flush. Hastily

you would examine the stores and find your

fears realized. The pint bottle of

extract, which had come out on the

boat from town the day before, was empty.

The wharfinger was oblivious to the oily,

slate-colored water that swelled

against the wharf and then burst into a

flashing splinters of green and gold in

the morning sun. He was almost ob-

livious of the white snow on the mountain

peaks and the foothills afire with poppies.

During that sentiment and loneliness

of the night your cook would take the

wharfinger guaranteed to last until Beau-

t got sober again.

He never had more than one post.

It was not wholly his fault; he came

from Indiana, and had once picked up James

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Good Short Stories - - -

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
From Many Sources.

Sweated Poets.

ALFRID NOYES, the self-supporting English poet, said at the Players' Club: "You American poets are in luck. Your editors pay so well here. Why, an industrious American poet ought to be able to afford a motorcycle, or at least a bicycle. But in England it's a different story."

Mr. Noyes, smiling bitterly, then said: "An English sonneteer once asked a bald lad writer:

"Who originated that phrase, 'A penny for your thoughts,' do you know?"

"Of course I know," was the reply. "It was an editor."

* * *

The Healer's Art.

DR. F. F. FRIEDMANN, at a luncheon in Providence, showed an unexpected knowledge of English; he told, in fact, a dialect story.

"A physician from the South," he began, "said he was glad that my treatment was now better understood—that it was not looked on like the treatment of Dr. Mose."

"A white physician, meeting Dr. Mose, said:

"Well, Mose, where have you been?"

"Been to see Cal Clay," Mose replied. "He busted a blood vessel wrestlin' with Wash White."

"Why, Mose, that's serious! What did you prescribe?" asked the white doctor.

"I fixed him up all right with alum and gum arabic," Mose answered. "Alum to draw the parts together, and the gum to stick 'em."

* * *

The Right Binding.

MAYOR HUNT picked up in a Cincinnati bookshop a volume bound in striking hues.

"This book," he said, "has a very splendid and conspicuous binding. This book, in fact, is bound to attract attention."

* * *

The Scribbler's Retort.

SENATOR TILLMAN, apropos of an aristocratic abuse of power, told an impressive story about Voltaire.

"Voltaire sat in his box at the opera," the Senator began, "when the Duc de Lauzun, a courtier of Louis XV, drove up in his coach and demanded a box for his party."

"Alas, monseigneur," said the attendant, "the boxes are all gone."

"That may be," said the Duke; "but I see the scribbler Voltaire over there in a very good box with a party of women. Throw him out!"

"The world does move. In those days such things could be. Voltaire, incredible as it seems to us today, was ejected forthwith from the box he had paid for, and the Duc de Lauzun took his place."

"Voltaire brought suit against the Duke to recover the price of the box, and the Duke's lawyer said in his opening speech:

"What? It is M. Voltaire, a petty ink splasher, who dares to plead against the Duc de Lauzun, whose great grandfather was the first to scale the walls of La Rochelle, whose grandfather took twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, whose—"

"Excuse me," Voltaire interrupted. "I am not pleading against that Duc de Lauzun who was first on the walls of La Rochelle, nor against the Duke who snatched twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, nor against him who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy. I am merely pleading against the Duc de Lauzun who never captured anything in his life but my box at the opera."

* * *

On Modern Man.

THIS late Emerson Taylor, our Consul at Port of Spain," said a Washington official, "hailed from Dry Run, and he had a fund of happy Dry Run humor."

Taylor once compared a disgruntled brother consul to a Dry Run housewife.

"This woman, he said, often took a queer, disgruntled view of things. Thus she said one day:

"I don't think the prodigal son was so bad, after all."

"He wa'n't no good to his family," said her husband.

14

"That's a fact," said the Dry Run woman. "But when he got home, all the same, he knew enough to keep his mouth shut. If he'd been like the twentieth-century man, by crinus, the first thing he'd done would 'a' been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."

* * *

Among the Cobwebs.

BISHOP CANDLER of Atlanta, apropos of worldly parsons, said the other day:

"There was a worldly parson of this type in Philadelphia, a great fox hunter, whom a Spruce-street Quaker took in hand.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I understand thee's clever at fox-catching."

"I have few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson complacently replied.

"Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox I would hide where thee would never find me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the parson with a frown.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study."

* * *

In a Word.

"I HOPE all this tariff revision will reduce the cost of living for the man in the street," said Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, at a vegetarian luncheon in New York.

"The man in the street, between the high union wages on the one hand and the high trust prices on the other, has a pretty hard time of it.

"In a word," Mr. Dreiser ended, "the gas sometimes escapes, but the consumer never does."

* * *

It Won't Work.

PIERPONT MORGAN, said a western Congressman, "splendidly enlightened the money-trust committee on the subject of credit when he said that, no matter how many billions of credit a man might have today, he'd lose it all tomorrow if he did a single wrong deed."

"Mr. Morgan declared afterward, to me personally, that credit depended altogether on integrity, and a man who tried to do wrong and at the same time maintain his credit was as silly as the Hartford schoolboy.

"This boy and some friends, he explained, wanted to get in to a baseball game, but they had no money. How to cheat the gatekeeper? They could think of no scheme. For a long while they were hopeless. Then, suddenly, the boy in question exclaimed in a delighted voice:

"I've got it, fellers! We'll all walk in backward, and the man'll think we're comin' out."

* * *

She Knew the Count.

MAYOR WHITLOCK of Toledo was talking about a Toledo heiress who had married a count.

"Well, at any rate," said he, "the girl seemed convinced that the count had no unworthy motives.

"Don't you know," a friend said to her, some months before the wedding, "don't you know that the count is simply marrying you for your money, so that he can pay his bills?"

"Nonsense!" she replied. "The count never thinks of paying his bills."

* * *

Very Like.

"THAT actor-manager would get on better if he were not so vain," said David Belasco.

"The fellow is a good deal like a yard boss I used to know in San Francisco. This yard boss always wanted to be cock of the walk. Every now and then, when he was feeling good, he'd call his men up to him, one by one, and, swelling out his chest and looking fierce, he'd say:

"I can lick any man in my gang. I can lick you."

"That's what you can, boss," the man would say soothingly—for of course he didn't want to lose his job.

"But one day a red-haired young Irishman was added to the yard gang. The boss went up to the newcomer, after lunch, shook his red forefinger under his nose, and said:

"I don't want ye to git fresh around this yard, young feller. I can lick any man

in the gang, and I can lick you, too. I can lick you—do you understand?"

"But the young Irishman had already taken off his coat and hat.

"Put up yer pins!" he said hotly. "No man on earth can lick me. Put up yer pins, I tell ye!"

"The yard boss looked at him with a cold sneer.

"Young feller," he said, "go up to the office and git yer pay. I'll have no man in me gang that I can't lick."

Mr. Belasco smiled.

"How like an actor-manager!" he murmured.

* * *

What is Chic?

LORD MORLEY, at a luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton in New York, said of the American woman:

"The American woman, as she glides in her motor car down Fifth avenue, or as she hurries from her jeweler's to Sherry's, is perhaps the most elegant woman in the world.

"Fifth avenue is perhaps the most elegant street in the world. Broad and straight, bordered with splendid shops and hotels of pale stone, drenched with sunshine and roofed with a luminous blue sky, Fifth avenue is a fitting promenade for America's beautiful women.

"But these women dress, perhaps, a little too boldly for the street. Take, for example, their tight gowns with a slit at the side—a slit through which advances and retreats a slim foot in a patent leather shoe and a supple ankle in a gossamer silk stocking. This is perhaps too overwhelming a costume for street wear.

"Yet in such a costume the American woman is undoubtedly chic. And this raises the question, What is chic?"

Lord Morley paused and smiled. Then he continued:

"Chic, I would reply, is the art of wearing a bold gown modestly."

* * *

Sword and Pen.

ALFRID NOYES, the English poet, told a story about a brother bard at a dinner in New York.

"A brother bard, less fortunate than myself," Mr. Noyes began, "was grinding away at an ode when his wife said:

"Milton, is it really true that the pen is mightier than the sword?"

"I suppose so," Milton answered doubtfully; "and yet that sword swallower on the first floor front sports two motor cars, while we haven't a scrap to eat in the flat."

* * *

Significant and Ominous.

HENRY M. FLAGLER'S lamentable illness, due to a fall on the polished floor of his Palm Beach villa, reminded a New York capitalist of a significant story.

"A man," said he, "wished to have his parquet floors repolished, and sent for an expert polisher. He said to the polisher on his arrival:

"Do you understand floor-polishing thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir; I'm an expert," was the reply.

"Have you got any references?"

"Well, sir," said the polisher, "I just wish you'd ask Mrs. Van Astorbitt next door about my work. Only last week three dinner guests sprained their ankles on the rosewood floor of her dining-room, and in February Mrs. Van Astorbitt herself broke her left wrist in a fall down her grand staircase of old oak. I polished that floor and them stairs."

* * *

A Good Hint.

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY, at a political meeting in Waco, desired to draw a rather protracted session to a close, when a man rose and said pompously:

"I wish to offer a few remarks, and these I will subdivide into twelve heads."

But here Mr. Henry, his eyes twinkling, interrupted.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let me tell you a story. A man was lurching home very late the other evening, much the worse for a bachelor's supper or something of that sort. He came to a clock tower, and paused and looked up at the illuminated dial to see the time. As he did so, the clock slowly began

to strike. One—two—three—four—the fingers listened, counting the strokes carefully, and when, at last, twelve sounded, he said, as he prepared to stagger on again:

"Durn you—hic—why couldn't you have said that all at once?"

Amid loud laughter Mr. Henry sat down and the pompous man made a much shorter speech than he had intended.

The Bright Side. * * *

ATTY-GEN. M'REYNOLDS, at a tea in Washington, said to a financier who was complaining bitterly about a lawsuit he had lost:

"My dear fellow, look on the bright side of things. Try to be like the old woman whose nephew was hanged. This old woman, on the way home from the execution, said with a curl of the lip:

"Thank goodness for one thing—she had to pay \$8 for the rope!"

* * *

Cleared Them Out.

ASAD-LOOKING man entered the room where the workmen were eating their lunches. He was holding a red can.

"Hey, fellers," he saluted them, "look at this can o' powder I picked up outside. I'm a mind to blow myself up."

"Clear out of here!" ordered the foreman.

The man looked around, then walked deliberately over to the stove, opened the door, and thrust the can inside.

There was a yell of dismay and a moment the hut was empty.

Ten minutes later the runaway was turned. The can was lying harmlessly in the fire and the sad-looking man was gone. So were their lunch baskets.—[Pearson's Weekly.]

* * *

English Not "Deeficult."

A YOUNG French teacher whose English was just a little uncertain, inquired of one of her pupils how to ask in the English shop for an "éponge pour le bain."

"Oh," said the latter, "all you've got to do is to tell the shopman that you want a big bath sponge to take home with you."

"Ah, it is not deeficult," she said; when the shop was reached, she expressed it differently. "Please," she said, smiling pleasantly at the young man, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"—[Pearson's Weekly.]

* * *

Learned a Lesson.

FESTERDAY," said Johnson, "I robust a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife."—[Tit-Bits.]

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Sources.

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Laughter Mr. Henry sat down, his man made a much shorter he had intended.

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or of Law.

E, disgusted with a jury that unable to reach an agreement in this evident case, rose and said: "Urge this jury."

positive talesman, indignant at what offered a rebuke, obstinately tried

can't discharge me," he said in one standing upon his rights. "why not?" asked the surprised

announced the juror, pointing lawyer for the defense. "I'm being that man there!"—[Chicago Record-Herald].

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Saturday, May 17, 1913]

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly.

The Biggest Huckster in the World.



Housewives patronizing one of the Los Angeles municipal markets. Scene at Fourth and Breed streets.

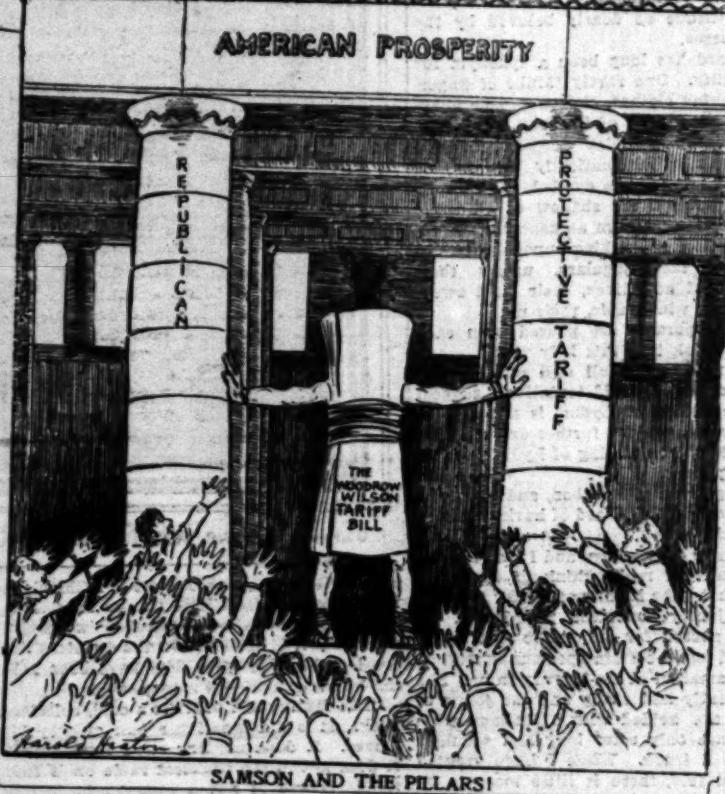
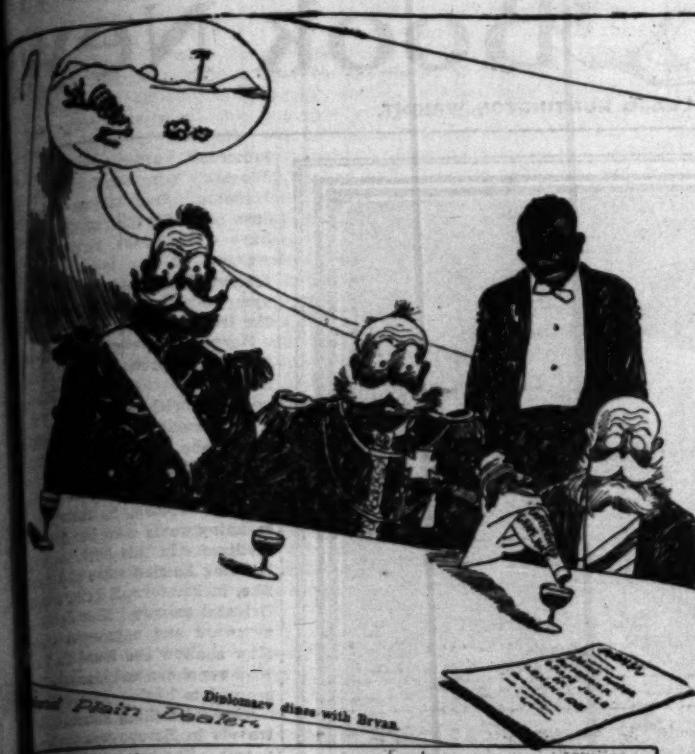
[624]



Ready for Business

Recent Cartoons.

In 8 Parts



[635]

17

utter lack of information contained in the reports accepted by Chief Waite and former Captain of Detectives Eugene Wall. Brennan, stating that he hoped to find a methodical record of the work of detective agencies.

Will Be Conducted Off the Government Life-Saving Station at Marblehead, Lake Erie—Make Experts to Break All Records.

Gosips Say Fiance Helped Select Trouser Final Word in Fashionable Elegance.

Oakland,
the daughter of Benjamin F.
at home on a western ranch
in theatricals.

"Liberator."

NG TO WED
RAILWAY P

Who Won Fame in Te
Fashionable Fifth-Aven

Final Word in Fashionable Elegance.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE NEW

Literature and Art

New Books Book News

IMPARTIAL REVIEWS BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

MRS. WARD'S LATEST

THE MATING OF LYDIA / By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York

HE average reviewer is governed by many unwritten laws. There are certain writers whose genius must not be questioned under penalty of literary ostracism. Who are they? Look this list over and you will behold the academic bulwarks of modern English and American literature: Henry Van Dyke, William Dean Howells, F. Hopkinson Smith, E. F. Benson, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Edith Wharton, Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward.

There are others, but this list will suffice, for it brings us to the author in question—Mrs. Ward. It is worth a critic's literary reputation to question this lady's genius. And more than this. It writes him down as an unintelligent fellow, an unappreciative worldling, a man of no discernment or discrimination, with neither taste nor ability.

Mrs. Humphry Ward in England and America is an institution—a fetish—a vogue. She represents all those gentilities, those platitudes and pieties, all that brummagem seriousness, that pseudo-problematic attitude so dearly beloved by the middle classes.

Mrs. Ward has long been a synonym for respectability. One rarely thinks of finger-bowls, evening clothes, cloisonne, lace handkerchiefs, the gospel of St. John, black silk gloves, church steeples or embroidered doilies without automatically thinking of Mrs. Ward. She is the symbol, the association, the parallel, the shadow of all those things which are known as genteel. Therefore, the critics are risking unpopularity and jeopardizing their jugulars, unless their most eloquent adjectives, their most sweet and soothing wind-music, their most elegant phrases are poured upon each and every book that this lady writes.

However, knowing full well what fate is in store for me, I would tentatively suggest that "The Mating of Lydia" is not a great book. I would go even further and question the fact that "The Mating of Lydia" was an interesting book.

One long drink of Bourbon, and I am prepared to accuse Mrs. Ward of having written a poor book.

Two drinks of Bourbon, and I am ready to tell you what I really think of the book, namely; that "The Mating of Lydia" is inept, stupid, jejuno conceived melodrama. It would be absurd for me not to admit that Mrs. Ward has a certain specious execution. She is no amateur at the literary game. She writes fluently and easily and the joints of her story are welded with a craftsmanship which comes only after long and sedulous service in a trade. When I have granted Mrs. Ward this, there is little more to be said. Her vogue in America is one of the modern literary mysteries. I do not believe that any human being can read "The Mating of Lydia" through with sustained interest. Instead of being an indulgence the operation is an arduous enterprise. So convinced am I of this, that I hereby offer to send a lock of my hair to anyone who will make oath that he actually received pleasure from every page of this book.

But once having read the book, whether as a duty or as a necessity, or a matter of habit, one is left in the dark as to just what object Mrs. Ward had in writing it. Surely not merely to tell a story, for the plot in bald outline is a bit of incredible theatricalism, and would convince nobody even in the hands of a literary master. Can it be that Mrs. Ward is an expositor of landlordism in rural England? There are times in the book when we are led to believe that Mrs. Ward is animated by some high moral purpose. But all of her virtue seems to peter out. She throws no light on her subject, nor does she tentatively suggest a method of change. The book is confusing. It is like being unjustly arrested by deaf mutes.

Perhaps the excuse for the book is in the character of Lydia. Perhaps. But after all, Lydia is no new figure in fiction. The modern girl with her ethically priggish ideas and her social conscience—the girl who can mention the word sex without blushing—is a well-known figure in modern literature, and may be discovered anywhere along the



OLIVER ONIONS, AUTHOR OF "IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE."

literary line between Robert W. Chambers and George Meredith. To be sure, Mrs. Ward tries to make her heroine "womanly" and "sweet," but somehow the sweetest lips are less kissable after they have been raising hell about tainted money.

"The Mating of Lydia" is a cold, colorless book. It is like wearing a pair of gray kid gloves. It does not stir one's imagination. It does not in the slightest ruffle one's emotions. There is not a passage in it that stirs one's sympathy. It is entirely without an idea. It is lacking both in analysis and in all but the most superficial of psychological research. From every point of view the book might just as well have been so many blank pages.

Now let the javelin fly! Out with the dynamite and the nitroglycerin! Hurl your bombs! Up and at it with your sulphuric acid atomizer! Lay on with the vegetables and hen-fruit! Get busy with your malicious animal magnetism! Send spooks to haunt me and call down upon me the anathema maranatha! It is too late now for me to retract.

STRAIGHTFORWARD REALISM.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE. By Oliver Onions. George H. Doran Co., New York.

REALISM, in spite of the bawlers, is coming into its own. The latest evidence of this is a novel recently imported by the George H. Doran Company, called "In Accordance with the Evidence," by Oliver Onions.

The realism of Onions, however, is not the realism of Theodore Dreiser, nor yet that of George Moore. His is the realism of simple, direct narrative. The realism that tells its story so directly and brutally that it carries with it the conviction of the inevitable. He does not wait until he has a thousand details amassed for his effect. He paints his characters with a broad brush, and his effect is undeniably powerful.

The present story is told in the first person, by a man named James Herbert Jefferies, who is a poor, underpaid clerk. He lives in poverty, and attends night school. He is not a pretty picture. But life is rarely pretty when we once get down to the realities. However, a thing to be interesting need not be pretty. Such is the case with this book. The climax of it is a murder—a murder committed by Jefferies in cold blood—a murder carefully planned so that there would never be any trace of the crime.

The book is written to disprove the old platitude that someone must always pay Jefferies is never caught. The end of the book is this:

"It is a long time ago, and nobody has paid yet. Nor, as far as I can see, is it likely that anybody ever will."

Many human characters enter the pages of this story. They are strong, vital people, with their weaknesses as well as their virtues. They are not lay figures of fiction. They are people snatched out of life itself and portrayed with an insistence and ruthlessness which make for the most accurate photography.

It is no easy task which Onion has set himself to work out. The realism of minute details requires far less selective ability than the realism of bald fact. And the latter has far more chance of falling into the melodramatic. The present author is at all times plausible, and even his account of the murder—an incident which would be entirely lacking in verisimilitude were it handled by anyone save an artist—is made comprehensible and believable by the frank economy of Onion's style.

THE EAST AND WEST.

A TURKISH WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS. By Zeyneb Hanoum. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE condescending self-toutness on the part of the occidental woman for the oriental woman becomes somewhat

ludicrous after reading Woman's European Impressions. Hanoum. Our famous author has done much for the poor Turk who has written many books, terrible to say, written by our lady visitors. She has sympathy for these slaves in the Orient!

Zeyneb, however, leaves the West. Breaking away from her mother, she escapes into Heaven by accosting with and smiting women. The present book is the second in which she wrote giving her love to the Occidental; and I hardly mean them to all these ladies who are oriental women, to those simple meaning souls who imagine themselves civilized. In this book the reader is being handed some of her private life. She, in her turn, is being given to an Oriental woman. How repulsive and awkward and ungraceful when How shallow she found the French! How repulsive and inane the French seemed to her!

The chief thing noticed by the author in her travels in Europe was the hypocrisy of the people. She had heard much of the bravery of the western women, but much of the bravery of the women.

And when Zeyneb came in contact with her, she was disgusted and shocked. Back she fled into Turkey.

BINGI! BANG! TWO DESERT GOLD. By Miss G. W. Dillingham. New York.

"A FACE haun

desert's story of life in southern

WIT

the morning and reading a passage from James Russell Lowell's "Abraham Lincoln," or a hymn by Emma Lazarus, or a platitude by Lucy Smith, or a poem by Charles Mackay.

In anthology the book is merely a collection of ink and paper. Obscure themes are drawn from, and when the compiler for choosing the in-

clude is gilded on three sides, the binding is in dark maroon; the binding is the multi-colored paper.

low and Bertrand late fell.

The p of Serie ceeds to present and Par well-ord authors in death cases wi the mult other han ment of V and co

The Bishop of and Eng Edited a Gibson Andrews With an ris, M.A. (Haverford L.L.D. (B College, Apostles

"The J Former by various

"On Literature Do For Me?" is the book just announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. for publication this month. The University of Virginia, and the volume is not a large one, Prof. C. Alphonso

spent many years gathering, sorting

Three authors, n verty L month. T by Prof. V. "The Lite Prof. Geo "From Je Ham Mac also public ly announced delayed—a series of papers, Dr. Ameri Sill's Illus and Comm

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All follow member th George Bo accompaniment and of his ex Peary." A to light, w that if Cap that if Sco Pole expidished. The London and Pole in ch ever, could announced tately Brita a British c of this, Sc Eskimo dog lieve that h of his Siber he would h ilization. I been with S Long Island drowned. Between the s died believ ful, and tha death.

Page & Co. announce the post publication of "The Book of the Dead" by Julia Ellen Rogers. Miss Rogers is known as a author of books and for the

plunge. Her lips part. The crossing in his right hand coming swiftly. Then, as she rose and said, kill you, I will kill him. The Indian stalked out of the

More shots rang out. dead stillness was rent by Not on your life!

Brooks, the daughter of Brooks, has once more up to date by furnishing an

deadly entitled "Twentieth Century" which brings this book to

President Wilson. There was a bloody gash on the

publications of Charles Scribner's Sons issued this month, in addition to the crater-a

Rogers' intention was to write a book on the life and letters of Gen. Like a trapped deer, was fighting. Yon Mercedes' magnificent head was kissed them away—killed them, and the flame beat in

"Germany and the European Cities at Work," by Thus "Desert Gold."

Crittenden, South to try any Washington news himself stra long recess else in Wash for a govern eight month again.

He applied Assistant Sec of the re Mr. Vander what I knew, anything. I modest, but natural feelin I read the le a score of go ing for me.

This is the sort of thing expect when the Son of Seward, Hannah More and others like garden cities, Year Book of Spiritual Chaps, and savings founda

as the American rep the Cambridge University were busy with the publication of the fol

"I gasped. lish, though Portuguese,

In the Rea

evidently been invented by the myth-makers to lead the brothers into their new domain; and afterward we are told, the progeny of Hunyor settled beyond the Volga, while the sons and grandsons of Magyar settled about the River Don, and were known thereafter as Don-Magyars. However much or however little true history is found in this maze of myths, the names have persisted through all the centuries. The Huns devastated Europe in the early centuries, and "Magyar" is still the most honored name by which the people of Hungary choose to be known.

Louis Joseph Vance, who has been at work with his pen in Paris during the winter, while Mrs. Vance has been busy with the paint brush, has returned to England for a brief stay. Mr. Vance's latest book, "The Day of Days," appears to be the first of several New York stories in which the action takes place within twelve hours.

Under the chapter heading of "The Crisis," J. C. Snaith in his new novel, "An Affair of State," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., projects himself a dozen or so years hence in the life of the British Empire, when, harassed on every side by political corruption, an organized labor party determined to carry out its own programme, and a ministry torn by external, internal, personal and state dissension, it is about to fall. In part the opening of this chapter, The Crisis, is as follows:

"The country continued to pass through a period of grave tension. The wise met in council, dissolved, then met again. But no decision could they reach. It seemed beyond the wit of man to bridge the chasm that had opened in the life of the nation.

"Every day that passed, with the King's government still in abeyance, strengthened the forces of unrest and gave them boldness. Sedition was openly talked. On every hand the parasites who wax on industrial strife were making the most of their great opportunity. They were beginning boldly to ask the question, If the King cannot carry on his government, what's the use of the King?

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Day of Days," "The Bandbox," etc., is one American at least who is neither dazzled by the brilliancy of Paris, nor blinded by the gloom of London. In a recent letter to his publishers he says: "I am coming home, and home looks so good to me I feel as though I never wanted to leave it again." Mr. Vance perhaps found "foreign cities" too distracting, for it was his avowed intention to work on a new novel while abroad.

His latest published book, "The Day of Days," has for its motive the "Kismet" fatalism.

"The Knave of Diamonds," by E. M. Dell, author of "The Way of an Eagle," will be published by the Putnams this month. Nap, the untamed character of the story, thus reads the heroine's destiny in a pack of cards.

"Ah! Here comes the King of Diamonds. He has taken a decided fancy to you, and if you have any heart at all, which I can't discover, you ought to end by being the Queen. No, here comes the Knave—confound his impudence!—and, by Jove, yes, followed by the missing heart. I am glad you have got one anyway, even if the King is not in it. It looks as if you will have some trouble with that Knave, so beware of him." He glanced up at her for a moment. "Beware of him!" he repeated deliberately. "He is a dangerous scamp. The King is the man for you."

The first New York performance of "Ann Boyd," the novel by Will N. Harben, was given at Wallack's Theater, March 31. The dramatization was prepared by Miss Lucille La Verne, who is also one of the cast. This is not the first time that "Ann Boyd" has been given as a play; it was produced two years ago in Boston, where it ran for several weeks. The scene of Mr. Harben's latest novel, "Paul Rundel," like that of "Ann Boyd," is laid in the Georgia country.

NEW YORK LETTER.

W. H. W.

NEW YORK, May 16.—The warm Elinor Glyn, just about the time the New York Mayor was shutting down the restaurants lest dancing, that lewd pastime, should become too prevalent among the young, turned upon us with a new novel, "Guinevere's Lover." But, according to the publishers, not even the vice crusaders of Chicago, that pious band of godly scaramouches, could tie

a can to this book. They even go so far as to say that any library may safely place it upon its shelves. Elinor without the "tiger-rugs," I fear, would be very stupid, for she does not know how to write. But here you have it: the erstwhile flaming author being labeled harmless! Thus are the mighty fallen! Thus does morality triumph! Thus are the foes of righteousness swept away! And what is more—and worse—for us, the hardy immoralists, to admit, is the statement from her publishers that since she ceased writing erotic tales and turned to old-fashioned romance her audience has steadily grown.

Are Appleton & Co. prepared to issue a definite statement showing that the sales of any other one of Elinor's books are larger than the sales of "Three Weeks"? In the name of all that is beautiful and pious, we hope that this may be true.

Jefferson Jones, years ago of J. B. Lippincott & Co.; later, literary editor of John Lane Company, and now the manager of the George H. Doran Company, is going back again to John Lane Company as the supreme Mullah of the American branch. Jones is a mercurial fellow, always on the move—ever since my first trip to Philadelphia.

But that's another story.

The books in the Bohn Libraries have always been moderate in price; it has, in fact, been the chief purpose of the various series to which that name has been given to present standard works at the lowest possible figures. The announcement, then, of a still further reduction and a very considerable reduction, too, comes somewhat as a surprise. Eighteen titles formerly sold for \$1 or \$1.50 apiece are now being offered for 25 cents, with the further assurance that many other books are soon to be added. The Bohn Libraries were really the pioneer series of reprints at popular prices.

The volumes now ready in this new series, to be known as Bohn's Popular Library, are Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," J. L. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Sir Richard Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca," Charles Lamb's Essays, George Hooper's "Waterloo," Henry Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," Cervantes's "Don Quixote," C. S. Calverley's "The Idylls of Theocritus, with the Eclogues of Virgil," Fanny Burney's "Evelina," S. T. Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," and "The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," Goethe's "Poetry and Truth from My Own Life," Ebers's "Egyptian Princess," and Arthur Young's "Travels in France During the Years 1781, 1782 and 1783."

Harold Ellisdale Goad, whose novel of modern monastic life in Italy, entitled "The Kingdom," is just being published, was founder of a social institute in Assisi of which J. Pierpont Morgan has been of recent years the chief supporter. While Mr. Goad was staying in that city he noticed that the destitution and moral condition of the young girls was so terrible that something must be done immediately. Upon investigation, he discovered that, owing to the cruel poverty of the city, the girls were at that time literally sold for white slave traffic. He appealed to the principal Italian families of the place, who were all anxious that something should be done, but lacked the necessary funds. Well-known English benefactors, however, responded generously as well as Mr. Morgan, and a flourishing industrial school, with beautiful buildings, was gradually built up, in which the girls of the poorest families are now fed, clothed and taught useful work, such as cooking, sewing, housework, etc., so that they may support themselves.

Although perhaps not a topical note of New York, I nevertheless feel like making mention in this letter of what the late Gen. Homer Lea said in regard to the Japanese situation in California. Coming at this time, it cannot fail but be interesting. Gen. Lea's book, "The Valor of Ignorance," was somewhat pooh-poohed by the platiudinarians. But it will be remembered that this book referred to the possibility of war between the United States and Japan, and said that if war broke out the responsibility would rest on us, owing to our violations of the rights and immunities granted to Japan by treaties with that country. Gen. Lea pointed out that the first step was in the Governor's message to the Legislature in 1900.

Here is a passage from Gen. Lea's book which it may be interesting to read: "When Japan presents the memoranda of her wrongs to the world and declares war, the world will regard Japan's position as not only lawful, but justly taken. They also

have their people in this republic, and each year piles up in the archives of their State Departments the grim protests of their subjects."

The book which just at present is inflaming the corpuscles of New York's literary social clubs is "My Past," by the Countess Marie Larisch, published by the Putnams.

The Countess was a favorite niece of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and in her the Empress confided many circumstances which that cautious ruler withheld from others.

At last the tragedy which has puzzled the world for a quarter of a century—namely, the death of Baroness Mary Vetsera and her lover, Prince Rudolph of Austria, has been cleared up. For twenty-five years this tragedy has been regarded as one of the mysteries which defied solution. At last the one woman in possession of the facts has told the truth about it.

ORIGIN OF MENTAL DISORDERS.

With insanity on the increase, far out of proportion of the increase of population in this country, it behoves all thoughtful persons to consider what the causes are, and how they may be apprehended—how they should be prevented. Among the men who have written along this line is Dr. Paul Dubois. He is professor of neuropathology in the University of Berne, Switzerland.

Dr. Dubois's latest monograph appears from the press of Funk & Wagnalls Company, in an authorized translation by Edward C. Richards of Edinburgh, and is entitled "The Psychological Origin of Mental Disorders." Many facts are cited in it, concerning the early views of experts with regard to disordered minds, and what caused them. Coming down into the last years of the eighteenth century, Dr. Dubois goes on to say:

"The Italian, Chiarruggi (1793,) like the Englishman, Cullen, advanced the view of a physical alteration of the brain, and absolutely refused the expression diseases of the mind for mind, he said, is immaterial and can not be diseased. Dufour, in 1786, placed the disease, not in the brain, but in the abdominal organs, anticipating by a century our moderns, imbued with the idea of intestinal autoxidation.

"At last, with Pinel (1801,) we enter the era of rational psychotherapy. Not only does he remove the chains from his patients at Bicetre, but he uses his moral influence to re-establish in them, to use his exact words, 'the work of logical reflection.' His pupil, Esquiral, carefully studied the influence of the passions in the development of the insanities, and already obtained happy results by psychotherapy. Another Frenchman, Daquin (Philosophie de la Folie, 1791,) had before then written the memorable sentence: 'Greeted as paradox though it will be, I nevertheless maintain that for the cure of those who have lost their reason there is no other means than to make them—reason.'

"During this period, from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, the English show themselves mediocre in theory, but in practise do good psychotherapy, like Pinel endeavoring to restore self-control to the patient by kindness or severity according to the case. In 1789, Harper claims that insanity is a 'disease of the mind' and does not depend upon any physical disturbance, that it is the passions that lead to the want of mental balance. Therefore as a prophylactic he advocates education directed to the lessening of the yoke of the passions and measures, at once physical and moral, when the trouble is confirmed.

"Pargeter (1792) insists upon the influence exercised upon the patient by the look and bearing of the medical man. Haslam (1798) recognizes physical and moral factors as causes of insanity, and in regard to the latter wrote: 'The majority of the moral causes may perhaps be ascribed to faults of education which have sown the seeds of insanity in the young mind, so that slight causes suffice to produce the loss of reason. Educators should concern themselves more with the formation of character, by lessening the yoke of the passions, than with the cultivation of knowledge.'

"A. Marshall, in 1815, indicated as the cause, lesions of the vessels of the brain and heart, as our moderns point to arteriosclerosis. B. Wawsett (1780) devotes a monograph to religious melancholia and assigns as the cause: 'Exaggeration of ideas and emotions, impressionability in face of the vicissitudes of existence, disappointed ambition, worrying temperament, and tendencies to fear or to indolence.'

"From the Germans of that epoch we have some judicious remarks on the sub-

ject of psychic causation. For the mental diseases, Langenbeck (1810) gives the same prescriptions, methods and that educators employ to train a child, namely, to develop the person and induce him to control and correct his follies."

THE FARMER OF YOUTH.

BY ANTONY ANDERSON.

"Where shall I locate my place
says Frederick Irving Anderson
in the prime question the man who
land today must not
a traveler from an antique land
in the desert. Near them on the sand
one-half of the nine hundred
nothing but a means of labor.
in the hands of the farmer
nearly two-thirds of this land
farms has not yet been called
watered, and dry lands to be
increasing the efficiency of
acres, the nation still possesses
sources in terms of land space to
the population that exists today.
[Shelley.]

Brushes.

departure at the Royal Gallery,
South Hill street, is an exhibition of
that is to say, the exhibition
which is now setting toward
without interruption, though

Speaking of soil fertility, the
siders in connection with the
the extent of our land resources, a
son says: "The problem of the
the soil is one of national
determines not only the farmer
farmer in the field, but, in the
of the nation. For general
cultural literature has been left
of doom imposed by a
Liebig, which teaches that the
will continue to be the bright
field of the landscape painter. No
Where else will he find vistas of
skies that are alwa
He may paint out of doors three
and sixty-five days every year if
and apparently he does like. The
a constant output of excellent
some of which remain here in
ments to continue producing before
more modest art lovers, while
years. The soils most
this inevitable day of doom
the loveliest souvenirs of
the chemicals as fertilizer, he
they can find.

present exhibition at the Royal
pictures by J. Bond Francisco,
Marco Zin, Ernest Browning
James E. McBurney, Frank W.
Hanson Puthuff, Frank Coburn,
Helen Balfour, E. A. Bur
A. Rogers and Benjamin
Brown—surely something to
taste.

A strong and beautiful example
Francisco's work is the large
"Valley," a study of hills, fore
mineral elements of the soil in after
sheep are grazing on the nearer
the sky is mottled with white
are the richest in the world
Californian. Francisco's in
named "Landscape Sketch," a
sunrise, is also full
of homin
shadowed
quiet in
the pink
more at
River Ma
grays tha

A sense
Sentinels,
painted a
scheme of
ing of the
the beaut
artist's pict
seen unde
His other
foreground
quality.

Ernest H
of Catalina
E. McBurney
afternoon
painted lit
E. A. Bur
that are n
Helen B
scapes, son
A. Rogers
town studi
good and c

Just a common little crit
Brown and lowly, it is true
But there's meaning in the sun
That he has for me and you
"Don't forget to sing, my love
Just because the sun is go
That's the time to sing, you see
Even louder than before

Some Uniq
Maynard
ways—as a
and of Indi
a designer o
busy man o
studio on Sa
San Franci
rate the ho
McClaughr
near Sierra
His latest
difficult and
out to be, o
of the furnit
furniture be

Hear me down among the sun
Brown and sore, that may be
You'd most think I'd be done
When I view the leaves of the sun
But the song that's well known
Can be sung when other are done
Just as well as in the long, long, long
"Santa Monica Cove," showing
the blue sea below,
certainly brings us out of doors.
shows a few pictures of the
generally toward approaching sun

landscapes from the brush of
are fine examples of this

landscapist's recent work—

When I view the leaves of the sun
classic in its sure arrangement

Can be sung when other are done
Just as well as in the long, long, long

Of the springtime of the year
"Santa Monica Cove," by Frank Coburn,

—[Nellie M. Coye, in Our Home in the Slope Valley, shows a flock

[Saturday, May 17, 1913]

In the Realm of Art and Artists.

ject of psychic causation. For the same diseases, Langermann (179) says that educators employ to form the child, namely, to develop the person and induce him to control his folly and correct his follies."

Recent Art Topics.

THE FARMER OF TOMORROW

"Where shall I locate my plant?" asks Frederick Irving Anderson in one of his "The Farmer of Tomorrow," the prime question the man who goes to the land today must ask himself. Two or two ago, to be had for the have forever passed into history. There are opportunities for the business of today undreamed of by their ancestors a generation or two ago, to whom nothing but a means of labor. Less than one-half of the nine hundred millions in the hands of the farmer is in nearly two-thirds of this land area. Farms has not yet been called on to produce food. There are swamps to be drained over forests to be cleared, deserts watered, and dry lands to be made productive by specialized crops and methods. Increasing the efficiency of its acre-s, the nation still possesses sources in terms of land alone to feed the population that exists today."

"It has been my effort," Mr. Anderson says, in outlining the purpose of his "to chart this empire of opportunity which is now setting toward us." Speaking of soil fertility, which is now setting toward us.

Well known painters of the extent of our land resources, Mr. Anderson says: "The problem of the soil is one of national importance. It determines not only the fortune of the farmer in the field, but, in the end, of the nation. For generations past, agricultural literature has been buried under the usual quota of prophecy of doom imposed by a great man like Liebig, which teaches that the soil are as definite as cash in a mine. Under this orthodoxy which actuates the machinery of the part of agricultural education as it is today, the farmer must feed the world have the soil continue to be bright. Falling this, it has been variously assumed that our soils, cropped for a vast number of years, contain only enough minerals to continue producing food for ty-five, one hundred or one hundred years. The sole means offered in this inevitable day of doom is the chemicals as fertilizers. Unlikely they supply themselves; a system which merely as a mixing bowl in which to be manufactured synthetically.

"Recently, however, there has come forward a more logical and less hypothetical hypothesis concerning the fertility of the soil, a hypothesis fathered by the composing the Federal Bureau of Washington and backed by a long series of classic experiments, as well as by mineral elements of the soil to be available, an assumption which the Chinese, whose soils are the unimpaired, are the richest in the world, seems to justify."

The Cricket's Song.

When the birds have left the world, And the flowers begin to fade, When the twilight shadows lengthen In the meadow and the glade; There's a merry little singer That when'er your footstep passes Sends a cheery note of greeting From his home down in the grotto.

Just a common little cricket, Brown and lowly, it is true; But there's meaning in the song, That he has for me and you: "Don't forget to sing, my brother, Just because the summer's over; That's the time to sound your power Even louder than before."

"Hear me down among the grasses, Brown and bare, that once were green; You'd 'most think I'd be dead now, If I sang a sweep of pink, yellow and the blue sea below. When I view the barren moors, It's a green sky; "The Picturesque" is its sure arrangement. Can be sung when skies are clear, Just as well as in the brightness of the sun. Of the springtime of the year, "The Picturesque" by Frank Coburn, Nellie M. Coyle, in Our Dark Valley, shows a flock



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALBERT HAYES. BY MAX WIECZOREK.

of homing sheep and their shepherd in a shadowed landscape that is rich, cool and quiet in color, while beyond them we see the pink and purple of sunset hills. Even

Dixon had not expected to do this work, for designs by a Boston firm had been submitted. These, however, failed to carry out the suggestion Mrs. McClaughry had made for an Indian room. Dixon was appealed to.

The Alaska and Northwest Coast Indians (who are really remarkable primitive craftsmen) were the only tribes he knew of north of Mexico who had developed and applied a system of ornament in anything resembling house furnishings. As Dixon had never attempted to apply anything of the kind practically, the task that came to him was a big undertaking. A trip to San Francisco was found necessary, to examine and make notes on specimens of Alaskan work in museums there.

He started with the idea of merely making sketches—"appearance drawings"—but in process of assimilating, adjusting and re-adapting the native designs to forms of furniture that had to be schemed to be in harmony with such character of ornament and yet meet the requirements of use, he had to go much further and work out complete drawings to scale and size—over a month's work.

The problem of preserving, as far as possible, the quaint wild character of the original Indian design and making it into applied ornament—and into forms—that would be unusual without being bizarre to freakishness necessitated the making and discarding of numbers of tentative sketches until the right scheme was reached.

The work on this room comprises designs for one newel post and one false newel; eleven balustrades; two armchairs; two straight chairs; one long bench; one small smoking table and one billiard table; designs for carvings in eight door panels (like the furniture,) set of stencil designs on wall below chair rail and for window curtains; designs for electric fixtures, including one large center light over table—beside the general color scheming of the entire room. The designs are treated in a system of grooves (almost in true carving,) the spaces

Palette and Brush.

between being painted in dull blacks, blues, reds and yellows, like primitive ochre colors of Alaskans, with pieces of bone and abalone shell set in here and there; the whole oiled down to a dull brown in imitation of the cedar used by the Indians.

A Pastel Portrait.

Max Wieczorek's latest portrait, that of Mrs. Albert Hayes of Pasadena, is in pastel. In fact Wieczorek has confined himself almost entirely to this medium in his work in portraiture for the past year. He contends that the delicate, flower-like bloom of pastel is eminently suited to the schemes of decoration in vogue in our modern houses—the gray backgrounds and the slight and airy designs. It was in such a period that pastel portraits were most popular in France, to make way, later, when interiors became heavier, to portraiture in the denser medium of oil.

Wieczorek is peculiarly happy in his handling of the medium he has chosen. His work is light and easy, yet firm and sure, his colors play over one another, his manner is dainty and elegant. No other way of seeing and working, indeed, suits the exquisite morbidezza of the pastel.

There is character as well as artistic interest in the portrait of Mrs. Hayes. Painted life size, the lady has chosen a standing pose. She wears a moleskin hat—which has a soft "pastel shade" itself—and a black brocade cloak trimmed with dark furs. Her gown is of old rose and lavender, colors charmingly repeated in the background.

Among recent portraits by Wieczorek are those of Mrs. George Rissman and Miss Emily McBride, both residents of Pasadena.

ART NOTES.

F. C. Frieseke's "Youth" won the Temple Gold Medal at the recent exhibition of the Pennsylvania of Fine Arts held in Philadelphia.

"Original Drawings by Old Masters" was an exhibition held at the Colony Club, New York. Fifty artists were represented by one hundred pictures.

The symbolical panels of the new Palace Theater on the Champs Elysees, Paris, were painted by Maurice Denis, and are dedicated to the glorification of music. The frescoes in the foyer are by Bourdelle.

The New York Society of Etchers has been formed, with the following artists as officers: President, Arthur Covey; first vice-president, A. G. Learned; second vice-president, T. R. Congdon; secretary, Carl Horster; treasurer, Harry Townsend.

Morgan's Aid to Columbia.

Although he may never have realized it, the late J. Pierpont Morgan was responsible indirectly and probably largely for the unprecedented growth of Columbia University in the last twenty years.

In a letter to the Columbia Alumni News, John B. Pine, who for thirty years has been clerk of Columbia's board of trustees, of which Mr. Morgan was a member from 1903 to the time of his death, tells of an incident that happened in the days when Columbia was still on its old site in Forty-ninth street and was contemplating moving uptown.

This is the way Mr. Pine relates the story: "Mr. Morgan once rendered a service to Columbia which has never been recorded and which perhaps never will be unless you publish this letter, but I think it entitles him to be considered one of our great benefactors. When the trustees had about decided that the college must be moved and were considering the present site then known as Bloomingdale, but were feeling rather appalled by the magnitude of the undertaking and the expense which it involved, one of the board, without mentioning any particular site, asked Mr. Morgan what the college should do.

"Do something big," he replied. "Don't stay buried in a corner. Why don't you buy the hospital land there at Bloomingdale, where you'll have plenty of room?"

"The trustee replied that it would cost too much. To which Mr. Morgan retorted, 'Nonsense; if you do something big enough everybody will help you; I'll help you.'

"Subsequently he did help us by contributing \$100,000 for the purchase of the site, but his advice was worth even more than his money."

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

State Production.
**STATE FOR 1912 VALUED AT
MORE THAN \$6,000,000.**

[London Survey Bulletin:] The production of slate is one of the important industries of the United States. In 1911 the output of slate was valued at \$6,000,000. An increase over 1911 of \$315,299, or 5.5 per cent., was reported by A. T. Coons of the United States Geological Survey, in an advance report from "Mineral Resources" of the United States, the production of slate in 1912 being \$6,636,185 representing an increase of \$575,886 over 1911.

palaces are but gross handiwork man shall see, that when signs of civility and elegance, men come stately sooner than to gardens that gardening were the greater pleasure. No one living today will deny that is the truth.

A Fine Yellow-flowered Shrub.

LINUM TRIGYNUM is a very attractive blooming shrub, quite distinct from the Linum in that they all have flowers while the flaxes (Linum) have no flowers. It is called Linum pereene, but more correctly Linum trigynum.

Formal vs. Natural Landscaping.

IN SOUTHERN EUROPE the geometrical style of landscape design is largely used. In England and the naturalistic effect is mostly used.

Both styles have their advocates—those who prefer the formal style can see little beauty in the style and vice versa. But there is a third style which is more naturalistic.

It is possible to have planted in both styles, although it must be taken in the proper place.

Large buildings are essential in character and where the ground is flat, there should be no attempt made to plant trees.

The last dozen years. The greatest value was in 1903 and the greatest value was in 1903.

There were produced 4,482,571 square feet of roof and 2,880,342 square feet of floor space. The value of this slate was nearly \$400,000.

The report discusses in some detail the slow development industry in the United States, among other things extravagant parading, including certain building which result in large the expensive stripping method compared with underground mining.

It is also made of experience in the Bureau of Standards with the "top" or overburden of material.

There are perhaps half a dozen ladies in the room.

The clock in the square booms out eleven, and almost on the last stroke there comes

the sound of the clinking of spurs outside the room. The buzz of conversation dies down, and the next moment the Emperor, followed by the Crown Prince, enters the room, and hard upon his heels follows a short, spare, wiry, sharp-featured man wearing ordinary morning-dress.

He is Herr Hensler, the Kaiser's business secretary. In the British royal household there is no such office which at all corresponds to that which is so ably filled by Herr Hensler.

The Kaiser's business interests, both public and private, are much wider than our monarch's. His Imperial Majesty is the actual owner of a big pottery establishment, and is largely interested in many business ventures; the Royal Opera is under royal control, and in many other ways the Emperor is directly interested in business affairs, and is much closer in personal touch with the business life of his subjects than the British people would like their King to be.

The Kaiser's "working-room" is a very large apartment with four big windows.

On the walls there are a number of maps, and several framed designs of warships that were drawn by the Emperor himself. On one of the walls there is a first-rate pencil sketch of King George and Queen Mary, and a fine oil painting of Queen Alexandra, and in a corner of the room there is a big marble bust of King Edward.

About the room are models of warships, aeroplanes and aircraft of various kinds, and in one corner a finely modelled bronze statue, some four feet high, of the Kaiser in

his study.

TO TRAIN children in rural ideas means to train children to observe the beautiful in nature interested in plant life. It makes in the child mind a desire to have a tree, or a garden of his very own.

On a train ride to the Shakespearean in Ravenscourt Park, Hampstead, the poet's devotees to a plant which conveys this intuition, the individual child in the garden has formed a nucleus for ideas which may unfold into a garden for creating "beautiful homes" for centuries, and in which has been a recognized influence than a thousand years, it is not

determine whether a forest has been created by man or not."

Train the Children.

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Shakespearean Gardens.

THE people of Japan have kept the times in forestation, all planted so naturally that the effective states world break

as well as under the sun. The point in favor of the natural forest is that it will split blocks from those planted by man.

Sargent, who has made an extensive study of Japanese plant life, says: "It is almost impossible to find a tree which has been planted by hand, and it has been found in every state of continued existence, and in which has always found a place on the

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Chick Diseases Peculiar to May.

By J. Harry Wolsieffer

AUTHOR, LECTURER AND POULTRY JUDGE.

Overheating

FEEDING AND HOUSING OF YOUNG DISCUSSED COMPRE- HENSIVELY.

[The prevention of chicken diseases, rather than the cure, is discussed comprehensively by Mr. Wolsieffer in the following article. He considers the subject from the particular standpoint of growing chicks during the month of May and sounds warning notes on the pitfalls that confront beginners. If brooders are used, he says, there is more danger this month from overheating than from chilling during the earlier part of the season. In fact, the writer asserts that more chicks are lost from extremes of heat and cold and from improper ventilation than from poor food. Methods of feeding and housing the young are also discussed.

In the accompanying sketch Mr. Graham shows the Indian Runner Duck, a fowl of indefinite history, but ever-growing popularity. It has a great reputation as a layer, and is reputed to be a good money-maker.]

GROWING chicks thrive best in May, especially those hatched early in the month, when the weather in temperate climes is, as a rule, more seasonable. The poultry raiser of the future will prevent sickness rather than cure the chick, for the cured chick is, as a rule, not of the profitable kind. So we will deal more with prevention than cures.

In May there is more danger from overheating chicks during brooding, if brooders are used, than during the earlier part of the season, when chicks are more apt to be chilled due to sudden cold changes, especially at night. Correct heat is one of the essentials in successful chicken raising. By that we do not mean that when the chicks are put in the brooder the temperature must be just 100 degrees the first week, 90 the second and 80 the third. This advice is usually given out as a working basis, and 100 degrees may be too much, for one lot and too little for another. Regulate the heat by the chick's actions and not wholly by the thermometer. The first night or two it is a good plan to shut the chicks near the house so they can readily return when they feel the need of heat. You must be sure of your heat or run the risk of finding a lot of chicks sprawling about and panting, with some already dead, the result of high temperature. After the chicks are once badly overheated, whether when very small or later in life, they are spoiled for profit, and the quicker they die the better, for no amount of expert treatment can pull them through, once stunted from too much heat. It is hard to make beginners believe this, so they fuss along with them trying to pull them through, but only losing time, space and, in the end, money. The chicks will hobble around, grow peaked at both ends and one by one drop by the wayside, until all or nearly all are gone.

Overheating is one of the most disastrous of broodingills; in fact, more chicks are lost through too much heat or too little, and improper ventilation, than by poor feeding. If, on finding the heat very high in the morning, reduce the temperature to the proper point, according to the age of the chicks, give them plenty of ventilation and get them on the ground, if the weather is fit, as soon as possible; if not, throw some damp earth or sods into the brooder runs.

Of the hundred and one makes of brooders now on the market, with each maker claiming the best, the beginner often has the sad experience of obtaining a brooder that is far from being correct in ventilation, and the loss is not wholly the beginner's fault. The best type of brooder is that which supplies the heat from overhead, which has an adequately large hover, and a constant intake and distribution of fresh air from the outside of the brooder. Where the air inside of the brooder is heated over and over again, there is not the proper system of ventilation, and consequently the chicks suffer. The method of producing warm air, whether by lamp, gas or otherwise, is of no consequence so long as there is the same method of giving a fairly even temperature and the air outside of the brooder is not vitiated by the source

of heat. The matter of fresh, pure air for the little chicks to breathe, has seldom received the attention it deserves, and poultry raisers have spent many years seeking other causes for the heavy losses. When lack of oxygen was the principal source of trouble. Plenty of fresh air with the degree of heat that suits the chicks, and this can be determined by the chicks' actions, will go a long way toward solving the breeding question.

Chilled chicks can be detected by their shrill peep, the humping of their backs and huddling together, and always trying to get to the hottest part of the brooder. Whether they fully recover depends largely on their vitality and the age at which they were chilled and how badly the chill was. It is best to provide a little more heat in the brooder; keep it cleaned thoroughly and give light dose of some good roup cure to prevent, if possible, bowel trouble that is apt to follow. Remove all chicks from the brooder that show signs of bowel trouble and doctor them if you must separately. Overheated chicks show symptoms of drowsiness, drooping wings, if that far advanced,

and at ten days of age, leg weakness often follows. Like the chilled chick, those that have the strongest vitality may recover, or often the chick that comes through was on the outer edge of the hover and did not receive the full benefit of the high temperature. Chicks that have been either badly chilled or overheated are considered worthless by the experienced poultry raiser, and when this unfortunate condition arises the result is charged to profit and loss and the chicks that have suffered most are disposed of. The sooner the beginner learns to get rid of all stock that is not up to the mark the better it will be from an economy standpoint. No matter how much care is exercised, now and then mistakes will be made, and the beginner is not alone in these troubles. In the poultry business, unlike most other lines, life and death are to be dealt with.

The third problem that confronts the beginner is feeding. Most every one, through kindness, feeds too soon, in spite of the advice given so freely by poultry experts who have been through the mill, to feed only

Heavy Laying Duck.

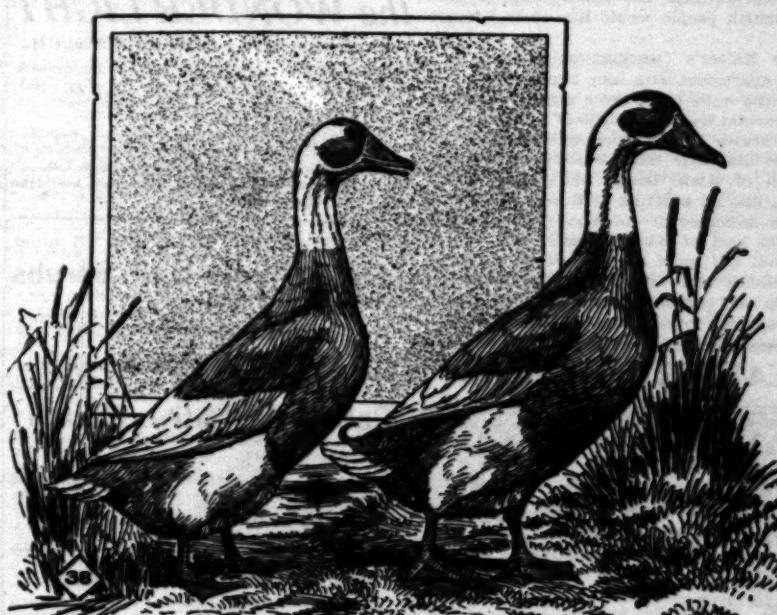
[BY LOUIS PAUL GRAHAM.]

According to all accounts, the Indian Runner duck was a product of India. At any rate, the first of these to reach England were brought by a ship's captain from that country. They derive their name partly from India and partly from their activity. They are not slow of motion nor do they waddle. The Indian Runners are very active and carry themselves more upright than other ducks. From this latter peculiarity they were first termed "Penguin" ducks. These ducks did not become popular at once. In fact, it was not until about 1896 that their heavy laying propensities brought them to notice. Their fame spread to America and many specimens were imported. In the meantime the original color, fawn and white, had been maintained; but the market duck men of England made crosses on this variety with the Rouen in order to increase its size, as it weighed only from 4 to 4½ pounds. The result was a great conflict among breeders to determine what was the standard color for Indian Runners, some contending for the solid (not penciled) fawn and white, and some for the darker coloring, which was always penciled. Of late a compromise has been effected whereby two distinct varieties are recognized—the fawn and white and the so-called English Penciled Indian Runner. The latter are looked upon as the

strictly utility branch of the Indian Runner family. The ducks lay great quantities of eggs—in fact, outlaying all other varieties—and weigh heavy for the market. These latter are, no doubt, the result of crossing the Rouen ducks on the original Indian Runners, while the fawn and white ducks are the refined product of careful selection from the original ducks without admixture of foreign blood. Both varieties are splendid farm ducks, good foragers, heavy layers and rapid growers. As a duck for the farmer they are making great strides in America, and are the only real competitor of the long popular Pekin duck. The Indian Runners will outlay the latter in total eggs per year and is also a strong winter layer when duck eggs bring the best prices. These ducks are at their best during October, November, December and January, and will lay until the end of July. They are credited with averaging about 180 to 190 eggs per year per duck.

Many stories are told of great profits made with this breed, and, no doubt, they are true.

The ducks will lay plenty of eggs, and they are usually very fertile. Whether you make a great profit on them or not depends upon your business ability to dispose quickly of their product, eggs and ducklings, and at the right prices.



INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS

INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS.
The early history of this breed is rather hazy. They appear to have been introduced into England about 1850, but did not gain popularity until after 1898. Stories of their great laying spread to America and numerous importations of Indian Runners have been made. They appear to have "made good," as their popularity becomes more pronounced each year. The true Indian Runner is fawn and white in color, marked as indicated in the illustration. Legs orange-yellow, beak yellowish, shading to green as they age. It weighs 4 pounds for ducks; $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds for drakes. It is credited with averaging from 180 to 190 eggs per annum.

The dreaded white diarrhea is taken for brooder pneumonia. Overheated chicks and feed trouble the chicks' excrement to be of a dark or yellow, but seldom white. This so-called white diarrhea. For the present there is no known cure. Chicks so affected should be well burned. Feed abuse can be cured in time, by first removing the cause up the brooder, renewing the litter, and lightly of grains that are sound. The water from boiled grain much to stop the diarrhea. Milk also excellent. This is one reason chicks are fed milk for the first in connection with other feeds. Milk is a complete food, and when it is cured at reasonable cost should be ration for the chick.

[New York Sun:] A mode of preserving eggs practiced in Bavaria recently said to be satisfactory. The eggs laid in water of a temperature of degrees for a quarter of an hour. They are put on a net, held for five in boiling water, and then, as possible, removed into cold water. Still wet, are laid on a clean cloth to dry by exposure to the air. Not be dried off with a cloth or when they are dry they are packed with bran and ground peat. The in a cool place, out of reach eggs thus preserved in June were perfectly fresh next March.

[Chicago Record:] Skim milk is one best feeds for both young and laying hens. The casein, or protein of the milk, largely supplies the

Several good regulators fail with success in case of trouble on market, but the average poultry man has passed the experimental stage and resorts to medicine. My hens

especially those brought out in the part of the month, will not thrive in good, roomy quarters. During May hot nights are to be expected, and that chicks need plenty of fresh air. Average beginner crowds in one hen, has more than fifty chicks, and, after the chicks have stopped brooding they are frequently seen makeshift quarters must be made.

This is the age of big things—the 30,000 laying plant, the hen and brooder—and the fever seems to have caught the beginners. They raise more chicks than their intentions warrant. This has always been the case in at least 90 per cent of the cases. Those starting in poultry raising have a few good chicks than twice as many sized. In fact, overcrowding of the common weakness of beginners. There will place fifty chicks in a nest run at a temperature to suit the chicks a good clean high-grade chick feed with a clear dry mask—grit ground charcoal before them at all times plenty of green feed, such as red clover or lawn cuttings, provide nesters affording plenty of fresh air, warm days and nights following age, they will have little cause for sickness and their cures. It is important, and this can always be done if details are attended to.

[Continued from page 1] is made of a new selected breed. What we mostly wish is not how many eggs a hen will lay, but how many she will lay in view of the prices of eggs are the from the latter stock we breed. In summer months the traps are used only the open nests used.

[Continued from page 1] San.] There are three prime qualities in an egg that can go to the table and unchallenged. It must sanitary and fresh. To know that you buy comply with these requirements have to know something about the conditions under which the hens are kept and the conditions under which the eggs are handled. Sterility is one of the chief qualities in a really good egg. No one who is fond of eating an egg that has been sterilized. The germ is repulsive to it is a fact that most of the eggs are sold on the general market as fresh, in an incubator before they were hatched out chicks. Yet these are sold daily by grocers and dealers as the product from farms where

[Topeka State Journal:] It is merely a side issue and without any special attention to The fertility is the result of

the dining table a more
ance than a few flowers or a few
popular has the custom become
of ferneries is a large part
florist's business. They should
with an outer and inner case.
inner case can be taken out and
from the table whenever necessary.
Stand the ferns in the outer case
then carefully fill in the rest with
plants, pressing it down firmly
Shales, and Slate.

[U.S. Geologic Survey Bulletin:] Clays are
derived from the decay of older
rocks particles being carried off
and deposited along channels, in
the sea bottom. According to their
chemical composition the clays
are essentially of silica and
lime and many contain more or

Physiological and Psychological

By Edward B. Warman, A.M.

Motto: The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—[Diderot.]

How to Send Mental Telegrams.

I DO not wonder that so much interest has been manifested in this phase of applied psychology.

To the beginner I would say, write your message as tersely and concisely as if you were sending every word at the rate of a cablegram. Close your eyes, concentrate your mind on the message—not with intensity, but with a quiescent concentration. Your subjective mind immediately takes up the message. Fix your attention on the mental picture of the recipient. You cannot send a mental telegram to a stranger (unless the stranger is in sight) as you have nothing upon which to focus your mind. You can't send a telegram from any office in this or any other city to a distant town unless there is an office there and the line is in order, or, in the language of the wireless—not only must there be a receiver, but it must be attuned to the transmitter. There is no conscious connection whatever between you and the stranger.

Do not, as a rule, arrange time and place with the one to whom the message is sent. Why? Because, under these conditions, very few persons can command the necessary passivity to receive the message. The one to whom the message is sent is quite likely to note the exact time and he then begins to wonder if the message is being sent, and then wonders what it is, and finally wonders why he doesn't get it. The reason is that as soon as he began to wonder he became objectively active and thereby unresponsive and unimpressive.

After a little practice it will not be necessary to write your message; that is only to aid one in the matter of concentration. If you wish the person to know whence came the message and that you desire an answer, or desire him to do thus and so, then, well and good. But some persons object to being influenced even at a distance; they feel an element of compulsion, therefore become obstinate and do not respond. For all such there is a better way. I find results are much more satisfactory where they are impelled to do that which you desire without the knowledge of whence came the impulsion. This is done by impression; that is, they are impressed to do thus and so. It comes to them as an inspiration, as emanating directly and originally from their own mind, never dreaming that the thought or desire originated in the mind of one at a distance, perhaps hundreds or thousands of miles away. The superiority of this method lies in the fact that they give themselves the credit, patting themselves on the back for having conceived so happy a thought.

You understand that all impulsion is, as stated in a previous article, through the use of first person, singular. The good that may be done is unlimited and I am presuming that no one will ever use his psychic, or soul, power, except for the betterment and uplifting of those whom it is his blessed privilege to thus benefit.

How to Know If Message is Received.

THE subjective mind intuitively knows when the message has been delivered by the subjective mind of the receiver to his objective mind. If his objective mind is passive, the message is immediately delivered; if not, it may lie in his subjective mind for hours or weeks or never be delivered. But if it reaches its destination at or very near the time of sending you will be so impressed and give it no further consideration.

This phase of the work may be likened to the sending of a regular telegram. Supposing you were sending a telegram to a small town where the operator is station agent, baggage master, etc., and is not always at the instrument. The operator at your end of the line calls the office and then shuts the key, awaiting the result. He may call again and again without receiving any response—the other man is busy.

Just so in sending a mental telegram. Your objective mind is the man with the message; your subjective mind is the operator to whom you deliver your message; the subjective mind of the one you wish to reach is the operator at the other end of the line; his objective mind is the one to

whom you wish your message delivered. If the objective mind is too active, your message having been received (subjectively) is lying in the office (subjective mind) awaiting a favorable time to pass it over the threshold of consciousness.

The Utility of Mental Telegraphy.

HERE are times when neither the mail nor the telegraph nor the telephone can serve our purpose. It is under these circumstances that you can test the value and practicability of mental telegraphy. I cite, herewith, just one of many cases in my own experience.

A Methodist minister, a long-time friend, in Cleveland, O., said to me on the eve of his departure: "I am going West, but do not know where I shall be assigned. In case we should lose track of each other for a time you would better give me your permanent address."

Eight years passed with not a word between us. In the meantime I had left Cleveland, but had retained my permanent address. I desired to come in touch with him, but could not do so through the ordinary channels of communication—mail or telegraph—the telephone was not then known. Here was an opportunity to test mental telegraphy—wireless mental.

I wrote a message to myself as coming from him, the purport of which was a desire on his part to open up correspondence. I held the note in my hand, closed my eyes, focused my mind on him, impressing him to write to me the words I had written to myself. This I did in the presence of a friend—a skeptic. In less than five minutes I received the mental assurance that always comes from a successful effort. I placed the written message on file.

Two weeks passed by. The incident had not once recurred to my mind—my objective mind—until one day I was suddenly impressed that his message was awaiting me at my home. My impression was correct—all impressions are correct—else they are not impressions, but imagination.

Not only was the message there (a postal card from California) having been remailed from my permanent address, but it was an exact copy—verbatim et literatim—of the one on file. Had it not been for the great difference in chirography and the presence of the postmark, I would have had difficulty in convincing the aforesaid skeptic that I did not write both of them.

This one of many instances should suffice to prove the theory as correct and practical and as such be an incentive and encouragement to the earnest student in the further study of mental telegraphy.

Thought Transference.

HERE can be no mental telegraphy without thought transference, but there can be thought transference without mental telegraphy. Why? Because thought transference, like telepathy, is unvolitional, while mental telegraphy is volitional. Thought transference often occurs without the knowledge of the one from whom it escapes and its escape is oftentimes regretted. The following illustration will make clear my point:

Some years ago in Chicago I would dine occasionally with my publisher at one of the popular restaurants. He always tossed a coin to see who was to pay for the dinner. Unfortunately—for him—he looked at it after tossing, then said: "Head or tail?" He paid. Why? Because he looked at it, and I, being passive, received the knowledge by thought transference.

This occurred scores of times and he began to marvel at my accuracy, which he attributed to guessing. Finally, as the German said, there "went him a light up;" therefore he did not look at the coin until I guessed; therefore I paid that time and many times thereafter. This was not mental telegraphy because he did not voluntarily send me his thought—or knowledge of the result. It was thought transference without intent on his part; mind reading on my part.

The transference of thought, volitional and otherwise, is an established fact. Our minds are batteries where positive and negative thoughts are stored. These batteries are forever receiving and giving forth thoughts which are continually acting and

reacting upon ourselves and our associates. This is well expressed in that familiar poem, "Thoughts are Things."

"Thoughts are things, and their airy wings Are swifter than carrier doves.

They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring us back

Whatever went out of our mind."
Do you catch the full force of this thought so admirably expressed in the last four lines? The only weapon of offense that Nature seems to recognize is the boomerang. "It is only our own grist that comes back to us through the mill of life." Much good and much evil may take place without the spoken word but wholly through thought transference.

A Premium on Health.

HERE never was a time in the history of this country when the word "health," with all that it signifies, had such a hold upon the people as at the present time. Not only individuals, but corporations as well, are placing a higher estimate on its possession. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company claim that "sickness is a crime," in consequence of which they have barred from employment in its dining cars and restaurants any person with even a tendency toward a communicable disease. There will be physical examinations every three months of every employee, including dishwashers, kitchen helpers, cooks and waiters.

Hiking is Catching.

WHEN health is the paramount object it is worthy of great consideration. The two young ladies who walked from this city to San Francisco—about 500 miles by road—demonstrated that woman is not, necessarily, the weaker vessel, and to use their own words, "neither open air nor March winds will hurt a girl's complexion."

As I saw them swing along in their khaki suits—neatly and sensibly dressed—I could but think what an incentive it should be to women to get out into the open and get the roses on their cheeks as only nature can paint them—not the drug-store variety.

It takes vim, it takes strength, it takes energy to do what these girls did—an average of seventeen miles a day, eighteen miles in six hours, and on one occasion twenty-six miles between 8 a.m. and 6:15 p.m.—but is it not worth it? While every woman has not the endurance to walk so many miles, every woman has the endurance to walk miles—if she thinks she can.

An Endurance Test.

SERGEANT JOHN J. WALSH, 63 years old, a retired United States cavalryman, has just completed a walk of 10,000 miles. He started from Ft. Slocum, New Rochelle, on April 10, 1912, and reached the Bronx April 13, 1913, after walking to the Presidio, San Francisco, and back. The trip took just 368 days, and was made under the auspices of the government as an army-apparel test. On the journey the soldier wore out five pairs of shoes and two uniforms. He kept a diary of the trip and has the signatures and testimonials of more than 3000 prominent men in the cities and States through which he passed.

This brings to my mind the wonderful feat of Adrian Hilt, who walked from New York City to San Francisco in ninety-eight days, a distance of 4147 miles—647 miles more than by the railroad—an average of 42½ miles a day. This was twenty-four years ago, when "hiking" was not so popular as it is now. Shoes must have been made better then. I saw what was left of the one and only pair worn by this remarkable man.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

HERE are many things called "modern" that are exceeding ancient. While great strides have supposedly been made in medicine and surgery, especially the latter, we are informed by one high in medical authority that ideas in medicine supposed to have been originated in recent years were the property of the ancients and had been forgotten in the march of time, and so-called "modern surgery" comes in the same cate-

gory and is a thousand or more years old.

And yet I am inclined to think that we never knew anything about the Physician.—Hippocrates, Youth and Health.

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Pearson's Weekly]

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[Saturday, May 17, 1913.]

cal

Plain Truth
and Simple.

This Human Body of Ours.

Curious Things About It
and How We Abuse It.

Hygienes.

gory and is a thousand or more. And yet I am inclined to think they never knew anything about appendicitis, although they may have had some knowledge of the verminiform appendix. They never went so far as to take out the organs of the body and "fix them up" with the workings of the human machinery. Then the surgeon played the game of "button," but did not get the button. But there's no doubt we have the recuperative power to quickly efface the signs of our bodies. But when we wake up to find that we are radically wrong with what we fly to the doctor.

And so wags the world. These pith and moment seem to come and nature repeats itself. In other words, we have the recuperative power to quickly efface the signs of our bodies. But when we wake up to find that we are radically wrong with what we fly to the doctor.

"Care for yourselves while young; instruct your sons and daughters how to care for themselves, and extend the years of enjoyment. Don't in recklessness swim so far from the terra firma of good health in your very young days that when you are in the fullness of years you must spend all of your energies trying to retrieve."

The Fountain of Youth.

SCARCELY a day passes but many others, which may read in our morning papers, tell us that octogenarian or nonagenarians or even centenarians still live. And children get to bed at the same time as their parents will see them off to sleep until the young ones are active during waking hours. Surely they upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

When a man of 81 takes his mother's eyes at night, watching him up to the summit of Mt. Rubidoux (Riverside) every morning during the winter—his parents delight in having the time that is winter "but not the summer." When these same parents do not have the vim and energy that can reach the dancing floor, for frequently belong to youth.

I do not surmise, but I know, that the school age, speak, when I say that Mr. Industry involves late hours is not the sole recipient of the time which the child needs that sunrise climb; no man dancing in itself is daily stult, especially with the surroundings of Mt. Rubidoux receiving a threefold benefit—and soul.

No, everyone cannot go in for dancing, if the young nor is there need. We of this generation pull down all the time or the hardihood to climb two or three to provide for Mt. Lowe or any of the trails and the never-to-be-forgotten trail and the never-to-be-forgotten trail. If the young girls are really greets one who has the ambition to be on the go night and day, especially in the charming and attractive of Mt. Hollywood, especially in the morning or near the setting of the sun here it is right in the city limits.

Here is a man in our own home, having been sixty-two years old, nervousness, illness, forty-two years of which spent in the sunny southland.

Then comes along a slip of a young that has just finished a stretch in even a better condition than this is the reason associates many years her prematurely broken

That perennial spring man in this "Land of the Afternoon" comes one who has passed his

at work at 99, but gave up because he was not able to work again.

At sight began to fall to the extent of a number life, lacking

If older people would

it, ye bespectacled youngsters

of us not youngsters only in

He has been a temperate man and if he likes it here he will

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the city.

Just a word on the side.

same class with the 22-year-old

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are Baptists. Haven't I been

efficacy of water for to those

Vigorously yours,

EDWARD R.

Duty Held High.

[Pearson's Weekly:] The traveler had four minutes in which to get overwork? And

"Can't you go faster than the tram conductor?"

"Yes," the bell-ringer said, "I vary it several times up and down the

roof for fifteen or twenty minutes. This maintains the physical balance.

"There are a good many other things which we do when quite young which we regret later on. Our gastronomic indiscretions are legion. Rampant appetite unregulated by judgment lands many a young person into the hospital, whence he or she comes minus an appendix. Or else it establishes an affection which prematurely shrivels and discolors the skin and at an early age makes abstemious dieting compulsory.

"The practice of many young girls who at a time when they should be at rest, unthinkingly interfere with nature in order to be able to join an evening frolic, often blights the health of such girls for the entire future, and frequently drives them into a hasty consumption. Unfortunately mothers do not very often anticipate this indiscretion in their girls, and therefore do not instruct them against it.

"Care for yourselves while young; instruct your sons and daughters how to care for themselves, and extend the years of enjoyment. Don't in recklessness swim so far from the terra firma of good health in your very young days that when you are in the fullness of years you must spend all of your energies trying to retrieve."

Legalize Euthanasia.

[New York Sun:] The letter dictated by Mrs. Sarah Harris, printed in the Sun recently, in which the woman, who is in her early thirties and a hopeless paralytic, begs that the State legalize euthanasia, so that the sufferings of unfortunate, such as she, may be ended, has already attracted wide interest, and, as might be expected, given rise to the expression of strongly opposed views.

Mrs. Harris, in her bed at the Audubon Sanatorium, where Dr. Henry W. Lloyd, the superintendent, says she may lie for ten or twenty years to come, was unshaken in her belief that, as she puts it, "a way should be found to be as merciful to us as to the animal that is mortally wounded or helpless from disease."

Dr. Simon Baruch and other prominent physicians, who said they did not care to be quoted as holding such views, agree with Mrs. Harris. Dr. Baruch says that there is nothing cowardly in the desire of the incurable for death, and that under certain circumstances he is strongly in favor of the practice of euthanasia. He said:

"When the sick person is suffering agonizing pains which anodyne fails to relieve, the disease being incurable and the patient demanding relief, the disinterested physicians should be legally authorized by law to consider the case from every point of view and to administer euthanasia unless the relatives object. I have for a long time thought that many cases of insanity demand euthanasia. Our asylums are overcrowded with absolutely incurable cases of long standing, some violent and a menace to those who are near them, others hopelessly idiotic, many being without relatives or friends. There will soon be no room for hopeful cases in these institutions and the State will be forced to dispose of them."

See Sting Cures Sore Eyes.

[New York Herald:] A man stung by a bee the other day has thus discovered an unusual cure for catarrhal ophthalmia, and has brought his case to the attention of Dr. Tarawski at Paris. The doctor's patient was suffering from double catarrhal ophthalmia that has resisted all orthodox treatments. He was stung by a bee on the left eyelid. When he woke up the next morning he found that the light was no longer painful to his eye and that the discharge had ceased. The delighted patient captured another bee and had it sting him on the other eye. The next morning it was cured.

Skull Fractured, Sight Lost.

Private John W. Snyder, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was wounded at Petersburg, Va., April, 1865, by a conoidal ball which fractured the skull at the apex of the lambdoid suture, involving both parietals and the occipital. Though he was not discharged from the hospital until September he made a good recovery in every way except as to his vision, which was destroyed. After he was wounded he lay in a stupor, from which he could, with difficulty, be aroused. The fractured portion of bone was

depressed, and the brain matter was oozing out. On April 13, a piece of the depressed bone, three-fourths of an inch square was removed by the surgeon, after which the symptoms of compression of the brain gradually subsided. During his convalescence it was noticed that his vision was impaired, especially on the left side. By the thirteenth of June the wound had cicatrized, except at one point where some slight necrosis existed. He was discharged on September 29.

A Cure For Measles.

Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg of Baltimore has developed a sure and positive method of preventing measles, by applying a solution of boracic acid to the eyes, nose and mouth. The proportion used is a teaspoonful of boracic acid to a tumbler of hot water. The eyes should be bathed three times daily with this hot boracic acid solution, and some of it should be snuffed up the nostrils. "Measles requires from ten to fourteen days after it is 'caught' to make itself manifest. That is to say, the measles virus begins to incubate in the nostrils and eyelids from which places it slowly extends into the mouth and cheeks and larynx. During these ten or more days the vigorous use of hot boracic acid water in the eyes, nose and mouth—especially in the first few days—will undoubtedly prevent the contagion from making any headway."

"Moreover," says Dr. Hirshberg, "the continued application of this simple and always available remedy will, if its use has been begun too late, prevent serious complications."

Metals to Cure Obesity.

[New York Sun:] Excessively fat persons may henceforth reduce weight without sacrificing their dinners or their repose, that is if Prof. Max Kauffmann of Halle proves to be justified in announcing an entirely novel cure.

The cure consists in administering every day a small quantity of one of certain precious metals which act catalytically, that is, which hasten chemical reactions in the body. Obesity usually shows itself in a retardation in the physiological combustion of nourishment; hence the usual prescription is excessive. But certain metals when administered in extremely finely divided form have the same effect.

Prof. Kauffmann experimented by injecting into the food of obese persons small quantities of palladium in colloidal form. About fifty to 100 milligrams of "palladium-hydroxydul" is sufficient. The result is said to have been surprising. Without diminishing the amount of nourishment taken or increasing exercise the patients declined two pounds a day in weight.

Severed Nose Sewed On.

[New York World:] How a severed nose tip was speedily restored to its place is related by the Munich Medical Monthly.

A student had the tip of his nose slashed off in a duel. The wounded man coolly picked up the piece of flesh, and, placing it in his mouth, hurried to the hospital. There he was complimented by the surgeons, who declared that the patient's procedure was scientifically correct, for the warmth of the mouth had prevented the cellular death of the severed organ.

The nose tip was duly washed, and there and then sewn on the student's face, and he departed smiling.

Cures Child of Epilepsy.

[New York Herald:] By one of the most delicate operations on the brain in the history of surgery Dr. H. L. Northrup of Philadelphia believes he has cured James Halkier, 5 years old, of epilepsy. The child has had fits for three years, but surgeons at the Hahnemann Hospital believe that he has been cured permanently.

The part of the boy's brain affected was found by means of a static electrical machine. After locating the diseased section Dr. Northrup removed a part of the child's skull, about three inches in length and one and one-half inches in width. He then cut away a section of the brain.

An Appendixless Family.

[New York World:] When Gerald Mandell, the three-year-old son of Matthew Mandell of Fountain Springs, Pa., had his appendix removed he made the sixth member of the Mandell family, including the mother, to submit to an operation for appendicitis in two months.

BROOKS AND BROOKLETS

[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, published by the Naturopathic Publishing Company, Los Angeles:]

Real Success.

Many men pointed out as having achieved great success should be in jail—or in hell—and many others, whom the world calls failures, deserve a crown. Success may have been achieved entirely within the law, but there is a higher law. It is known as the Golden Rule.

Fruit Most Wholesome.

Fruit is the most wholesome of all foods. Offer a child a peach and a piece of beefsteak and see which it will grab for. Fruit is food, medicine and drink, containing the purest water, distilled in Nature's own laboratory. Some fruitarians never drink anything—not even water.

Wholesome Fruit.

Fruit, to be wholesome, should be just ripe and fresh from the tree, blushing a rosy red, not pale and anemic, the red denoting the presence of iron. Fruit that has not entirely changed from starch to sugar is no more fit to eat raw than is corn that has changed from sugar to starch. Smaller fruits are usually best. Americans, in their absurd mania for bigness, eat with their eyes.

Lesson of the Floods.

The disastrous floods in the Middle West are not a mysterious punishment of Providence, but a direct result of America's criminal waste of natural resources. When the forests around the watersheds of rivers are recklessly cut down, the rains, instead of percolating slowly into the ground, run off rapidly, causing floods. This is what has transformed Palestine from a garden of Eden to a sandy desert.

Serum Theories Fallacious.

It is absurd to suppose that you can make people immune from disease by squirting animal poison into their blood. Smallpox would have disappeared ere this, like that other filth disease, the plague, if it had not been kept alive by continual vaccination. The only way to gain immunity is to purify the blood by proper alimentation of clean food, and elimination of waste products. When your blood is absolutely pure—as you may make it if you will—you cannot possibly catch any disease, not even a cold, any more than you can set fire to a pile of iron filings.

Few "Natural" Deaths.

When I read last year that Morgan's misguided physician had told him he might continue to smoke those big black Havana cigars, and that he should not take any exercise whatever—not even walking a block—then I knew that his end was near. No matter what the disease that he died of, Morgan's was not a "natural death." Not one civilized man in a thousand dies a "natural death." It is either slow suicide, through wrong living by the patient—sometimes not so very slow—or murder by the doctor, in putting food and drugs into a sick stomach, or injecting animal filth into the blood.

Fatality of Overeating.

One fact brought out strikingly in insurance tables is this: In percentages of deaths in all classes, from twenty-five different forms of disease, the deceased are divided into overweights and underweights. In only one case, that of the class headed "old age" among overweights is the word "none." There is a whole sermon in this little word. Not one person in 134,000 who was greatly overweight died of old age. It goes to prove what I have persistently contended, namely, that for every one who dies of over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages, a thousand—nay ten thousand—die from the effects of over-eating. Nor may the man who overeats safely look forward to "a short life and a merry one," for 'ere his untimely taking off, unless he is struck down by apoplexy, he is sure to be afflicted with Bright's disease, rheumatism, cancer, or some other painful ailment directly due to over-eating—in other words, to gluttony.

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Gossips Say Fiance Helped Select Trou
Final Word in Fashionable Elegance.

Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

The Source.

Grant me to rest a little while apart
In the sun's morning, mist-dissolving dart,
For I am weary of the feel of things;
Let me but listen to the tender thrush,
Hear the soft whir of him in upward rush,
Beating the sunlight with his brown,
blithe wings—

Here, where the bare earth wakes from winter swoon;
Here, where the warm wind's low and gentle croon.
Trembles across the harp of greening boughs;
Here where the brook bursts bounding, as with life
Newly attuned to recreative strife,
Sifting the slumbering seeds from snow-girt sloughs.

Would I could carry word to the heart of man
How the fleet seasons over your bosom ran,
Mother, whose coldest touch is a caress,
Ever reviving hearts to bliss of being,
Ever the pent-up fire of spirit freeing—
Thrilling once more with life, and Love's excess.

Ideality is not illusion.

Preaching never did any good. It never will do any good so long as the world shall last. We mean the sort of wordy preamble which tries to tell us that the good things of life are not good; that all the stunning, beautiful tints of the rainbow are not proper to look upon; that the only really safe tones are the grays, the blacks, or perhaps some dead, cold blue or brown. As for the rosy hues—shun them—run away from them; look not upon them. They are the devices and snares of the—and so on.

We have a surfeit of preachers who occupy the pulpit of the press, and string out long platitudes which we know would not hold water, but which we recommend our daughters to read. Here is a sample extract from a sermonette of a lady preacherette in the pulpit of the press. "The joys of love intoxicate, exhilarate and pass. The consciousness of having done your best with the talents granted you by nature is a permanent sunshine of the soul." Of course this is just too sweet! The second statement is one which no earnest-minded person will deny. But the first is cluttered with the hypocrisy of which up-to-date ministers are trying to rid church religions. It is one of those misleading platitudes which do more harm than good—which cause young people to mistrust and despise the judgment of their elders. It is what causes the youngsters, who have not the practiced logic to reply, to pass over the sophism in smiling silence, and to go on the golden quest for love and happiness undismayed and full of faith. It is what causes them to blunder and fall into tragedies. They know that with love dwell truth, honor and joy—mixed with a wonderful essence of sweet madness. They know that the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is no myth. When they miss their way, follow the false hues that hang in a mirage, arriving at last in a gray, lonely waste, either deserted, or by the side of some commonplace or vicious person with the alluring mask of mystery thrown aside—then they pretend to believe that the preachers were right—that love is a myth, an impermanent illusion; and they forthwith commence to preach down the heart of younger youth that follows laughing the wisdom of the wise to scorn.

These wiseacres do not believe in their own preachments. They have missed the way—the great experience of life, and are not willing to admit blunder and defeat. It is a dog-in-the-manger spirit that lies too deep even for them to understand it themselves that causes them to try to force dead sea fruit onto youth.

When passion is burned out, or has died for want of fuel, cool argument in matters of the heart is easy. Parents seem to think it safe medicine for youth—that youth may be hoodwinked by it. Sometimes youth does believe, and passes through an unproductive life in an atmosphere of gray, while nature smiles and pities. And what of those preachers who have defeated the purpose of this youth and committed the unpardonable crime?

Sometimes these preachers serve the purpose of driving youth more rapidly and more surely to its own fulfillment. Sometimes there are wreckage and despair. And then smug maturity calls youth wilful and wanton, and waits with satisfaction for the disillusionment.

Let us have done with preaching and hypocrisy. Let us look into the heart of youth and know that God never fashioned anything so wonderful, so full of fragrances, and capacity for strange wild rapture, for devotion and sacrifice—never put the cry and the call there without creating the answer.

Every preaching that depreciates the value of love between man and woman, increases the chances of its degradation through lust. You cannot argue down the facts of nature. But you can give to the devil that which should belong to God.

Don't tell youth that love is a delusion, a chimera, a snare, and that sex is something degraded which has nothing to do with love. The separation of the two is the cause of the world's great crime, of wrecked lives, broken ideals, selfishness, ingratitude, little parentless children.

O you preachers who preach to young hearts the safety and joy of smug sexlessness, these hearts know that you are lying to them; and anyway they would prefer to dare the way of danger and of sorrow, for they know that the way of love is the way of life. And don't tear the ideality from love. For ideality and faith may control the young vital blood currents, and hold young feet in the path of purity.

Do's and Don'ts With the Kiddies.

Don't get into the habit of nagging the awkward, growing boy.

Don't be ready with a mouthful of criticisms, stinging rebukes and sarcasms as soon as you see him coming.

Don't hold the thought that he is going to make blunders, and let him read it in your glances the moment he comes into your presence. He will be sure to commit the very errors you expect of him through nervousness and self-consciousness.

Don't make sport of his large, clumsy feet and hands, his freckled face, and bristly hair. He is only an overgrown puppy, and cannot help his temporary lack of proportions. If reminded of them too constantly, he will grow morbid over them, and will probably carry them into manhood.

Don't make sport of his crudities of speech and manners.

Don't humiliate him by correcting him in the presence of visitors. This becomes very painful both to the boy and to the guest. Your guest usually likes to be entertained by something more interesting than your boy's failings. There is plenty of time to have it out quietly with your boy when you may be alone with him.

Don't be cross with your boy for playing about the table after dinner with the dog, and send son upstairs peremptorily, afterward amusing yourself noisily with the bow-wow. Son has a thinker; and he will wonder why you may indulge yourself in this childish privilege which you have refused him. Your grand pose as Lord High Justice will be impeached, and son will get a sneaking inkling that daddy is a bit of a fraud.

When your kiddies get up in the morning plunge them into a cold bath. Accustom them to it early. Then there will not be any sleepy eyes at the table. And directly buckle them into their neat little harnesses for the day.

Give the kiddies plenty of milk. They may seem to get along for a while without it; but as they grow you will see that they lack the stamina of a healthy child—the substances which build good bones.

Don't you have with good reason certain articles out of the kiddies' dietary—be moved by coaxing or tears to revoke your laws. And let the same rule apply in all matters where sanity and safety are concerned. But don't draw these lines where it is unnecessary. Give boy and girl all the rope you reasonably can.

Don't take your kiddies to visit your friends if you have brought them up in the indulgence of all sorts of whims and peculiarities. If you choose to put up with such things yourself it is no reason why you should impose them on others who do not think your offspring "just too cute" in baw-

ing for something that isn't on the table, and fighting for the front seat in the machine.

When you and mother go for a pleasure outing, don't take the whole bunch of babies with you.

When you take the babies out for their special enjoyment, don't let your own selfish desires stand in the way of allowing them precedence in all things possible. Wear your old clothes, so that in coming home from the beach if they fall asleep all over you, or paw you with candied fingers, the damage will not matter.

When the kiddies ask you questions don't refuse impatiently to answer them, or give them erroneous or thoughtless replies. It may be a matter of small importance to you, but it is very different with the kiddies. They store up everything that you tell them as a squirrel stores nuts for winter. And some day they may make you appear ridiculous at the wrong moment.

Make up your mind that the home was not built for you and mother alone. Don't have the kiddies feel that the moment you get into the house they must subside, sit still, and feel miserable. The daddy that the kiddies love best of all is the one who breaks loose and romps with them for fifteen or twenty minutes after the homecoming. What if you are a little tired? There is plenty of time to get rested when all of the little feet have scampered to their couches, and the girl you love best of all sits on a cassock at your feet with her elbows on your knees, looking into your face with the love-light in her eyes.

Don't try to make your children be too all-fired good, or they will develop into little prigs; and when they grow a little older if you and mom sneak off for a giddy little evening at a Bohemian cafe, you may forever lose your standing with your prim offspring.

The Striking Girl.

She is in a class by herself—that is why she may be called striking. If you had a half a dozen striking girls in a bunch they would cease to be striking if any two of them were alike. They are not. Each one is a distinctive type and has a distinctive style. And each one defies comparison.

If you should ask anyone what is the particular charm about the striking girl he might say that he wasn't quite sure there was any charm about her; but that somehow, he didn't know just what it was—and he would take another look.

Now, the striking girl is seldom beautiful, seldom handsome, seldom even pretty. The striking girl will discount all three of these. She may be thin to scrawniness. She may be abnormally tall, she may be abnormally tiny. She may be colorless, have tow hair, or a flaming shock of the brightest red. She may have green or yellow eyes—but striking she will remain, and weirdly attractive.

It does not matter much what sort of clothes she wears. They may be bright, vivid, full of color, or they may be of a dead somberness in hue. They may be new, and faultlessly stylish or they may be left over from last year, and somewhat worn. It does not matter very much. The moment the striking girl puts them on they become a part of her—assume her peculiarities.

They are utterly unlike what they would seem on any other person in the world. Indeed, the striking girl will give her own tone to wearing apparel which looks utterly commonplace on the person for whom it was made. She seems to have a magic in her fingers. Every hat or garment which she touches, with a deft twist becomes something piprant and wonderful.

But there are some striking girls who seem to give little thought to this deft twist of things, but just put them on, and fairly saturate them with personality. The girl who belongs to this class is apt to be unconscious of the fact that she is striking. And yet as she passes along the street men and women alike turn to look at her. They peer into her face, eye her bonnet, her gown, her shoes. Very nervously she begins to look herself over, thinking that something must surely be wrong.

As soon as she can get into the resting room of the department store she takes out her vanity box, and examines her face care-

fully in the little mirror. No powder nor too much perfume is used. Into the sink a boiling hot street determined that the oil is unexcelled for this use because it removes all grease and dirt from the pipes as well as acting as a disinfectant. According to the Woman's Journal it is "stopped up" or have a dis-

gruntled one. "That's a pretty," reassures the friend.

[Science Monitor:] Aprons for wear in the kitchen should be all-enveloping. They should be made of gingham, percale or white cotton muslin. She knows her friend's size and however made they should come straight ahead—but know the friend's home, with a great deal of care.

This sort of striking girl has a bonny spirit. There is an air of chievous brightness in the eyes. A smile fetches little curve in the mouth, even when the apron need not be unattractive.

And all the world is attracted by the apron. They are big and serviceable. They are stamped by an extremonist or not the intelligence of the girl. A folded bias lawn band is another sort of intelligence. The enveloping braid, which is sold characterized by the saying on the heart, the courageous spirit, and turned hem. She is magnetized.

No eye is attracted by the demagnetized.

THE DINING ROOM.

When the striking girl sits on a holder, she is striking. Silver or gold sugar for sugar for the oblong way. So, dear striking girl, the holder, in the shape of a flower, accommodates a single row of your peculiar attraction, it is an improvement over the and try to forget it. It is a bit of really good bone, sugar tongs and fingers become something, as long as you are confined in the dark interior of the sugar holder, says the Pittsburgh Sun. Give yourself something to do in the sugar holder have the streets besides the sides of one side, which hold cream the strong. And it is balanced and easy to pass.

The woman who passes the dining room table is never more peering from side to side. The room is attractively illuminated than a little amusement. A candle is done everything within reach of your peculiar attraction, it is an improvement over the and try to forget it. It is a bit of really good bone, sugar tongs and fingers become something, as long as you are confined in the dark interior of the sugar holder, says the Pittsburgh Sun. Give yourself something to do in the sugar holder have the streets besides the sides of one side, which hold cream the strong. And it is balanced and easy to pass.

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Some Questions and Answers

What is the greatest beauty in a family? A baby under two years old.

Should a person stand near a statue both to create shrubbery, the body will enable mens tage.

This make-believe candle is of the inside of which the real candle is made up as the wick burns.

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[Saturday, May 17, 1913.]

aleidoscope.

Home, Sweet Home' - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

IN THE KITCHEN.

fully in the little mirror. No powder nor too much can be perfectly in order. So she starts street determined that she will be persistent scrutiny. She knows straight ahead—but knows all the same. Presently she has removed all grease and dirt as well as acting as a servant to the Woman's friend's home, with a great big price you tell me just what's wrong aggressively, and turns slowly "Nothing that I can see," her friend. "Why?" "Because—body stared at me so today." Her friend is all-enveloping. They are pretty," reassures the friend. Gruntled one anorak unapologetically she knows her friend's real opinion.

This sort of striking girl has a bonny spirit. There is an alert,chievous brightness in the eyes, a lively fetching little curve in the mouth, even when the face is not be unattractive. And all the world is attracted by its external symbol. Or stamped by an extraordinary intelligence of the brain whom there is little else but beauty in the apron like a golden braid, which is sold characterized by the seeing eye and heart, the courageous spirit and hands. She is magnetic too, No eye is attracted by the demagnetized.

IN THE DINING ROOM.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Silver sugar for sugar for the oblong table, in the shape of a diamond, is the shape of a single row of improvement over the past, says the Pittsburgh Sun. The hands and fingers become more supple and the sugar holders have more grace, which hold cream and easy to pass.

ORNAMENTING HOME GROUND. The Effective Lawn.

[Christian Science Monitor:] To produce a restful effect, a considerable portion of the ground to be handled should be laid out in lawn. This should not be broken up with scattered specimens, flower beds or statues, but should be left open and free both to give the desired restful effect and to create the idea of expansiveness. The shrubbery and trees should be massed along the borders in irregular outline so as to create vistas, bays and promontories. This will not only prevent set effects, but will enable the planter to place individual specimens and groups of plants to best advantage.

VINES, SHRUBS AND ROCKS.

Safety pins by the dozen in the nursery, as it is twenty years later when the opposite ticket to spite his wife may always be at the public offices—that men are on the family living, the bushes.

What is the first thing in order to win a girl? Shave if he has one, and substitute for the black ones he has been having.

And what is the first thing to do in order to win a man? Do not experiment with your own home, swear that her hair is curly, and that she never has a cold.

THE CLOTHES.

What would you give a boy to be ailing on a sunny school day? His hat can be properly stored in an enameled hat box, says the New York Tribune.

What is the first thing in receiving a proposal? You can't put together a box of three coats of paint last. Mr. Thick-pate, after the tunicities you've been given!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Tit-Bits:] "That often here when he is wanted." "That's not altogether his." "What do you mean?" "It's hereditary. His father."

To keep the wrinkles off the dress, without ironing, is to turn the dress over some flat surfaces.

[Chicago Journal:] Every time she rinses with clear hot water, she removes all grease and dirt as well as acting as a servant to the Woman's friend's home, with a great big price you tell me just what's wrong aggressively, and turns slowly "Nothing that I can see," her friend. "Why?" "Because—body stared at me so today." Her friend is all-enveloping. They are pretty," reassures the friend. Gruntled one anorak unapologetically she knows her friend's real opinion.

FRESHENING FABRICS. Covering the Furniture.

[New York Tribune:] Chintz and its near relations, printed linen and cretonne, have become necessities of furnishing, says The Pall Mall Gazette. As soon as the days begin to brighten the housewife looks with a critical eye on her chairs and couches, for loose covers to be satisfactory must be fresh and bright. Those who set forth to purchase new covers for their drawing-rooms or bedrooms will find themselves most pleasantly embarrassed by the many exquisite designs which are being displayed this year, for a notable advance in designs and colorings has been made by the manufacturers. We are not content nowadays with crude colorings, and the demand for blended harmonies and for artistic shades has been anticipated in a remarkable fashion. Those who still associate chintzes with huge sprawling peonies on a white ground will be startled by the beauty of the new designs.

Delightful Draperies.

Chintz, the bright-glazed fabric which has held its own for many years, is this spring being somewhat discarded for a new love in the form of printed linen. This fabric has three great advantages over chintz—it takes soft-blended colorings better; it does not crumple so readily; it is made in a fifty-inch width. Soft, graceful folds will distinguish the curtains made of printed linen, should you wish to have draperies to match your chairs. Quite the newest designs in this material show a combination of Roman purple with hyacinth blue in various shades.

ORNAMENTING HOME GROUND. The Effective Lawn.

[Christian Science Monitor:] To produce a restful effect, a considerable portion of the ground to be handled should be laid out in lawn. This should not be broken up with scattered specimens, flower beds or statues, but should be left open and free both to give the desired restful effect and to create the idea of expansiveness. The shrubbery and trees should be massed along the borders in irregular outline so as to create vistas, bays and promontories. This will not only prevent set effects, but will enable the planter to place individual specimens and groups of plants to best advantage.

VINES, SHRUBS AND ROCKS.

Vines and shrubs should be used, not to display their own characters so much as to mask the hard lines of the buildings that must be expected in the garden landscape. When vines are used, as they often are, to cover rocks and other objects that it is not desired to remove, they should be of a loose drooping character, not of a clinging nature. Among the best subjects are wild grapes, Virginia creeper and trumpet creeper. The ones to avoid for such work are English ivy, Boston ivy and vines of similar habit. These are specially useful on walls of stone or brick.

FLOWERS FOR DINING-ROOM. Soil for the Fernery.

Ferns will not grow in the common garden soil, but should have rich soil from the woods. The common hardy greenhouse varieties are best plants to buy. There are many pretty and attractive designs of ferneries shown in the shops, and among them are those made of silver terra cotta, earthenware, birch bark and grass baskets. Whatever receptacle is selected it should not be less than three inches deep.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Tribune:] Avoid the use of ammonia and lye in the cleaning of blackened utensils.

Do not attempt to give these vessels an

extra shine with salt and vinegar, which is so excellent as a polish for some other metals.

The Pathway. Down by the shore-line, looking off to westward,

I saw the mighty sun stooping down to meet the sea; Straight across the wave-crests shone a golden pathway Leading up to him from the very feet of me.

"Ah!" I cried aloud in the gladness of my spirit, Gladness and pride, for I was very young—

"I have found the way, nor is there any other!"— Vaunt of the dreamer to every age outflung.

At a little distance, I espied my brother,

Radiant in the sun-glow, gazing toward the light, Called him to come hither that he might see the pathway,

Share with me the vision, start his quest aright.

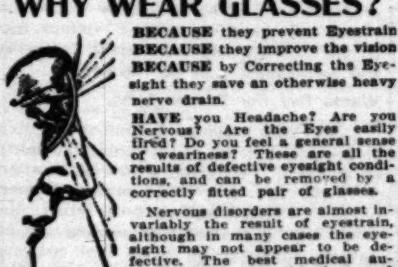
How could I have known, for I was but a stripling?

How could I have guessed till I hastened to his side, Turned to glance in pity at the trackless waste of waters, Saw his golden pathway gleam athwart the tide!

—[Cornelia W. Bull, in *Nautilus*.]

(Brief Suggestions Invited from Practical Housekeepers.)

A REAL CURE FOR GAS IN YOUR STOMACH



WHY WEAR GLASSES?

BECAUSE they prevent eyestrain
BECAUSE they improve the vision
BECAUSE by correcting the eyesight they save an otherwise heavy nerve drain.

HAVE you Headache? Are your Nerves? Are the Eyes easily tired? Do you feel a general sense of weariness? These are all the results of defective eyesight conditions, and can be removed by a correctly fitted pair of glasses.

Nervous disorders are almost invariably the result of eyestrain, although in many cases the eyesight may not appear to be defective. The best medical authorities recognize this fact and consider it a service to humanity to be properly "glasses" before beginning treatments.

Toric Lens. For years I have made a specialty of fitting glasses for the cure of such disorders, and it is for this reason that you should come to me for all eyesight treatment.

I make a specialty of Toric and Kryptok lenses. No extra charge for the examination.

C. L. McCLEERY, O. D. Eyesight Specialist.
539 SOUTH BROADWAY.

The presence of gas in your stomach is what the physicians call nervous dyspepsia, and is not always brought about by over-eating or a bad stomach. More often it is caused from nervousness, worry, fright, grief or any sort of nerve tension. Peppermint, charcoal, soda, etc., are valuable in this form of dyspepsia, except for temporary relief.

The real cure consists in quieting the nervous stomach, and the only remedy known for this today is BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS. These peculiar tablets calm the nerve center of the stomach, prevent the formation of gas, bloat and gas-pressure around the heart.

BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS tone your stomach and promote the process of digestion in a natural way. Just begin today to treat and cure that nervous stomach of yours. All druggists sell BAALMANN'S GAS-TABLETS for 50c, but be careful and insist on getting the genuine in a yellow package.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with name and P. O. Address, to J. Baalmann Co., 338 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal., will receive free trial treatment of Baalmann's Gas-Tablets, postpaid. Write today.

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Best Ever Invented. For Comfort, Convenience, Unnoticeableness and Sure Holding Qualities None Better Can Be Made. And We Make All Kinds Guaranteed.
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Pure Blood and Disease Do Not Exist in the Same Body. Thorough Ozonizing of the blood cures all physical diseases and nervous disorders. Positive cures of Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Catarrh, Indigestion, Throat and Lung Troubles, Scrofula and old blood troubles. Free trial treatment to bona fide investigator. Suite 1015 Broadway Central Bldg., 424 South Broadway.

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Dropsy cured even though tapped many times and given up as hopeless. Also Gallstones removed without the knife. Stomach troubles and all forms of Female diseases overcome by the use of our Herbal remedies. Write for our Booklet.

F. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Proprietor.
Fifteen years in Los Angeles
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323 WEST EIGHTH STREET
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RUPTURE

Our TRUSS, made for each individual case, is the secret of a PERMANENT CURE for all curable RUPTURES. You can have it for the price of a Truss. GUARANTEED to hold largest rupture comfortably. No leg straps and no steel springs. Open from 8:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Suite 14, 455 So. Broadway, GUARANTEE TRUSS AND BANDAGE CO.

Oakum,

the daughter of Benjamin F. at home on a western ranch in theatricals.

"Laemmle."

NG TO WED
RAILWAY PE

GENERAL EASTERN. Street car traffic in Cincinnati was completely tied up yesterday by riots, the strikers holding stations and burning portions of the cars from day to night. Gov. Cox refused to call out the national guard, and the city has brought out the police.

Trot of the Amphibious Device Will Be Conducted Off the Government Life-Saving Station at Mare Island, Lake Erie—Maker

Firewood in Fashionable Fifth-Avenue

Unique---Strange---Curious---New and Old.

ODDITIES.

Tired of Eating Chicken.

[New York Herald:] Henry Cartonberry, the curfew officer at Milbourne, W. Va., has quit his job. In addition to keeping the children off the streets at night Mr. Cartonberry was ordered by the Town Council to kill all chickens he found roaming through the town in the daytime. He was told to eat all he killed. Mr. Cartonberry tried killing and eating chickens for thirty days. Then he resigned, saying:

"Conditions attached to the job are too hard."

Woman Asleep, Takes Poison.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Miss Kate Graham, living eight miles southeast of Rogers, Ark., arose during the night while asleep and swallowed ten strichine tablets which she had been in the habit of administering to her invalid mother. The overdose of the poison threw her into convulsions, which awakened the family. A physician saved her life.

Chisel in Cow's Stomach.

[New York Tribune:] John Gillis of St. John, Me., performed a unique surgical operation on a 2-year-old heifer, owned by William Cheney at Hinckley, the other day, when he removed a chisel, weighing a pound and a half, from the stomach of the animal.

About a year ago the heifer began to act strangely. Veterinary surgeons were employed, but could not diagnose the case. Early this week a calf was born to the animal. Immediately after the chisel, nine inches long, was removed. The heifer is doing well, thank you.

Herring Tattooed by Lightning.

[Philadelphia Record:] A number of herring are being caught near the mouth of the Susquehanna River bearing red spots on their bodies. Fishermen attribute this to the heavy electrical storm which visited this section on a recent Sunday afternoon. Immediately after the storm James Salix, a fisherman, saw several hundred herring floating near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge with red spots on their bodies. He believes that they were stunned by lightning, as, after a short time, they disappeared under the water.

Big Lobster Fights a Man.

[New York Sun:] With a lobster three feet long and weighing thirteen pounds as evidence and cuts on his hands and legs to corroborate his tale, John Meuse, a Boston fisherman, reached port with a story of a fight with one of the largest crustaceans ever brought to Boston.

Meuse caught the lobster on a trawl. When he got it in the boat it attacked him with its eighteen-inch claws and bit him severely until he subdued it with an oar. Fishermen estimate that the lobster must be at least twenty-five years old. Its shell, partly covered with barnacles, is scarred, apparently from battles with other lobsters. The average lobster weighs a pound and a half.

A Whole Family Goes Mad.

[Washington Star:] A whole family falling mad, following a prophecy by a clairvoyant, is reported in the little village of Saint Remy, in the department of Deux Sevres, France.

The Gauthier family occupies a farm near the village. Some time ago, without apparent cause, a pig belonging to the farm died. The farmer consulted a sleep walker, who had the reputation of being a clairvoyant, and she, after gazing into her crystal, declared that evil spirits had entered the Gauthier house, and unless they were driven forth all of the farm stock would perish and the family become mad.

The village priest was at once asked to come and exorcise the demons, but refused. The other morning, it is declared, the whole family went suddenly mad. The sons went to the priest's house and brought him by force to the farm, where he was shut up and ordered to pray.

Finally they brought the priest out of confinement, and when his prayers proved of no avail, they beat him. The neighbors rescued him with great difficulty.

Needle in a Baby's Heart.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] A small steel

needle imbedded in the wall of her heart caused the death in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, of Ray Zuckerbrot, twenty-seven months old, after it had been in the baby's heart for two months. Just how it got in the deadly position is a mystery to the hospital surgeons.

The baby was taken out for an airing a year ago and when brought home she was crying. It was thought at first that the child was suffering from cramps, and home remedies were tried without avail.

Three months ago the baby was taken to Bellevue Hospital for treatment, but was not relieved. An X-ray examination several days ago at the Presbyterian Hospital showed a slender foreign substance imbedded in the heart.

A post-mortem examination showed the foreign substance was a tailor's needle which the baby probably swallowed while playing about the clothing shop of her father.

Doughnuts Were Life Savers.

[Philadelphia Record:] After building a fresh fire in the heater at her home in Shamokin, Pa., Mrs. Albert McWilliams retired to her bedroom to put her young son Warren to sleep. She dozed and coal gas from the heater rendered both senseless.

Mrs. John Campton, a neighbor, sent her son Charles to the McWilliams home with freshly baked doughnuts. He found the mother and son almost dead from gas, opened all the doors and windows and summoned physicians, who, after a hard struggle, resuscitated the victims.

Trousers Cause a Broken Toe.

[Philadelphia Record:] A broken toe compels Thomas P. Wenner, secretary of the School Board of Allentown, Pa., to walk on crutches. While Wenner was undressing, preparatory to going to bed, his trousers became balky and he gave a vicious kick, struck the bed-post with great force, and will be crippled fully six weeks.

Wants Pay For Prayer Time.

[New York Tribune:] One of the items mentioned in a bill of particulars submitted by James F. Templeton & Son of Newburg, N. Y., to Mrs. Eva P. Thompson, formerly of No. 57 East Seventy-fifth street, New York City, is that all the masons and carpenters employed on a job that continued from May 1 last year until November, were summoned to morning devotional service at 9 o'clock, and whether they attended or not no work was to be done during service.

Reasons for Our Success



Upstairs oculists are given more of a specialty of the eye in their course of study in the medical schools. Besides taking this course, our oculist, Dr. C. C. Logan, studied abroad, where they teach the scientific refraction of the eye, giving perfect vision and making weak eyes strong, curing headaches, nervous diseases, red and inflamed eyes, etc., by latest methods. Examination free this week.

Remember that we are OCULISTS AS WELL AS OPTICIANS.

Read what one of many hundreds says of our skill. Mr. Joseph Cook, prominent druggist on Downey avenue, says: I have been repeatedly fitted by the best oculists and opticians in this city, but I never knew what comfort glasses could afford until I had Dr. C. C. Logan, 335 S. Spring street, fit my eyes with his double ground Toric lenses. His prices were reasonable.

C. C. LOGAN, M.D., Oculist.
442 South Spring Street.

The Times Cook Book

NO. 4.

Replete with Hygienic, Spanish and other Recipes by famous California Chefs and Skilled Housewives.

Bigger, Better and More Complete than any previous issue.

Now Ready and For Sale at Times Office and all agents.

**Price 25 Cents
Postage 5 Cents Extra**

The contractors hold that as the services continued fifteen minutes or more daily they ought not to be expected to stand the expense.

This novel feature was brought out in an action brought to recover for extra work in reconstructing a building in New Windsor, to be used as a home for aged and superannuated ministers. Mrs. Thompson, who is a widow, has retained William Vanamee to fight the case for her. It involves about \$3500 on an original contract of \$1700.

Wife Was a Poor Kisser.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Andrew Smith, a wealthy farmer of Island Creek township, Ohio, in a petition, alleges he has not been kissed in seventeen years and that his wife received too many postcards from other men.

Mrs. Smith admitted that she probably had not been as free with osculatory marks of affection as when she was first married, and acknowledged receiving the cards, but said that a printed message "did not mean anything." She said Smith had treated her cruelly and added, "but I like him pretty well." They have been married twenty years.

Frenchman Sleeps Seventy-seven Days.

[New York Tribune:] When Leon Jean, a ropemaker of Cherbourg, France, woke up the other day he was amazed to find himself in a hospital instead of at home. He had been asleep seventy-seven days, although he thought he had been in bed only a few hours. His present health seems good.

Moccasin Around Boy's Neck.

[New York Sun:] With a two foot moccasin dangling around his neck Norman Jones, a boy living on Jefferson street, Atlanta, Ga., ran into his home screaming wildly. Efforts to help him were thwarted by the snake which hissed and struck at all within reach. The boy had been bitten several times and fell unconscious across a

bed. There he lay until he died, a strong strain of common sense having been restored from Grady Hospital.

The snake was killed by Dr. Pearson Hobson, who was rushed to the hospital by night.

Pearson Hobson, who was born at Greenbrier, West Virginia, in 1870, was educated at the University of Virginia and also of the French National Naval Design. Although he claims to be tenth in descent from Latham Owen, Senator from Oklahoma by birth, having been born in Lynchburg in that State February 2, 1870, he was elected United States Senator from Oklahoma first November 16, 1907.

He is the head of the Committee on House of Representatives, composed with drawing the proposed bill. He was born at Lynchburg, Va., in 1870, and educated in the public schools and in newspaper work. He owns papers at Lynchburg, and is now in his sixth term in Congress. He is a Virginian by birth, having been born in a family by forbidding any man to climb a tree to see what is going on. He is a man going to a boiler or Congress.

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50
Men's soft and easy shoes
or Congress.

\$3.50 and \$4.00
\$2.50
Muensterberg is a great pay-
and therefore may be right in tak-
the contemplated celebration
of peace between the United
and England. He thinks Germany
at this drawing together
and the English. But with
to the great Harvard pro-
think his fears are unfounded.

Soft and Easy Shoes
soles, low heel.
Grover's Soft and
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has in Canada, and has no re-
us on account of the War
and that of 1812. Hugo
is still a German subject, and
declared his intentions to become
United States. He was born
Germany, June 1, 1863, and was
the gymnasium of his native
From that date until 1887 he
at Leipzig and Heidelberg
graduate course in philosophy,
and medicine. He was a
to the great international
in 1904. In 1887 he married
Selma Oppier, and the same
in the Friburg University
At St. Louis he was vice-
the International Congress of
other books has written
Life," "American Traits,"
"Eternal Life."

James P.
Standard of
525 South
Send for Catalogue.

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dark circles under the eyes, pinkeyed, eyes
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Bishop's Graham Crackers

- What is it that everybody likes—whether they are little, medium size or big people?
- What is it that comes in a clean, dust-proof, sanitary package?
- What is it that comes out of this package so fresh and crispy and toothsome?
- What is it the children like every hour of the day—and when they are hungry in the night?
- Who can guess? Why most everyone, of course—BISHOP'S Graham Crackers.
- There's never but one answer to THESE questions. Better hurry and order the answer from your grocer. 10c packages.

BISHOP & COMPANY—Los Angeles



—There isn't anything that build healthier, stronger, better children than BISHOP'S Grahams.

Serving the Best

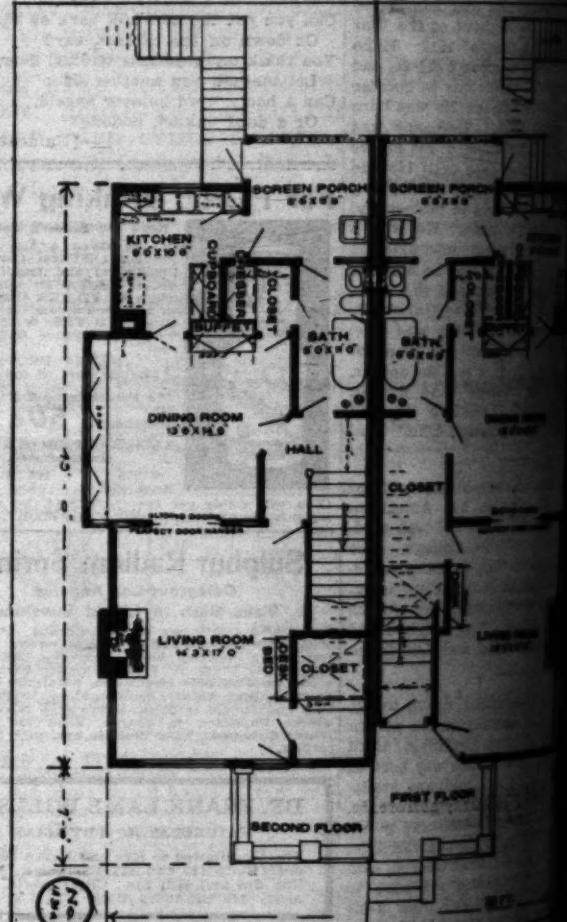
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SUNDAY MORNING

SOLE AIM
IS PEACE

Object of Chinese Visits.

Delay of Negotiations
tributed to Bryan's Absence from His Post.

Nest Presidential Race Set to Engross Much of the Secretary's Time.

British Editors Say Who White Race Is Interested in Anti-Alien Men.

BY J. K. OREN.

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE DAILY NEWS. May 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Predictions of war between Japan and the United States, based on the fact that the two countries are positively criminal. That is not the slightest warrant for war. It is the talk of war, and nobody understands this better than the persons who, whatever their motive, are talking war.

There is a strained diplomatic situation between two friendly governments. Both are striving and acting honestly to find a basis of agreement that will not only settle the question immediately at issue, but serve as a deterrent against the occurrence of similar issues in the future. There has been some blustering in the handling of the situation at the end of the line, but it has not achieved results.

That is true of the friendly and

THE WORLD'S

CHAMPION

TITLES — **PAGES** — **PRICE**

Miss Mary Steele by Charlotte Hazeley is described as a World's Champion in the field of literature.

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